AN

ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE

IN THE

:EETS OF LONDON,

WITH

NE[illegible] OF THEIR MORE CELEBRATED RESIDENTS.

BY JOHN THOMAS,

ATE KEEPER OF THE PRINTS AND[illegible]S IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM;

UTHOR OF "ENS AND HIS TIMES,"

OOK FOR A RAINY DAY."

EDITED BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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cruelty, self-immolation, madness, and despair, we might unfold! How many, too, of a brighter aspect we might discover;—pictures of ardent struggle for the right, of patient suffering, of virtue strong amid temptation, of unwearying benevolence, and of Christian loving-kindness! But without endeavouring to penetrate so far, we purpose to make a few journeys of discovery through the principal thoroughfares or arteries of this "mighty heart of England;" noting, as we pass, the various memorabilia of each spot, conjuring up reminiscences of the great and the good, the wise and the witty of former ages; remarking the physical changes each spot has undergone, and comparing the elegance and civilization of the present with those of the past; gaining amusement now, and now wisdom, and sometimes both combined; and even when gaining neither, travelling over our allotted ground in a kindly and uncaptious spirit.

It will be hard, indeed, if country stones can elicit sermons, that town bricks and mortar cannot be as fruitful as they in the lessons which they teach, or the delight which they afford. Let each melancholy Jacques moralize among trees;—we, for the present more sociable, will moralize among houses.

Boswell, speaking of the entertainment the streets afforded him, remarks, "I have often amused myself with thinking how different a place London is to different people. They whose narrow minds are contracted to the consideration of some one particular pursuit, view it only through that medium. A politician thinks of it only as the seat of government in its different departments; a grazier as a vast market for cattle; a

mercantile man as a place where a prodigious deal of business is done upon 'Change; a dramatic enthusiast as the grand scene of theatrical entertainments; a man of pleasure as an assemblage of taverns, &c.; but the intellectual man is struck with it as comprehending the whole of human life in all its variety, the contemplation of which is inexhaustible." To all the classes thus enumerated by the Laird of Auchinleck, and to many others, we shall address ourselves, or rather, to the last only, which comprises in its wide extent man of every grade and profession; not only politician, grazier, merchant, dramatist, and man of pleasure, but the poet, the man of letters, the painter, the musician, the divine, the soldier, the sailor, and the lawyer. We shall be less exclusive than Boswell, and look for the intellectual without reference to profession. Our first journey shall be from

HYDE PARK CORNER TO CHARING CROSS.

But first, although we confess to a predilection for the antiquities of the metropolis, we must cast a moment's glance at Apsley House, the mansion of the Duke of Wellington.

This mansion, which since its enlargement has been extolled at least as highly as it deserves, was in the first instance built from a design furnished by the Messrs. Adams for Lord Chancellor Apsley. When, in 1828, it came into possession of "The Duke," the taste of Sir Geoffrey Wyattville was called into requisition. From his designs, and under his superintendence, Apsley House was wholly remodelled and greatly enlarged; and the result is a substantial building, which cannot offend the

most fastidious taste, but which will not extort any great amount of admiration. It has a rusticated basement: and the principal front offers to the eye a pediment supported by four Corinthian columns. The interior is very splendid. The picture gallery and the ball-room, which extends the whole depth of the building, are extremely beautiful.

Apsley House is interesting, as being the residence of the greatest captain and one of the greatest men of this or of any former age. Time, which must make it venerable, will confer more and more lustre upon it; and a century hence, what we now look upon with curiosity will be regarded with reverence.

The architectural taste of Mr. Decimus Burton is shown conspicuously in the entrance to Hyde Park, which was completed in 1828. The frontage of this beautiful building is 107 feet in length. It consists of a screen of fluted Ionic columns, with three arches for carriages, and two entrances for foot passengers. Four handsome columns sustain the entablature of the central gateway. Above this is a frieze, which runs round the four sides of the building. This frieze bears testimony to the genius and skill of Mr. Archibald Henning, a worthy son of the highly ingenious and ill-requited John Henning. It represents a naval and military triumphal procession. The side gateways are ornamented by two insulated Ionic columns. Messrs. Bramah manufactured the gates, which are exquisite specimens of bronzed iron-work.

The other, commonly called the triumphal arch, is of the Corinthian order, and was built about the same time

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as the one we have just described. Four columns, two on each side of the arch, sustain the portico. Six Corinthian pilasters adorn the arch itself. The front towards the Green Park presents exactly the same appearance as the other. The vaulted roof in the centre is wrought into elegantly sculptured compartments. There is a chamber within for the porter; and a small stair-case leads to the summit. G. R. and the royal arms are disposed alternately along the entablature. The gates of this arch, equally beautiful with those of its opposite neighbour, were likewise manufactured by Messrs. Bramah.

Some years ago, as our readers are probably aware, it was decided to commemorate the achievements of the Duke of Wellington by a testimonial. The execution of this work was confided to the competent genius of Mr. Wyatt. That gentleman entered upon his grateful task, and completed a design which is said to be worthy of the artist; and which, undoubtedly, is the largest equestrian statue in the world. The work finished, it became a grave question where it was to be placed. A committee of noblemen and gentlemen of reputed taste was accordingly formed, to take into consideration at what spot, or on what eminence this mighty man and horse might most worthily be stationed. The committee (having obtained Her Majesty's sanction and approval) at length decided that the top of the triumphal arch was the place of all others to show to admiration the beauty of Mr. Wyatt's magnificent statue. But now the critic began to carp. There was no precedent for an equestrian statue on an arch. Besides, the arch itself was too small for the

statue. One noble lord pleasantly observed that, when the horse was placed on his destined summit, it would appear from his windows like that wondrous horse "whereon the Tartar king did ride;" an aërial steed that had walked or galloped, or was about to do so, over the houses. But his Lordship forgot that, if the arch had been a pedestal, the self-same appearance would be presented to him.

It has at length been arranged that the horse and his rider shall be suffered to ascend the arch "on trial." If an enlightened public, after due examination, do not approve their appearance, they are to come down again; when some other, and if possible, better situation will be chosen for them. We venture to predict, that once up, they will not come down; and we shall not be surprised if, after all, it be acknowledged that the much-derided committee have chosen well and wisely.

This district, which is now covered by many noble mansions, including those of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, the late Duchess Countess of Sutherland, the Earl of Cork, and others; and including Hamilton Place, and the other streets towards Bath-House, was, a century ago, one of the most deplorable in the neighbourhood of London, and swarmed with low public-houses, bearing the following signs, viz: "The Pillars of Hercules," "The Golden Lion," "The Triumphant Car," "The Horse Shoe," "The Red Lion," "The Running Horse," "The Swan," "The Barley-Mow," "The White Horse," and "The Half Moon." The two last gave names to streets.

These public-houses, about the middle of the last century, were much visited on Sundays; but those

contiguous to Hyde Park were chiefly resorted to by soldiers, particularly on review-days, when there were long wooden seats fixed in the street before the houses for the accommodation of six or seven barbers, who were employed on field-days in powdering those youths who were not adroit enough to dress each other. Yet it was not unusual for twenty or thirty of the elder soldiers to bestride a form in the open air, where each combed, soaped, powdered, and tied the hair of his comrade, and afterwards underwent the same operation himself.

It was to one of these low public-houses that Sir Richard Steele and the unfortunate poet, Savage, retired to order a dinner without the money to pay for it, and where the former remained some hours in pawn, as it were. Johnson, in his affecting Life of Savage, relates, "That one day he was desired by Sir Richard, with an air of the utmost importance, to come very early to his house the next morning. Savage went accordingly, found the chariot at the door, and Sir Richard waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, Savage could not conjecture, and was not willing to inquire. The coachman was ordered to drive on, and they hurried with the utmost expedition to Hyde Park Corner, where they stopped at a petty tavern, and retired to a private room. Sir Richard then informed him that he intended to publish a pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat down to their work. Sir Richard dictated, and Savage wrote till the dinner that was ordered was put upon the table. Savage was surprised at the meanness of the entertainment, and after some hesi-

tation ventured to ask for some wine, which Sir Richard, not without reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their dinner and proceeded in their pamphlet, which they concluded in the afternoon. Mr. Savage then imagined his task was over, and expected that Sir Richard would call for the reckoning and return home; but he was deceived in his expectations, for Sir Richard told him that he was without money, and that the pamphlet must be sold before the dinner could be paid for. Savage was, therefore, obliged to go and offer their new production for sale for two guineas, which, with some difficulty, he obtained. Sir Richard then returned home, having retired that day only to avoid his creditors, and composed the pamphlet only to discharge his reckoning."

So far Johnson; but he does not inform us of the subject of the pamphlet, or the name of the bookseller who published it. Let no needy author imitate the example. He who writes a pamphlet now, will not gain two pence by it, much less two guineas. Leading articles in newspapers supply the place of pamphlets too well; and he who publishes a pamphlet now-a-days, may think himself fortunate if he have not to pay twenty or thirty pounds, instead of receiving anything, for indulging so far his vanity.

Before proceeding further from Hyde Park Corner, we should not omit to mention that in the year 1642, when London was fortified against the Royal Army, a large fort with four bastions was erected close to the spot where the noble arch now stands. Men, women, and children alike took part, such was the enthusiasm of the Roundheads

against the Cavaliers in erecting these fortresses all round both London and Southwark. As Butler sings in his Hudibras,

> "From ladies down to oyster-wenches,
> Laboured like pioneers in trenches,
> Fell to their pickaxes and tools,
> And helped the men to dig like moles."

The now aristocratic thoroughfare, known as Park Lane, was called formerly Tyburn Lane. The large house at the south-west corner, now inhabited by Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, was formerly in the occupation of the Earl of Elgin. Here were first exhibited the famous marbles which will ever bear his Lordship's name. Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," written at a time when he felt inclined to sneer and carp at everything, calls this house "a stone shop," and

> "General mart
> For all the mutilated blocks of art."

Three years afterwards, in 1811, Byron's indignation against Lord Elgin for the spoliation of Greece still enduring, he wrote his bitter "Curse of Minerva," in which the Goddess, addressing Britain, exclaims,

> "'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth,
> Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both.
> Survey this vacant, violated fane,
> Recount the relics torn that yet remain;
> These Cecrops placed, this Pericles adorn'd;
> That Adrian rear'd when drooping science mourn'd.
> What more I owe, let gratitude attest,
> Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest."

In the year 1816, Parliament voted the sum of £35,000 for the purchase of the marbles, and they were

removed from their former place of exhibition to the British Museum, where they remain, fine studies, accessible to English artists; but enduring mementos of a very unworthy cupidity.

The house No. 133, Piccadilly, was built by the late Duke of Queensberry for the celebrated Kitty Frederick. The first house on the right hand was, it is said, designed by George III., to whom are also attributed the designs for the Trinity House on Tower Hill, and the Office of Ordnance, which formerly stood in Margaret Street, at the east end of St. Margaret's Church, but which was demolished during the alterations completed in that part of Westminster about the year 1822.

The ground behind the opposite houses, between the back of Lord Coventry's, No. 106, and the south side wall of the Earl of Chesterfield's garden, in Curzon Street, was, in 1722, an irregular space; "May-fair Row" and "Hay-hill Row" being, at that time, the only regular buildings. There was, within memory, on the western portion, partly on the site of Hertford Street, an old wooden public-house, one of the original signs of the "Dog and Duck," behind which, towards the north, was a sheet of clear water, nearly two hundred feet square, surrounded by a gravel walk of about ten feet in width, boarded up knee high, and shaded all round by willows. This pond was notorious for that cruel sport called "Duck Hunting," so long the delight of the English butchers. The ground upon which Hertford Street, Curzon Street, Shepherd's Market, &c., stand, was annually for many years covered with booths during the period of May Fair. The following copies of a few of

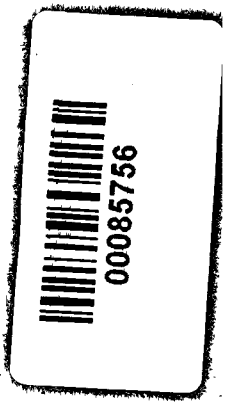
the original show-bills may afford some entertainment to the lovers of the Drama.

WILLIAM REX.
MAY-FAIR.
MILLER'S,
OR THE LOYAL ASSOCIATION BOOTH,
AT THE UPPER END OF
BROOK-FIELD MARKET,
NEAR HYDE PARK CORNER.
DURING THE TIME OF MAY-FAIR WILL BE PRESENTED
AN EXCELLENT DROLL, CALLED
KING WILLIAM'S HAPPY DELIVERANCE
AND GLORIOUS TRIUMPH OVER HIS ENEMIES,
OR THE CONSULTATION OF THE
POPE, DEVIL, FRENCH KING, and the GRAND TURK,
WITH THE WHOLE FORM OF THE SIEGE OF NAMUR,
AND THE HUMOURS OF A RENEGADE FRENCH MAN
AND BRANDY JEAN,
WITH THE CONCEITS OF SCARAMOUCH AND HARLEQUIN,
TOGETHER WITH THE BEST SINGING AND DANCING THAT WAS
EVER SEEN IN A FAIR, ALSO A DIALOGUE SONG.
VIVAT REX.

HUSBAND'S BOOTH,
AT THE UPPER END OF BROOKFIELD MARKET
NEAR HYDE PARK CORNER.
DURING THE TIME OF THE FAIR WILL BE PRESENTED
AN EXCELLENT DROLL, CALL'D THE FAIRY QUEEN, OR
LOVE FOR LOVE,
AND THE HUMOURS OF THE HUNGRY CLOWN,
TOGETHER WITH THAT EXCELLENT ART OF
VAULTING ON THE MANAGED HORSE,
PERFORMED BY THOMAS SIMPSON, THE FAMOUS
VAULTING MASTER OF ENGLAND,
WITH SONGS AND DANCES, SCENES, FLYINGS AND MASHEENS,
THE LIKE NEVER SEEN IN THE FAIR BEFORE.
VIVAT REX.

ANNE REGINA,
AT MR. FINLEY'S AND MRS. BARNES'S BOOTH,
STANDING ON THE SAME GROUND AS IT DID LAST YEAR,
DURING THE TIME OF MAY FAIR,
ARE TO BE SEEN
THE FAMOUS ROPE DANCERS OF EUROPE.
VIVAT REGINA.

AT JOHN SLEEP'S MUSICK BOOTH, FROM
(TURNMILL STREET),
IN BROOK-FIELD MARKET, AT THE SIGN OF
THE STAR MUSICK-BOOTH,
DURING THE SIXTEEN DAYS OF MAY FAIR,
ALL GENTLEFOLKS AND OTHERS WILL BE ENTERTAINED
WITH VARIETY OF ALL SORTS OF
MUSICK, SINGING, DANCING,
AND OTHER PLEASANT PASTIMES.
VIVAT REGINA.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THE DROLL
INTERMINGLED WITH A MOST
DELIGHTFUL MERRY
COMEDY
AFTER THE MANNER OF AN
OPERA,
WITH EXTRAORDINARY VARIETIES OF
SINGING AND DANCING,
BY
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SOUTHAMPTON'S
SERVANTS.
VIVAT REGINA.

It appears from other May Fair bills of the same period, that Sorias as Scaramouch; Baxter as Harlequin; and Evans as an Equestrian, were for their respective talents the favourite performers of their time.

The following extract is from No. 597 of "The Postman" for April 6th, 1699 :—

"These are to give notice, that on the first day of May next will begin the Fair at the east end of Hide Park, near Bartlet House, and continue for fifteen days after. The two first days of which will be for the sale of Leather and live Cattle; and care is and will be taken to make the ways leading to it, as well as the ground on which it is kept, much more convenient than formerly for persons of quality that are pleased to resort thither."

May-Fair was granted by King James II., in the fourth year of his reign, to Sir John Coell and his heirs for ever, in trust for Henry Lord Dover* and his heirs for ever. It was held in Brook-field, commenced on the 1st of May, and lasted fifteen days, but was finally put down in 1708.

In 1703, one Cork, a butcher, was executed at Tyburn for killing a peace-officer in May Fair.

Shepherd's Market, still in use, was named after the ground landlord who built and resided in that long white mansion on the north side of Curzon Street, for many years inhabited by Lady Fane, and afterwards by Lady Reade, who died in it. The surrounding ground, now so completely covered by the houses of the noble and the wealthy, was in 1750 so little esteemed, that Mr. Shepherd offered his freehold mansion, just alluded to, and gardens for the small sum of 500*l.* However, after the death of Lady Reade, this house and gardens were

* The second son of Thomas Jermyn, and nephew to the first Earl of St. Albans.

purchased by Lord Carhampton for about 500*l.*; and his Lordship, after making considerable improvements, sold it to the present Lord Wharncliffe, then Mr. Stuart Wortley, the Member for the county of York, for the sum of 12,000*l.*

Much about the middle of the last century, when marriage ceremonies were performed at a minute's notice, a person of the name of Keith, who had a chapel in the Fleet Prison, also officiated on the ground opposite to Lord Wharncliffe's house, where Curzon Street Chapel now stands; and this spot, at the time of May Fair, was much frequented for that purpose; but this disgraceful custom was only practised by profligate and ruined characters, and was entirely abolished by the Marriage Act in 1754.

The house on the left in Piccadilly was built by Novosichki for the late Earl of Barrymore, but was unfinished at his death, and remained so for many years, until it was taken as an hotel. It has been rendered memorable ever since the royal visitors, the Emperor of Russia and the late Queen of Wirtemburg, then Duchess of Oldenburg, resided in it during their stay in London. It was then kept by Escudier, and is now styled, "The Pulteney and Russian Imperial Hotel."

On the site of the houses east of the Pulteney Hotel, including that now No. 102, the residence of the late Earl of Mexborough,* stood the original leaden figure yard, founded by John Van Nost, a Dutch sculptor who

* At Lord Mexborough's, in 1800, was exhibited Masquéner's picture of Bonaparte reviewing his troops in the Place de Carousel. This, being before the peace of Amiens, was the first accurate likeness of that extraordinary man which had been exhibited in London.

came to England with King William III. His effects were sold March 1, 1711, after his death, and the premises were advertised as standing near "The Queen's Mead-house" in Hyde Park Road.

It appears from a plan taken by John Mackay, senior and junior, mathematicians of St. James's Westminster, of the parish of St. George's Hanover Square, hanging in the vestry-room, that on March, 1725, the time it was drawn, the reservoir in the Green Park opposite to the houses described above had two rows of trees closely planted all round it; a few of these now remain at either end and on the north side. This plan also displays ice-houses as then standing in the Green Park.

In Mortimer's Universal Directory, published in 1763, mention is made of a John Van Nost as following the profession of a statuary in St. Martin's Lane, opposite to May's Buildings, probably a descendant of the original vendor of the leaden figures. Van Nost's business was taken in 1739 by Mr. John Chere, who served his time to his brother, Sir Henry Chere, the statuary who executed several monuments in Westminster Abbey. This despicable manufactory must still be within memory, as the attention of nine persons in ten was arrested by these garden ornaments. The figures were cast in lead as large as life, and frequently painted with an intention to resemble nature. They consisted of Punch, Harlequin, Columbine, and other pantomimical characters; mowers whetting their scythes; hay-makers resting on their rakes; game-keepers in the act of shooting, and *Roman* soldiers with *firelocks;* but, above all, that of an African kneeling with a sun-dial upon his head found the most extensive sale.

For this sort of decoration there were three other manufactories in Piccadilly, viz.: Dickenson's, which stood on the site of the Duke of Gloucester's house, before mentioned; Manning's, at the west corner of White Horse Street, the site of which is occupied by Mrs. Dumerg's, No. 96; and Carpenter's, that stood where Egremont House was afterwards erected. Egremont House was the residence of the late Marquis of Cholmondeley. All the above four figure yards were in high vogue about the year 1740. They certainly had casts from some of the finest works of art, viz.: the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Medicis, &c.; but these leaden productions, although they found numerous admirers and purchasers, were never countenanced by men of true taste; for it is well known, that when applications were made to the Earl of Burlington for his sanction, he always spoke of them with sovereign contempt, observing that the uplifted arms of leaden figures, in consequence of the pliability and weight of the material, would in course of time appear little better than crooked billets.

There has not been a leaden figure manufactory in London since the year 1787, when Mr. Chere died. Not that the public taste improved with their disappearance. One absurdity only gave place to another. As late as the year 1826 or 1827, painted cats and parrots, and plaster casts of the most inferior description were hawked about the town, and met with an extensive sale. Within the last few years, however, public taste has improved considerably. All these have disappeared, and busts of poets, painters, musicians, and illustrious men, very beautifully executed, are alone seen on the boards

of the Italian dealers, with copies of some of the finest models of the Antique.

Half Moon Street was built in 1730, as appears by that date on the south-west corner house. Its name, as already observed, was taken from the Half Moon public-house which stood at the corner. Clarges Street, originally called "Clarges Street, in Hay-hill Row," was built by Sir Walter Clarges. The family had a house nearly opposite St. James's Church, which, in 1708, was occupied by the Venetian Ambassador.

Few persons, from the appearance of the Piccadilly front, could have been aware of the extensive premises of Bath House, standing, until the year 1821, at the south-west corner of Bolton Row. It contained upwards of fifty excellent rooms, besides numerous servants' offices and capacious cellars. The ceiling of the library was richly carved with foliage, and most splendidly gilt; its chimney-piece could not have cost less than between 600*l.* and 700*l.*; it was of the finest Carrara marble, and was profusely decorated with fruit and flowers. The foliated pannels of the staircase were adorned with busts of Homer, Cicero, Seneca, &c. At the end of the garden, which extended nearly into Curzon Street, there was a large stone basin of water, in the centre of which, upon a lofty pedestal, was placed a copy of the Venus de Medicis, as large as the original.

The late Sir William Pulteney was a solitary inhabitant of this immense house for many years, at whose death it was let to the Duke of Portland for eight years.

This mansion was taken down in 1821, and a most

substantial house erected upon its site for the present Lord Ashburton, then Mr. Baring.

Among the advertisements of sales by auction in the original edition of the "Spectator," in folio, published in 1711, the mansion of Streater, Jun. is advertised as *his country house*, being near Bolton Row, in Piccadilly; his town residence was in Gerrard Street, Soho. The next house is of political notoriety, No. 80; it is now the residence of Lady Guildford, and was inhabited by the late Sir Francis Burdett in 1810, at the time the Baronet was committed to the Tower. It was here that he was taken into custody by the Serjeant-at-Arms, after a resistance of four days.

Stratton Street was so named in compliment to the Stratton line of the Berkeleys, on whose estate it was built. The large house at the corner was for many years the residence of the well-known Mrs. Coutts, the widow of the rich banker, and the wife afterwards of the Duke of St. Albans. Evelyn, in his "Memoirs," states that on September 25, 1672, he visited Lord John Berkeley in his stately new house, which it was reported had cost him near 30,000*l*. The staircase was of cedar.

Evelyn speaks of the gardens as incomparable, and states that he advised the planting of the holly-hedges on the terrace, and that Mr. Hugh May was his Lordship's architect.

In "The Postman," No. 94, in the year 1695, a silver cistern is advertised valued at 750*l*., the property of the Prince and Princess of Denmark; it was stolen out of Berkeley House, and was shortly afterwards discovered at Twickenham, in the possession of a distiller

there, who was tried, cast, and condemned. It would appear from this, that Queen Anne and her spouse resided in Berkeley House.

In "The Post Boy" for March 30, 1697, appears the following notice:—"To-morrow His Majesty is to dine with His Grace the Duke of Devonshire at Berkeley House." His Majesty did dine there, as may be seen from the papers of the following day.

After a fire, which burnt the house to the ground, the present mansion was erected from a design by Kent, and is now inhabited by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire. Here are given those magnificent balls and fêtes which excite the admiration of half the fashionable world that are invited to them, and the envy of the other half that are excluded. His Grace is the leader of the fashion, and enjoys in the age of Victoria as great a renown for dancing as Sir Christopher Hatton did in the age of Elizabeth.

Diverging a little from the straight path, we traverse a narrow dirty street, by the wall of His Grace's garden, which leads us on into Berkeley Square, which, some fifty or a hundred years hence, will be visited by multitudes, eager to see the house once inhabited by so remarkable a man as Lord Brougham; it is a large house on the west side, marked No. 48.

Proceeding a little onwards in the same district, and returning to the east end of the square, we ascend Hay Hill, where the severe skirmish was fought in the year 1554, between a party of the troops of Queen Mary and the insurgents under Sir Thomas Wyatt, and where the latter were defeated with considerable loss. Sir Thomas,

who was the son of the elegant poet of the same name, the friend of the Earl of Surrey, was afterwards committed to the Tower, and, being found guilty of high treason, he was executed; his head was affixed to a pole on the summit of Hay Hill, his legs upon London Bridge, and his arms in another part of the capital. Three of his companions were also hanged on Hay Hill. The place was then, and indeed for a hundred and fifty years afterwards, an open field, a considerable distance from any house.

The following notices may be acceptable to the London historians, as they settle the periods of the commencement and destruction of that princely edifice which stood on the site of the south end of Albemarle Street, Clarendon House:—

Evelyn, in his "Memoirs," vol. I, page 380, states that on the 28th of November, 1666, he went to see Clarendon House, which was nearly completed.

Bishop Burnet, speaking of the Earl of Clarendon, in 1667, says, "The king had granted him a large piece of ground, near St. James's, to build a house on; he intended a good, ordinary house, but, not understanding those matters himself, he put the managing of that into the hands of others, who run him into a vast charge of about 50,000*l.*, three times as much as he had designed to lay out upon it. During the war, and in the plague year, he had about three hundred men at work, which he thought would have been an acceptable thing, when so many men were kept at work, and so much money, as was duly paid, circulated about. But it had a contrary effect: it raised a great outcry against him; some called

it 'Dunkirk House,' intimating that it was built by his share of the price of Dunkirk; others called it 'Holland House,' because he was believed to be no friend to the war. So it was given out that he had the money from the Dutch. It was visible, that, in a time of public calamity, he was building a very noble palace. Another accident was, that before the war there were some designs on foot for the repairing of St. Paul's, and many stones were brought thither. That project was laid aside during the war; he upon that bought the stones, and made use of them in building his own house. This, how slight soever it may seem to be, yet had a great effect by the management of his enemies."

Evelyn, again, observes that, on the 26th of April, 1667, he saw the house finished. Again, December 9th, 1667, he visited the late Lord Chancellor, who was sitting in his "gowt wheele-chayre," and seeing the gates setting up towards the north and the fields, and that the next morning he heard he was gone. Again, on the 20th December, 1668, Evelyn says he dined at Lord Cornbury's, at Clarendon House, and saw pictures of most of our ancient and modern wits.

In 1683, after the Chancellor's death, Evelyn says, the earl his successor sold that which cost 50,000*l.* to the young Duke of Albemarle for 25,000*l.*; however, in consequence of his extravagance since the old duke's death, he sold it, including the ground about it, for 35,000*l.*; and it was pulled down, to make way for Albemarle Street, Stafford Street, &c.

The earliest date now to be found upon the site of Clarendon House is cut in stone, and let into the south

wall of a public-house, the sign of "The Duke of Albemarle," in Dover Street, thus: "This is Stafford Street, 1686." In a plan of London etched by Hollar, in 1666, it is evident that the centre of Clarendon House must have occupied the whole of the site of Stafford Street.

September 21st, 1699. "The French ambassador has taken Sir Thomas Bond's House in Piccadilly. Sir Thomas was Comptroller of the Household to King Charles the Second. To the east of Bond Street*, which probably was so named after that family, stands Burlington House, the gate of which will be memorable as long as Hogarth's satirical print of it remains. The hall and ceilings were painted by Sebastian Ricci. Whatever objections may have been made to its lofty wall, the beautiful arcade within will always be admired.

To the honour of Burlington House and the noble earl, it must be recollected that when Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, and others crowded here, Handel was one of its resident visitors for the space of three years, before he lived in the house, now Mr. Partington's, No. 57, on the south side of Brook Street, four doors from Bond Street, and two from the gateway. The house and its visitors are thus commemorated by Gay, in the second canto of his "Trivia:"

> —— Burlington's fair palace still remains,
> Beauty, within—without, proportion reigns;
> Beneath his eye declining art revives,
> The wall with animated pictures lives.
> There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
> Transports the soul, and thrills thro' every vein.
> There oft I enter—but with cleaner shoes,
> For Burlington's beloved by every muse.

* A pun on the name of this street is attributed to a celebrated

Queensberry House, in Burlington Gardens, the residence of his noble patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, was the house where this amiable poet breathed his last. He died on the 4th of December, 1732. After the performance of his "Beggar's Opera" had been prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, he was taken into the house of the duke and duchess, who paid him, says Johnson, the most affectionate attention for the remaining part of his life. The duke, considering his want of economy, undertook the management of his money, and gave it him as he wanted it. But it is supposed," continues Johnson, "that the discountenance of the Court sank deep into his heart, and gave him more discontent than the applauses or tenderness of his friends could overpower. He soon fell into his old distemper—an habitual colic; and languished, though with many intervals of ease and cheerfulness, till a violent fit at last seized him, and hurried him to the grave, as Arbuthnot reported, with more precipitance than he had ever known." His body lay in state in Exeter Change in the Strand, and on the 23rd of December, was, at eight o'clock in the evening, buried in Poet's Corner. His pall was supported by the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Cornbury, the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, General Domer, Mr. Gore, and Mr. Pope.

On the western part of Burlington House, the present Duke of Devonshire, then the noble owner, not only

wit, and I hope its introduction here may not be deemed too frivolous. He proposed that Bond Street and Bow Street should exchange names; the former to be called Beau Street, and the latter, in allusion to the public office and its magistrate, Bond Street.

sheltered the Elgin Marbles during the debates in Parliament respecting them, but made accommodation for the students to study from them.

This magnificent mansion, which had been for thirty years the residence of the late Duke of Portland, was sold by the present Duke of Devonshire to his uncle, Lord George Cavendish, who has improved it in a spirited and princely manner.

That most comfortable, quiet, and well-regulated set of chambers, now under the denomination of the Albany, stand partly on the site of two houses and long gardens, which originally reached as far as Vigo Lane. The first was inhabited in the year 1715, by Sir John Clarges, and the one toward the east by Lady Stanhope; they were taken down, and another mansion erected, which in 1725, according to the plans in St. George's Vestry-room. was inhabited by the Earl of Sunderland. The first Lord Melbourne, father of our late Whig Premier, expended vast sums upon this spot; his lordship had the ceiling of the ball-room painted by Cipriani, and those of the other best rooms by Wheatley and Rebecca. The Duke of York, who had much improved Lord Amherst's house at Whitehall, exchanged houses with Lord Melbourne; it then received the appellation of York House, and when his Royal Highness left it, the house was divided into chambers, the garden built upon, and, in compliment to its last Royal owner, received the name of his Scottish dukedom of Albany.

In the vestry of St. James's Church are carefully preserved the portraits of the eminent prelates, Tenison, Clarke, Secker, and Parker.

On the south wall of this church, near the communion table, is an appropriate little monument to Dodsley, the bookseller. On the western wall of the paved churchyard will be found the following epitaph to the memory of a favourite musical composer:—"Here lieth interred the remains of Mr. Mathias Vento. He departed this life the 22nd of November, 1776, aged 40." A small stone let into the south wall of the tower presents the following inscription:—"TOM D'URFEY, died Feb. ye 26th, 1723." D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," were published in the year 1720. On a flat stone on the west side of the parsonage-house is inscribed, "In memory of Mr. James Gillray, the caricaturist, who departed this life 1st of June, 1815, aged 58 years."

The Egyptian Hall, nearly opposite to Bond Street, is a spacious building, designed by Robinson and decorated by L. Gahagan, with the figures of Isis and Osiris, at the expense of 16,000*l.*, independent of an annual ground-rent of 300*l.*, payable to Government.

At the east end of Piccadilly stood for many years the two inns, "The Black Bear" and "The White Bear," (formerly the Fleece Inn,) nearly opposite to each other; the former of which was taken down (1820,) to make way for the north side of the Regent Circus; the latter still remains, and stands on Crown land.

It was at the White Bear that Luke Sullivan, the engraver, died. He engraved, among several others, that very interesting print, "The March to Finchley," from Hogarth's picture, now in the Foundling Hospital. It was in this inn that Chatelain, the engraver, also breathed his last.

He had taken his lodging here only the night previous, and was so much reduced in his circumstances that Mr. Panton Betew, a silversmith, then of Old Compton Street, a well-known friend to Brooking, Tull, Gainsborough, and other artists, Mr. Vivares, the engraver, for whom Chatelain had formerly worked as an etcher of landscapes, and several other old friends, buried him in the poor ground of St. James's Workhouse, Poland Street.

It is also worth commemorating that the late President of the Royal Academy, Mr. West, in consequence of there being no other nightly lodging-house in London, for there were no Hummums at that time, lodged at the White Bear the first night of his arrival from America.

Near the lower part of this street, called Piccadilly, stood "Winstanley's Water-Theatre," as appears by the following advertisement given in the folio edition of the "Spectator," in the paper for July 23, 1711 :—

"At the Request of several Persons of Quality. The famous Water-Theatre of the late ingenious Mr. Winstanley will continue to be shown for one fortnight, and no longer, this season. There is the greatest curiosities in works, the like was never performed by any. It is shown for the benefit of his widow every evening, between 5 and 6 of the clock, with several new additions made this summer; as three new stages, sea-gods and goddesses, nymphs, mermaid, and satyrs, all of them playing of water as suitable, and some with fire mingling with water, and a sea-triumph round the barrel that plays so many liquors, all which is taken away after it hath performed its part, and the barrel is broken in pieces before the spectators. Boxes are 2*s.* 6*d.*, pit 1*s.* 6*d.*, first gallery 1*s.*, upper gallery 6*d.* It is at the lower end of Pickadilly, and is known by the wind-mill on the top of it."

Similar advertisements are to be found in the folio editions of "The Guardian" and "The Englishman," published in 1713, in which it appears the performances

were varied, and rendered more attractive by the additions of "flying dragons, with their mouths filled with fire, water, and perfumes."

In Windmill Street, so called from a windmill, which formerly stood on that spot, at the sign of the "Coachmakers' Arms," one of the early concerts was held, admittance to which was only sixpence; the others were performed at Lambeth Wells; the "Blacksmith's Arms," on Lambeth Hill, behind St. Paul's; the "Cock and Lion," in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill; and the "Unicorn," at Hoxton, as may be seen from "The London Spy," published in 1695.

In Aggas's plan of London, supposed to have been published about the year 1560, the western road, which commences at the top of the Hay Market, is inscribed "*The waye to Readinge.*"

The following are various notices of Piccadilly:—In Blount's "Glossography," published 1656, the term Pickadill is thus defined:—"The round hem of a garment, or other thing; also a kinde of stiff collar, made in fashion of a band." However, perhaps that famous Ordinary near St. James's, called Pickadilly, took denomination, because it was then the outmost or skirt house of the suburbs that way. Others say it took name from this, that one Higgin, a tailor, who built it, got most of his estate by Pickadilles, which, in the last age, were much worn in England. However, the following account seems to be the earliest in which mention is made of Pickadilles. Stevens, in his curious little work, entitled "Essayes and Characters," published 1615, speaking of the dress of a plain country bride-

groom, page 354, says,—"The Taylor likewise must be a vexation to him, or his cloathes would never sit handsomely; But (above all) a bridle in his mouth would serve better than a Pickadell; for if you restrain him from his objects, &, the engine of his necke, you put him into the Pillory."

The pillory and piccadillos are also thus glanced at by Butler in his "Hudibras," part iii., canto 1st:—

"Than other perj'ries do the laws,
Which when they're proved in open court,
Wear wooden piccadillo's for't."

In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pilgrim," act ii., scene 2, allusion is made to the practice of wearing Pickadélles by a character to whom a halter has been adjudged—

"This [halter] is a coarse wearing;
'Twill sit but scurvily upon this collar;
But patience is as good as a French pickadel."

Ben Jonson, in his "Devil is an Ass," act ii., scene 2, alludes to—

"That truth of pickerdill in cloathes,
To boast a sovereignty over ladies."

Pickadils were frequently of an enormous size. Drayton, in his "Mooncalf," says of a woman—

"In everything she must be monst'rous,
Her piccadil above her crown appears."

King James being expected on a visit to Cambridge, in 1615, an order against wearing pickadils was issued by the vice-chancellor, reference to which is perpetuated by Ruggle, in his "Ignoramus"—

"Leave it, scholar, leave it, and take it not in snuff,
For he that wears no pickadel, by law may wear a ruff."

The following notice of Piccadilly is curious at this

distance of time:—In Gerard's "Herbal," published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1596), the author, talking of the "small wild buglosse," says this little flower "growes upon the drie ditch bankes about Pickadilla," from which it would appear that the name had been given to the place even at this early period.

In that extremely rare plan of London, published by Faithorne in 1658, the same spot is denominated Pickadilly Hall.

In the "Memoirs of Evelyn," this part of the town is mentioned July 13, 1662. He says he was one of the commissioners for reforming the buildings and streets of London, and that they ordered the paving of the road from St. James's North, "which was a quagmire," and likewise of the Haymarket about "Pigudello." In the 8th and 9th of William III., an act was made for paving and regulating the Haymarket in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, and St. James's within the Liberty of Westminster.

The following are inscriptions on tokens issued by tradesmen of Piccadilly:—"Robert Beard, in (reverse) Pickadilla, 1662. God save the King." This was two years after the restoration of King Charles the Second.

"Richard Thorp Grocer, (reverse,) in Pickadilly, 1666, his halfe penny."

"William Hill, 1670, (reverse,) Piccadilly."

In the reign of King Charles II. the street called Piccadilly only extended to the site of Swallow Street. The way from thence to the site of Devonshire House was called Portugal Street, probably in compliment to Queen Catherine of Portugal, consort of Charles II.; and

from Devonshire House to Hyde Park Corner was called "the road to Exeter." The street denominated the Haymarket has, at all events, been a place for the sale of that commodity ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as it is under that appellation in Aggas's plan, and at that time evidently out of town, as there were hedge rows on either side, and few indications of houses nearer than the village of Charing, and the air was so clear that the washer-women conveyed their linen in tubs to spread it upon the grass in the fields, commencing on the site of the present Opera House.

The following inscription on a token in the British Museum may not only afford the name of an early tradesman of this place but one of the first venders of *Sea* Coal:—"Nathaniel Robins, at the Sea Coale seller, 1666, (reverse,) Hay Markett, in Pickadilla, his half penny."

Probably Henry Croke, the brother of Henry, Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College, was one of the first respectable inhabitants of the Haymarket, as the Professor died in his house in 1680, November 17.

The large house No. 17, on the south-west corner of James's Street, now inhabited by Hastings and White, chemists to Her Majesty, was evidently built in the reign of King Charles II.; and tradition says that that monarch and the Duke of York used to walk through it to the Tennis Court, behind which it still stands, bearing the date of 1673 on its front.

The next building of notoriety was the little theatre, originally called the French theatre. It was erected in 1720 by one Potter, with the design of letting it to a

company of foreign performers. A new theatre on the same site was built by the celebrated Foote, which was opened in 1767. It is said that the most profitable performances ever carried on in this house were those of the famous Maddox, in 1770. A copy of a bill of fare is here introduced, announcing his first appearance in England:—

"At the Theatre Royal in the Hay-Market, on Monday next, the 10th instant, Mr. Maddox will, for the first time of his performing in England, exhibit several feats of activity, as undermentioned.—1. He will swing and walk on the wire. 2. Balance a pipe on full swing to the extent of the wire. 3. A cross balance. 4. Takes a long pipe in his mouth, and places another on the small end whilst on full swing. 5. Balances an egg upon a straw on the wire. 6. A double cross balance. 7. Balances a straw on the edge of a glass, and kneels on the wire. 8. Places a long pipe on a harp, and puts a bunch of pipes into a bowl. 9. A triangular balance. 10. Balances a hat on the tip-end of a pipe several ways. 11. Stands with one foot on the wire, balances a straw upon the edge of a glass, and plays on the fiddle at the same time. 12. Plays several tricks with two forks and two apples. 13. Stands with one foot on the wire, balances a pipe on the top of a hoop, and beats a country-dance on a drum at the same time. 14. Will set a table across the wire, and perform a table-dance with three pewter plates. 15. Stands on his head on the wire in full swing.

Second part. Tosses and catches a straw on different parts of his face, and from his left to his right shoulder; from thence to his knees down to his feet; tosses it up again to his forehead, and from thence to his right heel; then holds a wine glass in his mouth, and tosses the straw with his heel into the glass; takes the straw with the ear downwards, and with a blast blows it topsy-turvy. Balances and blows the French-horn, plays on the fiddle, and beats a drum, all at one time. He will balance two peacocks' feathers, one on the edge of a glass, and the other on his nose; with many other performances too tedious to mention.

Third part. He will perform several physical experiments, such as have never been seen in England. And the whole will conclude with a grand transparent scene, in which will be introduced a

musical Dialogue between William and Mary, call'd LOVE and RESOLUTION; composed by Dr. Arne, and sung by Mr. Baker and Mrs. Beaumont.

To which will be added a new ballad-dance, by Mr. Leppi. Between the different performances the audience will be entertained with singing and dancing. As Mr. Maddox has spared no expense to make the whole as entertaining as possible to the public, he hopes to meet with their approbation.

As many have been deterred from going to see performances on the wire, merely from the apparent danger, Mr. Maddox does not propose having his more than three feet from the stage.

Boxes, 5*s.*; pit, 3*s.*; first gall., 2*s.*; upper gall., 1*s.*

The doors to be opened at five o'clock, and to begin exactly at six. The house will be opened twice a week, Mondays and Thursdays."

(See "The Public Advertiser" for Saturday, December 8th, 1770.)

The profits of this Strawman's agility in one season amounted to 11,000*l.*, being 2,500*l.* more than Garrick's a few years previous, as may be seen from Davies's Life of that great actor.

A remarkable instance of credulity in connexion with this theatre remains to be stated. In the year 1749, an advertisement appeared in the newspaper, stating that on a certain evening a famous bottle-conjuror would perform. He undertook to elicit the music of any known instrument from the walking cane of any of the audience, after which he would walk into a quart bottle, placed upon a table in the middle of the stage, and sing in it. On the appointed night the house was crowded to suffocation, but, as the conjuror was tardy in making his appearance, the audience became impatient, and roared out for a return of their money. The stage-manager at last appeared; exhorted them to keep quiet, and promised

that their money should be returned if no performance took place. Some person in the pit called out that, if the ladies and gentlemen who were impatient would pay double price, he would walk into a pint bottle! A burst of laughter followed the announcement; the spectators became sensible, for the first time, of their own folly, and a tremendous riot began. The discontented people of the pit and gallery tore up the benches, broke the lamps, and made a complete wreck of the inside of the theatre. They afterwards collected the spoils, and carried them into the open street, and made a bonfire of them.

It was not the present edifice that was honoured by the appearance of Foote and Garrick. That building was taken down in the year 1820, and the present elegant theatre erected from the designs of Mr. Nash. It was first opened on the 4th of July, 1821, when the performances were Sheridan's Comedy of the "Rivals," and a new Vaudeville, called "Peter and Paul," which was never suffered to become an old one.

Between this theatre and Cockspur Street, opposite to the present Opera House, Broughton, the Champion of England, as he called himself, in the reign of George II., kept a public-house, whose sign was that of his own portrait without his wig, as a bruiser. Underneath it was the following line from Virgil; (Æ. V. 484.)

"Hic victor Cæstus artemque repono."

In one of the numerous boxing-bills of the day, dated January 1st, 1742, Broughton commences the new year with proposals for erecting an amphitheatre for the manly exercise of boxing. This stage was erected within

the premises of the "Adam and Eve" public-house, at the end of Tottenham Court Road. Hogarth has taken it into the left side of his picture of "The March to Finchley." Broughton also, on the 1st of February, 1747, proposed to open "A Boxing Academy" at his house in the Haymarket, for the instruction of gentlemen, "where the whole theory and practice of that truly British art, with all the various stops, blows, cross-buttocks, &c., incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained."

Theophilus Cibber was a great amateur among the boxers, as well as in the business of the play-house. He was frequently applied to for a vaunting bill, of which the following, for Broughton's theatre, is here introduced as a specimen:

"AT THE NEW THEATRE
"IN THE HAY-MARKET, ON WEDNESDAY THE
29TH OF THIS INSTANT APRIL.

"The beauty of the Science of defence will be shown in a Trial of Skill, between the following masters, viz:—

"Whereas, there was a battle fought on the 18th of March last, between MR. JOHNSON, from YORKSHIRE, and MR. SHERLOCK, from *Ireland*, in which engagement they came so near as to throw each other down. Since that rough battle, the said SHERLOCK has challenged JOHNSON to fight him, strapt down to the stage, for twenty pounds; to which the said JOHNSON has agreed; and they are to meet at the time and place above mentioned, and fight in the following manner, viz.; to have their left feet strapt down to the stage, within the reach of each other's right leg; and the most bleeding wounds to decide the wager. N. B. The undaunted young JAMES, who is thought the bravest of his age in the manly art of boxing, fights the stout-hearted GEORGE GRAY, for ten pounds, who values himself for fighting the famous GLOVER, at TOTTENHAM COURT. Attendance to be given at *ten, and the masters mount at twelve.* Cudgel-playing and boxing to divert the gentlemen till the battle begins."

In one of these bills "Frenchmen are requested to bring smelling-bottles."

This Broughton lived to the age of eighty-five, and died in 1789. He was many years a Yeoman of the Guard.

Retracing our steps on the other side of the street, that we may re-enter Piccadilly, and arrive at Pall Mall, by way of St. James's Street, the first object that solicits remarkable attention is the Italian Opera House, in the present reign the favourite resort of Majesty.

The first Opera House in the Haymarket was built by Sir John Vanbrugh. It was first opened in 1705, under the appellation of the Queen's Theatre, for the exclusive performance of Italian operas. In the year 1720, in consequence of the inadequate support received from the public, a fund of 50,000*l.* was raised by subscription, of which King George I. contributed 1000*l.*, and the general management of the concern vested in a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty directors, under the name of the Royal Academy of Music. Owing to its inelegance and inconvenience, this building was continually under process of alteration and improvement. On the night of the 17th of June, 1789, a fire broke out in the theatre which, in the course of a few hours, laid it in ruins. Madame Ravelli, one of the performers, had a narrow escape from perishing in the flames. A small part of the wardrobe and a few other trifling articles were the only things saved. Pennant, in his "Itinerary" condemns the building, and says the fire was happily the means of removing it effectually. Preparations were immediately made for the erection of a new edifice, and

the design of Mr. Novosielski having been adopted, the foundation-stone of the present building was laid on the 3rd of April, 1790, by the Earl of Buckinghamshire. It was never much admired when completed, and in general considered so gloomy and inelegant that Mr. Nash and Mr. G. Repton were employed, in 1820, to decorate and improve it. Under their superintendence the colonnade on three sides of the building was erected, and the emblematical figures in basso relievo, displaying the rise and progress of music, placed along the front. They are from the design of Mr. B. Bubb, the sculptor.

It is well known that the first hint of introducing Italian operas into England was given in the reign of Charles II., at the Duchess of Mazarine's, at Chelsea.

In Market Lane, which has given place to the Western Colonnade of the Opera House, lived Torre*, the print-seller; he was the principal and famous fire-worker at Mary-le-bone Gardens.

In St. Alban's Street, on the site of which the lower and western side of Waterloo Place now stands, stood the mansion of Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's. It was on the north-west corner of Charles Street, and is thus noticed in the "Historian's Guide," p. 57,—"On May 31, 1670, His Majesty and His Royal Highness were entertained at supper by the Prince of Tuscany at St.

* It was either on him or on one of his brother artists in pyrotechny, that it was proposed to parody Dryden's celebrated prose epitaph on Purcell, whom the poet described as received into "that blessed place where only his music could be exceeded." The parody of course referred to "that cursed place where only his fireworks could be exceeded."

Alban's House, in St. James's Fields." This was the night before the Duke departed for Holland. The house afterwards was a tavern, and remained so until it was taken down for the improvements made in Regent Street in 1820 and 1821. The following inscription, though without date, was upon a token issued by one of its landlords,—" George Carter at ye St. Albans, (reverse) in St. Albans Street, neere St. James Market."

Sept. 27, 1665, at the time of the plague, a market was proclaimed to be kept in St. James's Fields. The following inscription is upon a token of one of its early inhabitants,—" Richard Athy, 1668, (reverse) in St. James Markett-place, his halfe-peny."

Mrs. Anne Oldfield, the actress, so well-known for her kindness to the poet Savage, who was born in Pall Mall in 1683, was, when in her sixteenth year, assistant to Mrs. Voss, keeper of the Mitre Tavern in this market. When she became celebrated in her profession, she resided in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, died in Grosvenor Street, Oct. 23, 1730, and, previously to her interment in Westminster, lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber.

It appears by an advertisement in " The Spectator," dated Sept. 14, 1711, that the keeper of the wine-vaults under this market, invited the public by stating that he constantly kept four fires, and accommodation of eatables. Jermyn and St. Alban's Streets were named after the proprietor of those and the neighbouring streets, Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's, in compliment to whom the armorial bearings of that family (sable a crescent between

two mullets in pale argent,) are displayed over the south entrance of St. James's Church*.

Before the reader descends St. James's Street, his attention is requested to those of Bennet and Arlington, so called from Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington. The ground which the above streets occupy was the famous mulberry-gardens, a place of public entertainment until granted by patent, the 24th of Charles II., (1672), to the above-named Earl.

The king demised to Henry, Earl of Arlington, at a rent of twenty shillings per annum, that whole piece or parcel of ground, called the Mulberry Gardens, situated in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, together with eight houses, with their appurtenances thereon, for ninety-nine years, from the Feast of St. John the Baptist, then last past, if there should be no former lease of the premises, to Walter Lord Aston, or any other person, undetermined; and if there should be any such lease undetermined, then, for ninety-nine years from the determination of such lease. This ground, probably about that time, ceased to be a place of public entertainment, and became part of the gardens of Arlington House.

Dryden used to frequent this garden; he ate tarts there with Mrs. Anne Reeve, his mistress, as we learn

* Mr. Dallaway, ("Observations on English Architecture,") being ignorant of the heraldic allusion and its propriety, has dealt out a hypercritical censure against Sir Christopher Wren for the introduction of these ornaments, which he complains of as better suited to a pagan temple of Diana than to a Christian church. Thus has this modern champion of the cross hurled his anathemas against the crescent with all the zeal, and much of the intelligence, of an ancient crusader.

from a curious passage in his life by Malone*, quoted from a contemporary writer, whose name is not given†. From Sir Charles Sedley's (the Rake and Mohock,) play of "The Mulberry Garden," published in 1668, it appears that the company assembled there in the evening, and that there were arbours in the gardens, in which they were regaled with cheesecakes, syllabubs, and wine sweetened with sugar. The ladies frequently went there in masks. In this comedy it is said, that he who wished to be considered a man of fashion, always drank wine and water at dinner, and a dish of tea afterwards. In act i., scene 2, of the same play, Ned Estridge observes to Harry Modish,—

"These country ladys, for the first month, take up their places in the mulberry-garden as early as a citizen's wife at a new play.

Harry Modish.—And for the most part are as easily discovered. They have always somewhat on, that is just left off by the better sort.

Ned Estridge.—They are the antipodes of the Court; for when a fashion sets there, it rises among them."

In "The Humorous Lovers," a comedy written by the Duke of Newcastle, and published in 1677, the third scene of act i. is in the mulberry-garden. Baldman

* See Malone's "Life of Dryden," vol. i., p. 466.

† The sarcastic author of the "Pursuits of Literature" has not spared Malone for the minute precision with which such tales are recorded by him:

> Nor he, whose essence wit and taste approved,
> Forget the *mulberry tarts* that Dryden loved.
>
> *Pursuits of Literature*, P. iv., 227.

Surely, however, where Dryden is the theme, the biographer who records these little traits of character and domestic life is entitled not only to our forgiveness, but to our gratitude.

observes to Courtly, "'Tis a delicate plump wench; now a blessing on the hearts of them that were the contrivers of this garden; this wilderness is the prettiest convenient place to woo a Widow Courtly."

It appears from "The Memoirs of Evelyn," that the mansion in which Mr. Secretary Bennet (afterwards created Lord Arlington) resided was called Goring House. This was probably one of the eight houses mentioned in the grant to his Lordship in 1672.

Evelyn, on March 29, 1665, went to Mr. Secretary Bennet's (Goring House): he observes it was ill-built, but that it might be much improved. On September 21, 1674, Evelyn laments Lord Arlington's loss by fire at Goring House, and states that it was "consumed to ye ground."

In 1708, Arlington Street was inhabited by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Guildford, Lord Kingston, Lord Brooke, and Lord Cholmondeley; in 1711 by the Earl of Stair; and in 1749 by the Earl of Middlesex, member for Old Sarum; Sir William Codrington, member for Beverley; John Pitt, Esq., member for Wareham; and Charles Horatio Walpole, member for Callington.

The Honourable Horace Walpole dated many of his letters from this street, in which he resided for several years before he went to Berkeley Square.

The illustrious Charles James Fox was also an inhabitant of this street, and the late Duke of York died in it in 1827, in the house of the Duke of Rutland.

The Marquis Camden's is one of the finest houses in the street. It stands in the recess on the right from Piccadilly. In this mansion there is a whole length

portrait of the late Lord Camden seated: it was painted for Guildhall by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was obliged to paint another one in a standing position, as it was to be placed near the pictures of the late King and Queen, by Ramsay.

The houses on the south of the Marquis Camden's are Lord Sefton's, the Marquis of Salisbury's, the Earl of Zetland's, and Lord Yarborough's. At the last-named mansion, in the gallery leading to the Hall, the late Lord placed the following busts of eminent men—they are all in marble from the hand of Nollekens, viz., Marquis of Rockingham, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, the late Duke of Devonshire, Lord C. Cavendish, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Milton, Francis Duke of Bedford, Sir G. Saville, Mr. C. Windham, Sir Joseph Banks, Dudley Long North, and Earl Fitzwilliam. In the hall there are busts of Pope and Sterne, also by Nollekens. Here his Lordship has placed the fine marble group of Neptune and Triton, by Bernini, purchased of the executors of Sir Joshua Reynolds for the sum of 500*l.* In this hall likewise stands Bacon's figure of Mars, larger than life, in marble*.

St. James's Street was in 1670 called "The long street." It was in this street and not in Piccadilly, as has been often stated, that the infamous Colonel Blood, whose name is so well known for his daring attempt to

* These, however, form but a very small proportion of his Lordship's invaluable stores. The celebrated Niobe (attributed to Scopas) is in the Gallery at Brocklesby; and when we recollect that all the treasures of the "Museum Worsleianum" will also be concentrated in the heir of this family, it is scarcely going too far to pronounce the collection unrivalled by that of any other individual in the country.

rob the Tower of the regalia of England, set upon the Duke of Ormond, aided by four ruffians, and attempted to assassinate him on his way to Clarendon House. The object of the conspirators was not, however, the instantaneous murder of the Duke. They intended to carry him to Tyburn, and hang him on the stationary gibbet upon that spot, in revenge for a punishment inflicted upon some companions of theirs in Ireland during the Duke's administration of the affairs of that country. The Duke was dragged out of his carriage, and tied on a horse behind one of the villains, who was spurring his steed towards Tyburn. He managed, however, to disengage his hands and struggle with his assailant, until his domestics arrived to his rescue. The future favour shown by the Court to this sanguinary ruffian is a mystery which it is not easy to unravel. After his attempt upon the regalia he received a pension of 500*l.* per annum, was constantly seen in the purlieus of the Court and in the presence chamber, and was pardoned by the Duke of Ormond for his offence against him, at the earnest solicitation of the Court.

This street is known all over Europe for its clubs, the more noticeable of which we shall describe, as we descend the hill towards St. James's Palace.

As we turn into St. James's Street from Piccadilly, we see to the right a very massive and imposing structure, which, however, presents at this moment an appearance of ominous blackness, suggestive of the name by which, in common with some of its fellows in the neighbourhood, it was popularly called. This edifice, which

seems to have been "built in the eclipse," was, until lately, Crockford's, or the St. James's Club House.

We borrow from an article in a popular periodical, the author of which, from his signature, "Perditus," may be presumed to be "one who hath had losses," the following description of the interior as it shone in its palmy days.

"On entering from the street, a magnificent vestibule and staircase break upon the view; to the right and left of the hall are reading and dining-rooms. The staircase is of a sinuous form, sustained in its landing by four columns of the Doric order, above which are a series of examples of the Ionic order, forming a quadrangle, with apertures to the chief apartments. Above the pillars is a covered ceiling perforated with luminous panels of stained glass, from which springs a dome of surpassing beauty; from the dome depends a lantern containing a magnificent chandelier.

"The state drawing-room next attracts attention,—a most noble apartment, baffling perfect description of its beauty, but decorated in the most florid style of the school of Louis Quatorze. The room presents a series of panels, containing subjects, in the style of Watteau, from the pencil of Mr. Martin, a relative of the celebrated historical painter of that name: these panels are alternated with splendid mirrors. A chandelier of exquisite workmanship hangs from the centre of the ceiling, and three large tables, beautifully carved and gilded, and covered with rich blue and crimson velvet, are placed in different parts of the room. The upholstery and decorative adjuncts are imitative of the gorgeous taste of George

the Fourth. Royalty can scarcely be conceived to vie with the style and consummate splendour of this magnificent chamber.

"The lofty and capacious dining-room, supported by marble pillars, and furnished in the most substantial and aristocratic style of comfort, is equal to any arrangement of the kind in the most lordly mansions.

"The drawing-room is allowed to be one of the most elegant apartments in the kingdom.

"The sanctum-sanctorum, or play-room, is comparatively small, but handsomely furnished. In the centre of the apartment stands the all-attractive hazard-table, innocent and unpretending enough in its form and appearance, but fatally mischievous and destructive in its conjunctive influence with box and dice. On this table it may with truth be asserted that the greater portion, if not the whole, of Crockford's immense wealth was achieved; and for this piece of plain, unassuming mahogany he had doubtless a more profound veneration than for the most costly piece of furniture that ever graced a palace. This bench of business is large, and of oval shape, well stuffed, and covered with fine green cloth, marked with yellow lines, denoting the different departments of speculation. Round these compartments are double lines, similarly marked, for the odds or proportions between what is technically known as the *main* and *chance*. In the centre on each side are indented positions for the croupiers, or persons engaged at the table in calling the main and chance, regulating the stakes, and paying and receiving money as the events decisive of gain and loss occur.

"Over the table is suspended a three-light lamp, conveniently shaded, so as to throw its full luminous power on the cloth, and at the same time to protect the eyes of the croupiers from the light's too strong effect. At another part of the room is fixed a writing-table or desk, where the Pluto of the place was wont to preside, to mete out loans on draft or other security, and to answer all demands by successful players. Chairs of easy make, dice-boxes, bowls for holding counters representing sums from 1*l.* to 200*l.*, with small hand-rakes used by players to draw their counters from any inconvenient distance on the table, may be said to complete the furniture, machinery, and implements of this *great workshop.*"

This vast gaming-house was built in 1827, from designs by the Messrs. Wyatt. It is now to be sold.

Arthur's, Graham's, the Cocoa Tree, the Guards', the Albion, and the Colonial Clubs, do not call for any special notice.

The Conservative Club, recently completed, is a very handsome building, and, considered as a whole, deserves almost as much praise as has been bestowed upon it. Taken altogether, the façade is rich and imposing. Moreover, it has something unusual in its design. But this edifice has not escaped criticism. It has been objected that the striking novelties we see in it, so far from being among its merits are, on the contrary, disagreeable whims and oddities. The entrance-porch and bay-windows, retreating within the building, are said to impart a weakness, where solidity ought to have been most strongly expressed.

White's is the next which claims attention. It was

built from a design of James Wyatt. This is on the left hand from Piccadilly; the original White's was more in the middle on the right hand. White's Chocolate House is referred to in the folio edition of the "Spectator," published in 1711. The following is an extract from Cole's MSS., vol. xxxi., page 171, in the British Museum:—

"The following humorous address was supposed to be wrote by Colonel Lytelton, brother to Sir George Lytelton, in 1752, on His Majesty's return from Hanover, when numberless addresses were presented. White's Chocolate House, near St. James's Palace, was the famous gaming-house, where most of the nobility had meetings and a Society. It was given to me December 8th, 1752, by Sir Robert Smyth, Baronet, at Horseth Hall.

"THE GAMESTER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.

"Most righteous Sovereign:

"May it please your Majesty,

"We, the Lords, Knights, &c., of the Society of Whites, beg leave to throw ourselves at your Majesty's feet, (our honours and consciences lying under the *table*, &c., our fortunes being at stake) and congratulate your Majesty's happy return to these Kingdoms, which assembles us together, to the great advantage of some, the ruin of others, and the unspeakable satisfaction of all—both us, our wives, and children.

"We beg leave to acknowledge your Majesty's great goodness and lenity in allowing us to break those laws which we ourselves have made, and you have sanctified and confirmed; while your Majesty alone religiously observes and regards them.

"And we beg leave to assure your Majesty of our most unfeigned loyalty and attachment to your sacred person; and that next to the Kings of Diamonds, Clubs, Spades, and Hearts, we love, honour, and adore you."

"To which his Majesty was pleased to return this most gracious answer,—

"My Lords and Gentlemen,—

"I return you my thanks for your loyal address: but whilst I have such rivals in your affection as you tell me, I can neither think it worth preserving or regarding. I look upon you yourselves as a *pack* of cards, and shall *deal* with you accordingly."

The members of White's consist of 1000, who pay each ten guineas a year, and one guinea to the head waiter, who finds all the other attendants. The club pay for their own cards and dice. In the dining-room is a whole-length portrait of King George I. as large as life, presented by the late Earl of Besborough. On either side the chimney-piece is a picture by Canaletti, spiritedly painted. One is a view of London, taking in London Bridge when the houses were upon it, from old Somerset House Gardens; the other is of Westminster, with the bridge just built, taken from the water, off Cuper's Gardens, a place of public entertainment in the last century, in some respects similar to those of Vauxhall now.

John White died September 28, 1768.

In 1711, on one of the corners of Jermyn Street, stood "The Anchor Tavern," and in 1728 Ozanda kept a chocolate-house, which went by his name.

The subscription-house below Jermyn Street, on the left hand, now Boodle's, formerly called the "Savoir Vivre," consists of about 500 members. The one opposite to it, Brookes's, built after a design by Holland, consists of 550. Here are the portraits of the late Duke of Devonshire and of the Right Hon. C. J. Fox. There was a beginning of a portrait of Dudley North, but as it was in an unfinished state it was raffled for, and now is in private hands. In the adjoining street, Park Place, lived Sir Wm. Musgrave, Bart., from whose interesting collection of British portraits Bromley derived most of his materials for his catalogue: the house is now No. 9.

In the house No. 29, on the south, lived and died the

famous Gillray; the shop for years was well known as Miss Humphrey's, the caricature printseller, sister of the conchologist, and the vender of his works. Gillray was first the pupil of the friendly Mr. Ashby, the celebrated writing engraver, of whom there is a portrait engraved. He afterwards studied under Bartolozzi, and engraved several portraits and other subjects in a steady mechanical way, but soon followed the genuine bent of his genius, though, it must be acknowledged, it was too often at the expense of honour and even common honesty. He would by his publications either divulge family secrets which ought to have been ever at rest, or expect favours for the plates which he destroyed. This talent, by which he made many worthy persons so uneasy, was inimitable; and his works, though time may destroy every point of their sting, will remain specimens of a rare power, both for character and composition.

Among numerous instances, he suffered himself to be the hireling against Samuel Ireland, the publisher of the pretended Shakspeare papers. Ireland had given away an etching, a portrait of himself. This print Gillray copied, and offered a few impressions publicly for sale in Miss Humphrey's shop window, December 1, 1797, with the following inscription added under it, declaring it to have been written by the Rev. Wm. Mason, but it was well known it came from the pen of the late George Steevens, viz.:—

"Four forgers, born in one prolific age,
Much critical acumen did engage.
The first was soon by doughty Douglas scar'd,
Tho' Johnson would have screen'd him had he dar'd*;

* Lander.

The next had all the cunning of a Scot*;
The third, invention, genius,—nay, what not†?
Fraud, now exhausted, only could dispense
To her fourth son their threefold impudence."

Gillray was buried in the churchyard of St. James, Piccadilly, as already stated.

The newspapers of 1711 state that, "At the 'Bunch of Grapes,' next door to the Bagnio, in St. James's Street, was sold extraordinary good cask Florence wine, at 6*s*. per gallon." This must have been the next house to Pero's, now Fenton's, on the right-hand side—a bagnio of old standing, as appears by the title of a catalogue of the valuable collection of pictures, the property of the late Mr. Bartrum Aumailkey, *alias* Pero, who kept the bagnio previous to 1714. The auction took place at the "Two Blue Flower-pots," in Dean Street, Soho, Jan. 5th, 1714. The first lot was Aumailkey's own portrait—a three-quarter's, and sold for 2*s*. 6*d*. The second portrait was of himself also—it was painted by Lutterel in crayons on copper, and was knocked down for 5*s*. And what is still more woeful, a portrait of Louis the Fourteenth, as large as life, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, (who, according to Spence, was to make choice of any seat in heaven,) brought the sum of 2*s*.!

The next house of notoriety is now No. 62, occupied by Lanriere, the Jeweller. It was formerly held by an old lady, well known under the appellation of "Political Betty." Gentlemen took jellies there.

Every nook of St. James's Place can boast of its great inhabitants in the days of yore. Addison lodged in it, before he married Lady Warwick. Mrs. Robinson, the

* Macpherson. † Chatterton.

Actress, lived in the house now No. 13. And in a MS. letter, addressed by John Wilkes to his friend, Mr. Dell of Aylesbury, Sept. 11, 1756, he says, "Direct to me at Mrs. Murray's, in St. James's Place, where I am in very elegant lodgings."

Nor is this spot now less classic. The house, No. 22, was built on the site of one inhabited by the late Duke of St. Alban's, for Samuel Rogers, Esq., author of "The Pleasures of Memory," &c. James Wyatt, R.A., was the architect, but much of its elegance depended on its worthy owner. Here are treasured some of the finest works of modern and ancient art. Flaxman designed the cornices and chimney-pieces; Stothard shines in vivid splendour in the decorations of a cabinet, designed by Mr. Rogers as a receptacle for his choice specimens of Italian art, among which are his matchless impressions of the Cartoons at Hampton Court: each print is produced by blocks of seventeen colours, and also with one block charged with silver, and another with gold. Among his pictures are nine by Sir Joshua Reynolds—three of the more noticeable of which are, Little Puck, Cupid and Psyche, The Sleeping Girl.

The house No. 25 was formerly inhabited by Lord Guildford, and now is by Sir Francis Burdett. The library is singularly elegant, being an octagon, surrounded on five sides by a gallery; the fittings-up are of a beautiful wood, called snake-wood, procured by Lord Guildford from Ceylon, whilst he was Governor of that colony. In the dining-room is an ancient puteal with most beautiful bas reliefs, and an alto-relievo of a Greek philosopher. The staircase is partly in imitation of the Temple of Pandrosos.

Earl Spencer's is the next to be noticed. It was designed by Vardy in 1763; the figures on the top were executed by Michael Henry Spong, the Dane, before mentioned. The attractions of this house, as well as all the others possessed by the noble Earl, can never be equal to those of his lordship's library, for an account of which the reader is referred to the work of the Rev. Dr. Frognall Dibdin.

The reader will now return to St. James's Street, and notice the house No. 76, at the south corner of Little St. James's Street, which is remarkable as the spot where Gibbon the historian breathed his last.

The next object of notoriety is "The Thatched House Tavern," so called in 1711. From the appearance of the back of this house, so long known under the above appellation, it may reasonably be looked upon as one of the earliest structures built so near the Palace. It will long be remembered as the place of meeting of some of the first clubs for rank and talent in England.

The pictures which adorn the room in which the members of the Dilettanti Society hold their meetings, are portraits of the following gentlemen. viz.

Sir Bourchier Wrey.
Sir James Gray.
Sir Wallis Shirley.
The Earl of Moira.
Earl of Sandwich.
Sir Joshua Reynolds, by himself, without a cap, looking over the right shoulder.
Mr. Farquhar.
Earl of Besborough.
Earl of Holdernesse.

Major-General Gray.
Mr. Brand.
Col. Denny.
Sir Henry Englefield, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.
Lord Dundas, by ditto.
Mr. Howe.
Lord Barrington.
Mr. Harris.
Lord Galloway.
Mr. West.
Lord le Despencer.
Saml. Savage, Esq.
Baron Hobergh.
Sir Brownlow Sherard.
Earl of Blessington.
Duke of Dorset.
Lord Hyde.
Duke of Bedford, and Richard Payne Knight, Esq, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

A portrait of Lord Sandwich is at the south end of the room; he was founder and president of the Catch Club.

This room, which is spacious and the best in the house, has two chimneys on the west side; over the one at the north end of the room there are portraits of the following gentlemen all in one picture, a whole length canvas.

The late Lord Mulgrave; the late Lord Dundas;
Lord Seaforth; Hon. C. Greville; Charles Crowle, Esq.;
Sir Joseph Banks, and the Duke of Leeds.

Sir Joseph Banks and the Duke of Leeds over the chimney at the south end of the room; in another of the same dimensions are portraits of the following gentlemen;—Sir William Hamilton, Sir Watkin William Wynn, (grandfather of the present Baronet,) Richard

Thompson, Esq., Sir John Taylor, Payne Galway, Esq., John Smith, Esq., and Walter Spencer Stanhope, Esq. Both these pictures are invaluable specimens of Sir Joshua, as they are now as fresh as when first painted.

Over the chimney of a back room, on the first floor, hangs another portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with spectacles on, similar to the one in the royal collection, engraved by Caroline Watson. This picture was presented by Sir Joshua, as the founder of THE CLUB, which commenced in 1764, at the "Turk's Head Tavern," in Gerrard Street, Soho, though the annals are not earlier than April 7, 1775. The Club, which originally consisted of thirty members, on the 7th of May, 1780, was augmented to thirty-five, and not to exceed forty.

On the death of the landlord of the "Turk's Head" the Club moved, in 1783, to the sign of the "Prince," in Sackville Street, from thence to Baxter's, in Dover Street, and then, on January 17, 1792, to Parsloe's, in St. James's Street, and from thence, on February 26, 1799, to the "Thatched House," where it now remains.

After the death of Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart., the late Earl Spencer presided as the father of the Club.

The following are inscriptions upon tokens issued by tradesmen of this street :—

"William Maslet, 1663, (reverse) in St. James's Street, his halfpeny."

"H
T M in S. Jams Streete, (reverse) in Westminster."

"Smith Edward, at ye Poet's (reverse) Head in St. James's Street, his halfe peny."

"Kenyon Roger, in Stable (reverse) Yard, at St. James's, 1666, his halfe penny; $\frac{\text{K.}}{\text{R. A.}}$

The reader is now conducted to Cleveland Row. Berkshire House, afterwards Cleveland House, was inhabited by the Duchess of Cleveland, one of the many favourites of King Charles II. It originally belonged to the Howards, Earls of Berkshire, of whom it was purchased by Charles II., for the purpose of being presented to the beautiful Barbara, who was known in her own age by the name of the Fairy. The house was then much larger than it is at present, and the Duchess finding it more spacious than was necessary for her state, sold part of it, which was afterwards converted into two or three separate dwellings. It was long the residence of the late Duke of Sutherland, when Marquis of Stafford, who made various alterations and improvements in it.

The large building which stands nearly opposite, overtopping considerably the mean-looking walls of the old palace of St. James, was built originally for the late Duke of York. After his death it, was purchased by the Marquis of Stafford, whose son, the present Duke of Sutherland, resides in it. The duke, since his accession to the title, has added an additional story to the edifice. It is now known under the three several names of York House, Stafford House, and Sutherland House. The noble owner, however, dates from Sutherland House, and this should be considered the true name of it.

St. James's Palace next claims attention. The meanness of its exterior appearance has long been a jest. When the Czar, Peter the Great, was in England, he

advised William III. to change dwellings with his old sailors, and give them St. James's for Greenwich. The late king, William IV., on visiting Greenwich, had a similar notion; for talking to an old sailor, whom he recognised as having served with him in his youth, he jocularly told him that he ought to think himself well off, for he had a much better house to live in than the king had.

On the site of this building there stood originally an hospital, dedicated to St. James, for fourteen leprous women, founded before the Norman invasion. It was rebuilt in the reign of Henry III. At the dissolution of the religious houses, Henry VIII., admiring the situation, pulled down the hospital, "and made," says Holinshed, "a fair mansion and a park." It is the same building which remains to this day. It was erected when Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was Grand Master of the Masons; in consequence, the design of the palace is, by many persons, attributed to him. It remained during the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I., a mere appendage to the palace of Whitehall. James I. presented it to his luckless and eldest son, Prince Henry, who resided in it till his death, in 1612, in a manner which has never been satisfactorily explained, but which there is every reason to suppose was by slow poison. It is hard to imagine what dangerous secrets there were between the king, Carr, Earl of Somerset, and Sir Thomas Overbury, unless they had relation to this prince's death, or another crime—the dark shadow of which hangs upon the memory of those personages.

In the reign of Charles I., Mary di Medicis, his

mother-in-law, and queen-mother of France, resided for a period of three years in St. James's Palace. She was invited over in 1638, by her daughter the queen, that she might be safe from the machinations of Richelieu. She was no favourite with the people of London, and on the day of her arrival, as she was proceeding to the palace, a tumult took place, in which three persons were killed. The Earl of Holland, who was then Lord-Lieutenant of Middlesex, gave orders that a guard of a hundred musqueteers of the militia should turn out for her protection, but the men replied that they might have better things to do than to wait upon a foreigner. They went, however, and brought the queen in safety to St. James's. Waller wrote a complimentary poem to her upon landing. She enjoyed a considerable pension while in England: it is said in the Notes to Waller's Poems, Edinburgh edition of 1777, to have amounted to 3000*l.* a month. Parliament, in 1641, petitioned for her removal out of the kingdom; and the Earl of Arundel was ordered to attend her to Cologne. The sum of 10,000*l.* was voted as a provision for her journey.

Charles I., as we learn from Whitelock, was brought to this palace from Windsor by the army preparatory to his trial, and here he passed the last three days of his melancholy life. After the restoration, Charles II. took a great fancy to this palace. He refurnished and redecorated it, and made various improvements and alterations in the park, which will be hereafter noticed.

"James II.," says Pennant, "when the Prince of Orange had approached in force near the capital, sent a

most necessitated invitation to that prince to take his lodgings in St. James's. The prince accepted it, but at the same time intimated that he could brook no neighbour at Whitehall. The poor Queen, Mary D'Este, took her departure in an open wherry with her infant child, and was rowed across the Thames at midnight to Lambeth, amid the drenching of a most pitiless storm. On her landing she remained crouched for an hour under the wall of St. Mary's Church, awaiting the coach that was to convey her to Gravesend."

The infant, afterwards so well known as the Pretender, was born in the Palace of St. James, in the room, called in Pennant's time, the Old Bed-chamber, and used as an anti-chamber to the levee-room. A foolish story was long current about this child—that he was not the son of the Queen, but that, her infant having been still-born, the child of some underling of the palace, or of some poor person in the neighbourhood, was brought into the royal bed in a warming-pan. This absurdity has long lost its last believer.

In the reign of William III., St. James's was fitted up as a residence for the Princess Anne and her husband Prince George of Denmark. On her accession, it became the constant residence of the Court, Whitehall Palace having been burned down in 1695. Every successive sovereign has continued to inhabit it, with the sole exception of her present Majesty, who prefers the Palace at Pimlico. Here, however, are invariably held all the levees and drawing-rooms.

An interesting anecdote of the first arrival of George II. in his Palace of St. James, is related in the recently

published correspondence of Horace Walpole. Sir Robert often complained to him in Latin—for the minister spoke no German, and the king no English—that the Hanoverians in his train were so venal and rapacious; to which His Majesty at once replied by giving an instance of the venality and rapacity of English servants, always on the look-out for vails. "This is a strange country," said the king; "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, &c., which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of my canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park."

The principal entrance to the Palace is through a lofty gate-house, on the Pall Mall side, which opens on a small quadrangular court, with a piazza on the right. Visitors are admitted here in the absence of the sovereign, on the payment of a gratuity to the attendant. The first room they reach is the guard-room, which is a gallery formed into an armoury. In this room the Yeomen of the Guard attend on state occasions. Passing through various rooms which require no particular notice, the visitor reaches the State Apartments, which look towards the Park.

A fire broke out in the palace on the 21st of June, 1809, which did damage to the amount of nearly one hundred thousand pounds, and destroyed the whole of the east wing of the inner court yard.

The state apartments were fitted up in the most ele-

gant manner by order of George IV., in 1824. They consist of a suite of three rooms, the innermost being the presence-chamber, and the other two drawing-rooms. In the first drawing-room are pictures of Tournay and Lisle, towns memorable in the annals of former wars, and a portrait of George II. in his robes. In the second are two sea-pieces, representing the victories of Howe and Nelson, and also a portrait of George III.

The presence-chamber is by far the most magnificent of the suite, and contains the throne, surmounted by a rich canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with broad gold lace, and embroidered with a star and crown in gold. This room also contains two large pictures, representing the battles of Vittoria and Waterloo.

Behind the presence-chamber is the Queen's closet, where her Majesty gives audience to her ministers.

When the Courts were held at St. James's Palace in the reign of George III., it was customary for the Marshalmen to attend the nobility for a christmas-box, and to send in a ticket with their names. The following is a copy of one, used early in the late King's reign, preserved in a curious and interesting collection of similar things presented to the British Museum by Lady Banks.

"HIS MAJESTY'S
SIX MARSHALL'S MEN,
who attend the gates at St: James's Palace to regulate and call up the coaches and servants, and conduct the chairs, &c.;
VIZ.,

Rob. Lee.	Thos. King.
Hen. Mackinder.	Will. Shipman.
Rich. Franklin.	Rob. Smith.

The first tickets were without the royal arms before

the marriage, and the latter number of marshalmen amounted to eight. This custom was discontinued in 1815, in consequence of the great disgust expressed at it by foreigners, at the time of the reception of the royal and imperial visitors in 1814.

Before proceeding down Pall Mall, we must turn into St. James's Square, that square around which Richard Savage and Samuel Johnson, ere their names became eminent in English literature, once paced the live-long night, when they had no money to procure a night's lodging. Johnson himself mentioned the circumstance to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and added, that he and his companion were not at all depressed by their situation, but in high spirits, and brimful of patriotism; and as they traversed the solitary square, inveighed against the minister, (Walpole,) and resolved they would stand by their country.

Conduct, after all, *is* fate. Johnson emerged from this obscurity, not by his superior talent, for Savage had that within him which was never properly brought out, but by his prudence and his perseverance, and his art in gaining friends, and keeping them. Savage, with even more genius, sank only the deeper into the slough of despond and ruin. He, too, could make friends, but he could not keep them, and was alike a prodigal of his time, his money, and his health. Many were the nights and the days, too, that he passed in the streets. When he was employed upon his tragedy of "Sir Thomas Overbury," "he was," says Johnson, "often without lodgings and often without meat, nor had he any other conveniences for study than the fields or the streets allowed

him. There he used to walk and form his speeches, and afterwards step into a shop, beg for a few moments the use of the pen and ink, and write down what he had composed upon paper which he had picked up by accident." The sad unhappy records of literature have no distress deeper than this.

It appears by Godfrey's print, after a drawing made by Hollar, probably in the reign of Charles I., that a stone conduit stood on or near the spot now occupied by the equestrian bronze statue of King William III., executed by Bacon, in the centre of the square, and that the whole of Pall Mall was then clear of houses from the village of Charing to St. James's Palace.

Some persons of rank must have resided in that spacious mansion on the south side of King Street, for many years known as Nerot's Hotel, now No. 19. The premises are old, certainly of the time of King Charles II., as it is evident, by a large heavy carved staircase, the fashion of that time, the pannels of which are adorned with nine historical pictures of Apollo and Daphne, &c., very ill done, and now much defaced. The house cannot easily be overlooked, as it has twenty-four windows in front.

Almack's, so well known for the brilliant balls which gather together all the combined nobility and beauty of Great Britain, was designed by Robert Milne, the architect of Blackfriars Bridge.

St. James's Square is built on the site of St. James's Fields, and the surrounding streets were named after King Charles II. and his royal brother the Duke of York, afterwards James II.—viz., King Street, Charles

Street, Duke Street, and York Street. This last was the first street in London that was paved for foot passengers.

It appears by the newspapers, published during the reign of King William III., that fireworks then were the amusement for the people, and that illumination lamps were not at that time in use.

The following extracts are from "The Flying Post," "The Post Boy," and "The Post Man," the most fashionable papers of the day:—

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

"Yesterday being the day of thanksgiving appointed by the States-General for the peace, His Excellency the Dutch ambassador made a very noble bonfire before his house in St. James's Square, consisting of about 140 pitch barrels placed perpendicularly on seven scaffolds, during which the trumpets sounded, and two hogsheads of wine were kept continually running amongst the common people."—See No. 388 of "The Post Man," 1697.

"November 14, 1695. Last night His Majesty came to supper at the Earl of Romney's, in St. James's Square; between seven and eight o'clock the fire-works were fired, which were as magnificent as any that ever were seen in England. There were several pyramids and figures with the king's crown in the middle, &c., the particulars whereof, for want of room, I cannot here relate.

"The King's Guards encompassed the square, and there was such a concourse of people, that never the like was seen, and they had untiled several houses to make room for the spectators."—See No. 81 of "The Postman."

"Thursday, December 2, 1697. Thursday being appointed for the day of Thanksgiving, the same was ushered in with ringing of bells; the king went to the Chapel Royal, where, &c., and at night we had bonfires and illuminations. The fine fire-works in St. James's Square were lighted after this manner. About twelve o'clock, the Foot Guards lined the avenues; the rockets and all things being fixed on the rails the day before: a little after six, the king, attended by his guards, came to the Earl of Romney's house, from whence soon after a signal was given, by firing a rocket for the fire-works to go off, which were immediately lighted; the performance was extraordinary fine, and much applauded; the same continued somewhat better than half an hour, and there were divers sorts of fire-works; some had the king's name, others the arms of England; in a word, they were very curious. There was a man and a woman unfortunately killed, and divers others hurt by the falling down of sticks. About half an hour after, His Majesty went to St. James's, there being a very fine ball."—See No. 403 of the "Post Boy."

"The same evening, (Thursday, December 2,) His Majesty went to the Earl of Romney's house in St. James's Square, and saw the fire-works, which were let off between six and seven. The streets were all illuminated, and particularly at a peruke-maker's in Russell Court: there was a prodigious candle, of sixteen pounds' weight, set up in the window, with two others, of twelve pounds' weight, on each side it, and on a table before the door were twelve candles of one pound each, at which sat several gentlemen drinking His Majesty's health, with

all the demonstration of zeal and affection imaginable." —See "The Postman" for December 4, 1697.

"Yesterday, (Monday, May 16,) in the afternoon, Count Tallard, the French Ambassador, made his public entry. The Earl Marshal's men came first, then followed the Earl of Macclesfield's footmen, after them twenty of the Ambassador's footmen, in red liveries with gold lace; then came two of the Ambassador's gentlemen and six pages on horseback; next came two heralds before His Majesty's coach, in which was His Excellency the Ambassador, the Earl of Macclesfield, and some others of quality; after them came three of His Royal Highness the Prince of Denmark's coaches, and next three of the Ambassador's coaches, the first of them very rich, and drawn by eight horses; then followed His Grace the Duke of Norfolk's coach, with about forty-seven more, drawn by six horses each. There was a splendid entertainment prepared for His Excellency at Ossulston House, in St. James's Square."—See "The Flying Post" for May 17, 1698.

"About 10 o'clock at night, (His Majesty) being accompanied by the Right Honourable the Earls of Portland and Selkirk, Lord Lexington, Lord Overkirk, &c., from Holland, besides such of the nobility, officers, &c., who met him on the road, he came through the city with a strong party of the Guards, two officers riding on each side close to the coach; there being illuminations all over the City, with great crowds of people, loud acclamations, and there were two pyramids of candles, and an arch before the Bank of England, and the king's cipher and crown at his Grace the Duke of Bedford's. His Majesty went by the Horse Guards, through the Parks, and

about 11, arrived at Kensington, where that night the Court was crowded with persons of quality, but much more yesterday."—See the "Flying Post" for Monday, Dec. 5th, 1698.

It appears by Sutton Nicholl's print of St. James's Square, published in 1720, that there was then a fountain in the centre, which played to about the height of fifteen feet; that there was a pleasure-boat on the water, and that numerous posts were placed at a small distance from the houses all round the square.

It is said that Admiral Boscowen, who lived in the house now occupied by Lord Falmouth, was the first person who had cannons fixed into the earth as posts.

In 1684, the Duchess of Ormond died at her house in St. James's Square. From the "Post Boy," No. 411, published in 1698, it appears that this house was taken for the Count de Tallard, the French Ambassador. The rent paid by the Count was no less than 600*l.* per annum —an enormous sum, even for a house in St. James's Square, at that period.

In 1708, the following noblemen resided in the Square, viz., the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Ormond, Lord Pembroke, Lord Radnor, Lord Torrington, Lord Kent, and Lord Ossulston. Some of these houses in this year let for 500*l.* per annum. In 1724, the Earl of Sunderland, the Duke of Kent, and Lord Bathurst resided in the Square.

On the 24th May, 1738 (4th of June, New Style), Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was delivered of the late King George III., at Norfolk House, St. James's Square. The room is remaining in which

the princess was confined. The state bed in which the birth took place is yet preserved by the Duke of Norfolk at Worksop. The young prince was privately baptized on the same day. On the 14th of March in the following year, the Princess of Wales, who still resided in Norfolk House, was delivered of another prince, who, on the 11th of April, was baptized by the names of Edward Augustus. He afterwards became Duke of York.

Next to Norfolk House is the official town residence of the Bishops of London, which was rebuilt about 1819 or 1820.

In the house at the north-west corner of this square, formerly belonging to Lord Ellenborough, the chief-justice, the celebrated Roxburgh library was sold in the year 1812.

The house next to this on the western side from the Dowager Countess of Beauchamp's, was the residence of the late Lord Amherst whilst commander-in-chief.

The house two doors beyond it, in the direction of King Street, deserves to be particularly recorded. It was from the balcony in the front of this mansion, that, on the night of Tuesday, the 20th June, 1815, George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, announced to the populace the news of the battle of Waterloo, and displayed the eagles and trophies which had just arrived. It was then in the occupation of Mrs. Boehm, and the Prince was honouring one of her parties with his presence at the moment the despatches were received.

The next house was once the property of Lady Francis, the widow of Sir Philip Francis, to whom the

letters of Junius have been attributed. Lady Francis lent this house to the unfortunate Queen Caroline in the month of August, 1820, and it was from thence that Her Majesty proceeded every day in state to the House of Peers during the progress of the attempted bill of "Pains and Penalties."

The house now occupied by the Naval and Military Club, will long be memorable as the residence of the most unpopular minister that ever had power in England—the Marquis of Londonderry, or, as he is generally called, Lord Castlereagh, whose very name, even now, after nearly twenty years have passed over his untimely grave, excites feelings the very reverse of charitable or humane, and who is more extensively remembered by the cruel alliteration of Lord Byron than by his title without the epithet—"Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh." Those who have sprung up to manhood since that minister was in the zenith of his power have some difficulty in comprehending the extraordinary vengeance with which his memory has been pursued. In his case the grave does not, to use the affecting words of Washington Irving, "bury every error, cover every defect, extinguish every resentment." Thousands look down upon it without feeling "a compunctious throb that they have warred against the memory of the poor handful of earth that moulders within it." The old maxim, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," is not allowed to apply to him; and many a foul word and bitter invective is excited when his career and deeds are spoken of. His body after the commission of the fatal

act, on the 12th of August, 1822, was removed by night from his seat at Crayford, in Kent, to his house in St. James's Square, the coroner's jury having previously returned their verdict of temporary insanity, and every day until the funeral, crowds assembled in front of the house, and gave vent to their bad feelings in hisses. The body lay in state in an apartment on the ground floor, called the yellow room, which had been used as a sort of waiting-room, where many hundreds of persons visited it. On the morning of the funeral, the crowd was very great in the square, but there was no disturbance, and no unseemly exhibition of any kind. When the procession reached Westminster Abbey the case was very different. "At the moment when the body was removed from the hearse," says an eye-witness, who wrote in the Morning Chronicle, "a loud and general shout of exultation escaped from the people. That swelling shout of triumph, for such it was, was but too distinctly heard in the body of the church, and must have fallen heavily on the hearts of those assembled there. The body was quickly borne into the Abbey, amid the waving of hats and the hisses and groans of thousands."

A curious circumstance was afterwards stated. On the Friday preceding his death, the day on which he complained to his physician that all his ideas were confused, he was observed to be sauntering along St. James's Square and Pall Mall. He was pointed out to a gentleman who had never seen him before, who, feeling some curiosity about a man who had wielded in his hand the destinies of Europe, followed him for a considerable dis-

tance. He proceeded up St. James's Street to Piccadilly, and to the great astonishment of his observer, plunged amid a crowd of people that surrounded the coaches at the White Horse Cellar, where making up to a Jew boy who had a tray of cheap penknives for sale, he bargained with him for a white-handled one, of which the price was a shilling. He put it hastily into his waistcoat pocket, threw down the shilling, and walked away. The gentleman mentioned the circumstance on the same evening as a mark of eccentricity in so distinguished a man, and thought no more of it until he read in the newspapers a few days afterwards, that the ill-fated minister had committed self-murder with a similar instrument. None of the servants had ever seen the knife before, and none of them knew where he had procured it.

We now return again into Pall Mall, and recommence our walk from St. James's Palace towards Charing Cross. This noble street, which bids fair in a short time to contain nothing but club-houses, or club-palaces as they might be called, was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a country road, bounded by a wall on the south towards the Park, and on the north by a row of trees, all beyond it for miles being inclosed fields, intersected only by the two great roads, now Piccadilly and Oxford Street, but then called the roads to Reading and to Oxford. It remained nearly in the same state until the time of Charles II., as appears by Faithorne's plan, in which there is a double row of trees to the north, amounting to forty-two in number. There must, however, have been some houses

in it in the reign of James II., for the "London Gazette" of the 23rd March, 1685, contains the following advertisement relative to a runaway slave :—

"A tannymore, (tawnymoor,) with short bushy hair, very well shaped, in a grey livery, lined with yellow, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, *with a silver collar about his neck, with these directions, Captain George Hastings' boy, Brigadier in the King's Horse Guards.* Whoever brings him to the Sugar-loaf, in the Pall-Mall, shall have 40*s.* reward."

In the following year, the learned Dr. Sydenham resided at his house in Pall Mall, near the "Pestle and Mortar."

Marlborough House was built in the year 1709, from a design by Sir Christopher Wren, as a national compliment to the great Duke of Marlborough. It cost 40,000*l.* The third Duke of Marlborough added an upper story, and improved the ground floor, which originally wanted the state-room. After the death of the Princess Charlotte, in 1817, this house became the residence of Prince Leopold, now King of the Belgians. It was, on the decease of His late Majesty William IV., granted for the use of the Queen Dowager Adelaide, who now resides in it.

The rambler through the streets will remark the various magnificent edifices which have arisen within late years on the south side of Pall Mall. The first from the Palace is the Oxford and Cambridge Club, built in 1838, from the designs of Sir Robert and Mr. Sidney Smirke. The number of members was originally limited to seven

hundred and fifty, but has lately been enlarged to one thousand. The admission money is twenty guineas, and the annual subscription six.

The next are the two great political clubs, the Carlton and the Reform. The first was built from the design of Sir Robert Smirke. The number of members is about one thousand; the entrance money ten guineas, and the annual subscription the same.

The Reform Club is perhaps the finest as regards architecture, and the most splendid as regards size, of the two. The architect was Mr. Barry. The number of members is limited to one thousand, exclusive of the members of either House of Parliament and foreigners of distinction. The entrance money is twenty guineas, and the annual subscription five.

The following additional details of this superb edifice, are abridged from an able notice of the architect's designs, selected by the Club in December, 1837; and reported in the "Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal," No. 4, January, 1838. "The competing architects were Mr. Sidney Smirke, Mr. Blore, Mr. Cockerell, and Mr. Barry. The instructions were to produce a Club-house which should surpass all others in size and magnificence; one which should combine all the attractions of other Clubs, such as baths of various kinds, billiard-rooms, smoking-rooms, with the ordinary accommodations, besides the additional novelty of private chambers, or dormitories. The site extends from the spot formerly occupied by the temporary National Gallery, (the residence of the late Sir Walter Stirling,) on one side of the

temporary Reform Club-house, over the vacant plot of ground on the other side. This extent gives a frontage towards Pall Mall, of about 135 feet. 'The Athenæum,' in Pall Mall, occupies a space of 76 feet; the frontage of 'the Travellers'' is 74 feet; and that of 'the Conservative,' or 'Carlton Club,' 90 feet: the Pall Mall front of the new Club is, therefore, nearly equal to that of the 'Athenæum' and 'Travellers'' together, and one-third longer than the 'Carlton.' The introduction of chambers above the ordinary rooms of the new Club-house, renders the elevation, also, about a third higher than its neighbours. The ground is rented of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests; and it is computed that the revenue of the chambers, calculated to yield from 1500*l.* to 2000*l.*, will cover all expenses of ground-rent, taxes, rates, &c.

"The preference of Mr. Barry's design was nearly unanimous. Independent of other advantages, his plans entered into much fuller details, and conveyed a much clearer impression of all the various compartments, as well as of the whole building, than those of his competitors. He furnished, besides the ordinary plans, sketches of the more important rooms, in which was indicated the proposed mode of decoration. A similar advantage was possessed by Mr. Barry's plans of the Houses of Parliament. In that instance, too, they were the most numerous and complete.

"In the exterior, Mr. Barry has produced an elevation in harmony with his own elegant Travellers' Club-house, and its neighbour, the Athenæum; and, though, designing an edifice nearly twice as large as either, he has

succeeded in not detracting from their importance, and in preserving the superior grandeur of the Reform Club-house. We fear he found it necessary to leave 'the Conservative' to its chances.

"Mr. Barry has taken as a model, the celebrated Palazzo di Farnese, at Rome; designed by that mighty genius Michael Angelo Buonarotti, during the Pontificate of Paul the Third, A.D. 1545, and built by Antonio Sangallo. It will be remembered that the Farnese Palace contains the gallery of Annibale Caracci. Even with all the necessary modifications, Mr. Barry's elevation, fronting Pall Mall, bears a very strong resemblance to the Farnese Palace; and the adoption of so splendid a model affords evidence of our architect's excellent judgment, and correct appropriation of a design most suitable to the purpose.

"The new Club-house, though consisting of six floors from the basement, presents, in Pall Mall, a frontage of only three from the ground: the basement and mezzanine below ground, and the chambers in the roof, being unseen. The entrance, like that of 'the Travellers',' is several steps above the ground, and in the centre of the building in Pall Mall. There are four windows on each side of the entrance; nine windows equi-distant on the first floor, and the same number on the second. The pediments surmounting the windows on the first floor in Pall Mall, are supported by Corinthian columns* ; and

* "These are alterations from the original design. We have been favoured with an inspection of the drawings, which are elaborately beautiful."

at the back, looking over Carlton Gardens, by Ionic pilasters, rusticated. A balustrade, somewhat resembling that of 'the Travellers',' rises from the ground. The whole design is one of massive grandeur.

"Our admiration increases with the examination of the arrangement of the interior details. An Italian court, (34½ feet by 29 feet,) beginning at the base, is placed in the centre of the quadrangle, and is partly occupied by the grand saloon, already described. The principal chamber, on the ground floor, is the coffee-room, supported by Ionic columns, and having a view into the gardens. The drawing-room, above the coffee-room, is supported by Corinthian columns, and so constructed that it may be divided into two or three rooms; and the library is similarly supported. There are, in all, upwards of 134 apartments in this magnificent building."

The Traveller's Club is a smaller building, between the Reform Club and the Athenæum. It was built in 1832, by Mr. Barry. The entrance money is thirty guineas, and the annual subscription ten.

The Athenæum is a very chaste and elegant edifice, erected in 1829 from the designs of Mr. Decimus Burton. It was instituted for the association of individuals known for their scientific or literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of the fine arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of literature, science, and art. The number of members is very considerable; the entrance-money twenty guineas, and the annual subscription six.

Directly opposite stands another elegant edifice, the

United Service Club, built from the designs of Mr. Nash.

Defoe, writing in the year 1703, gives the following account of Pall Mall, and of the various coffee-houses in St. James's Street, the forerunners of the clubs of the present day. "I am lodged," says he, "in the street called Pall Mall, the ordinary residence of all strangers, because of its vicinity to the Queen's palace, the park, the parliament-house, the theatres, and the chocolate and coffee-houses, where the best company frequent. If you would know our manner of living, 'tis thus:—we rise by nine, and those that frequent great men's levees find entertainment at them till eleven, or, as in Holland, go to tea-tables; about twelve, the *beau monde* assembles in several coffee or chocolate-houses; the best of which are the Cocoa Tree and White's chocolate-houses, St. James's, the Smyrna, Mrs. Rochford's, and the British coffee-houses; and all these so near one another, that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. We are carried to these places in chairs (or sedans,) which are here very cheap, a guinea a-week, or a shilling per hour; and your chairmen serve you for porters to run on errands, as your gondolas do at Venice."

In the reign of William III., the Duke of Schomberg built a house in Pall Mall. Schomberg House was that large front with uniform projections, part of which is now inhabited by Messrs. Payne and Foss, the booksellers. The Duke, an old man of eighty-two, was killed at the battle of the Boyne, by an accidental shot, it was thought, from one of his own men. The house was next

inhabited by his son. It was afterwards divided into three private residences by Astley the painter, who rented the whole of it. He reserved the centre for his own use, and let the two sides. Many years afterwards it was inhabited by another painter, Robert Bowyer, who collected a large gallery of engravings and paintings by the best masters, to illustrate the history of England, which he called the Historic Gallery. The exhibition proved anything but successful, and Mr. Bowyer applied to Parliament for assistance. An Act was then passed empowering him to dispose of the collection by public lottery, which ultimately took place in the year 1807.

Carlton House, the name of which is preserved in the fine range of buildings overlooking the park, was pulled down in 1827. It belonged originally to the Earl of Burlington, and was in 1732 inhabited by the Countess Dowager Burlington. At that time there were houses standing before it, where the screen designed by Holland was afterwards erected.

George IV., when Prince of Wales, permitted Mr. Sheridan to reside in the brick house on the west. This palace, as is well known, was the grand resort of the illustrious Whigs, when the Prince of Wales took that side in politics. Many a saturnalia did those walls witness in the days of his hot youth. It was from hence that the Princess, his daughter, stole away on the 12th of July, 1814, in a hackney-coach, to the house of her mother in Connaught Place. She was brought back the same night by the Lord Chancellor, as may be seen, together with many other interesting particulars of the

same event, in the graphic sketches of another Lord Chancellor, recently published in the "Edinburgh Review," and since collected into volumes.

In 1824, the palace had a narrow escape from destruction. On the 8th of June a fire broke out in one of the sitting rooms, which was not extinguished before the room was destroyed, with several very valuable pictures which it contained.

One record of the many convivial nights psssed in this palace has been preserved in Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," which is interesting, not so much on account of the giver of the feast as of the receiver:—

"Towards midnight, the Prince called for 'a bumper,' with all the honours, to 'the Author of Waverley,' and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, 'Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions, but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him.' He then drank off his claret, and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, His Royal Highness exclaimed, 'Another of the same, if you please, to 'the author of Marmion,' —and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *ance.*' The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged: and Scott then rose and retured thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commis-

sioner as 'alike grave and graceful.' This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape. I now give it on the authority of my venerated friend, who was—unlike, perhaps, some others of the company at that hour,—able to hear accurately, and content to *see single.* He adds, that having occasion the day after to call on the Duke of York, his Royal Highness said to him, 'Upon my word, Adam, my brother went rather too near the wind about Waverley; but nobody could have turned the thing more prettily than Walter Scott did, and upon the whole I never had better fun.'

"The Regent, as was his custom with those he most delighted to honour, uniformly addressed the poet, even at their first dinner, by his Christian name, 'Walter.'

"Before he left town he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than before, and the merriment, if possible, still more free. That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs in the course of that evening; as witness the lines in *Sultan Serendib:*—

> 'I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
> Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass,
> In fitting time can, gayest of the gay,
> Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay.
> Such Monarchs best our freeborn humour suit,
> But despots must be stately, stern, and mute.'

"Before he returned to Edinburgh, on the 22nd of May, the Regent sent him a gold snuff-box, set in brilliants, with a medallion of His Royal Highness's head on the lid, 'as a testimony,' (writes Mr. Adam, in transmitting it,) 'of the high opinion His Royal Highness entertains of your genius and merit.'"

Among various reminiscences of Pall Mall, it should be stated that the British Institute for the encouragement of British art was established in it in the year 1805. The gallery was first opened in February, 1806.

No. 100, Pall Mall, pulled down in 1838, and on the site of which now stands the Reform Club House, was long known as the National Gallery. It formerly belonged to John Julius Angerstein, Esq., who had a large collection of very valuable paintings. After his death his pictures were purchased by the Government for 57,000*l.*, to form the nucleus of a national gallery. These, with others successively purchased, or received by bequest or otherwise from wealthy individuals, were exhibited in this house until the year 1837, when they were transferred to the building erected to receive them in Trafalgar Square. The pictures, it is true, are better lodged now, but these things are "ordered better in France."

Gainsborough, the artist, died in Pall Mall on the 2nd of August, 1788.

The first gas lamp was set up in Pall Mall in the year 1809.

During the riots of 1795, the mob broke the state-carriage of King George III. to pieces, opposite to St. James's Palace, Pall Mall. The king had been followed by the crowd from the House of Peers, and several stones were thrown at him on the way; on his arrival in Pall Mall he alighted from the state-carriage, and was driven in a private coach to Buckingham House, or the Queen's Palace, as it was then called. The mob, seeing the king drive away, gathered round the empty

carriage with shouts of "No war! no war!—give us bread—bread," stripped it of its ornaments, and scattered the fragments in the streets. The military were called out to disperse the crowd; and in the evening, both Houses of Parliament voted addresses to the king expressive of their attachment to his person and government, and a proclamation was issued offering a reward of 1000*l.* for the discovery of the perpetrators of the outrage.

The following tradesmen of Pall Mall issued their tokens:—

"Richard Pinck at y^e^ Hercules (reverse) Pillars in Palmal 1667 his halfepenny."

"Rogerman Mathew at y^e^ 2 (reverse) in the Old Pell-mell 67 His Halfepenny $\frac{R}{M \cdot M \cdot}$"

"Adams Richard at the (reverse) Tavern in Pall-Mall."

There was the sign of the "Crown" in Pall Mall in 1686. All these tokens prove that Pall Mall was closely inhabited soon after the Restoration.

In 1689, "The Lady Griffin" lived in Pall Mall, who was seized for having treasonable letters put into false bottoms of two large brandy bottles, in the first year of his Majesty's reign.

Before houses were numbered, it was a common practice with tradesmen not much known, when they advertised, to mention the colour of their next neighbour's door, balcony, or lamp, of which custom the following copy of a hand-bill will present a curious instance:—

"Next to the GOLDEN DOOR, opposite Great Suffolk Street, near

Pall Mall, at the Barber's Pole, liveth a certain person, Robert Barker, who having found out an excellent method for sweating or fluxing of wiggs; his prices are 2*s.* 6*d.* for each *bob*, and 3*s.* for every *tye wigg* and *pig-tail, ready money.*"

From Gay's excellent "Trivia" we learn the state of Pall Mall in the early part of the eighteenth century. It would seem to have been the grand mart of perfumers, and to have been, besides, very ill-paved:—

"O bear me to the paths of fair Pell Mell;
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell:
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach.
No lets would bar thy ways, were chairs deny'd
The soft support of laziness and pride;
Shops breathe perfumes, thro' sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau:
Yet still even here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spurts up a muddy tide,
Beneath the careless foot."

What annoyances our ancestors must have suffered in the streets—bad pavements—no lights at night—and the perfect freedom of dustmen and chimney-sweeps to make as much noise as they pleased! The only street regulation in Gay's time, appears to have been that which confined the chairmen to the middle of the road, alluded to in the above lines, and in the following from the same poem:—

"Let not the chairman with assuming stride,
Press near the wall and rudely thrust thy side;
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pell Mell,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?

These chairs have long since vanished from the streets of London. Twenty years ago one might occasionally and by some rare chance be seen, in some remotely fashionable street, bearing some olden dowager to or from a visit; but now the last has vanished from the metropolis. In country towns they are sometimes to be seen even yet; and so near the metropolis as Greenwich, we remember, not a year ago, to have been startled on a dark night by the sudden apparition of two of them, preceded each by its torch-bearer. We thought time had gone back again in its course a whole century, and we followed the relics till they reached their destination, half expecting to see a dame with patches, a pyramidical head-dress, a huge fan, a curly lap-dog, and a hoop petticoat descend from each.

It was in the "Star and Garter" Tavern in Pall Mall, that the celebrated duel was fought between William, the fifth Lord Byron, great uncle of the poet, and Mr. Chaworth. The dispute arose on the question of which of the two had the most game on his estates. They were both so infuriated with wine that they insisted upon fighting immediately; and retiring into an adjoining room, illumined only by the feeble ray of one tallow candle, they fought with swords across the dining-table. Mr. Chaworth, although the more expert swordsman, received a mortal wound, and shortly afterwards expired. Lord Byron was tried before his peers in Westminster Hall, and found guilty of manslaughter; but claiming the benefit of the statute of Edward VI., he was discharged upon payment of his fees. The next Lord Byron, as is well known, conceived a youthful passion for the grand-

daughter of this Mr. Chaworth, and has immortalized her in his poetry under her name of "Mary."

The fine flight of steps, on the summit of which stands the York Column, now invite us to stroll into the park, before we continue our course towards Charing Cross and Whitehall. The York Column was erected between the years 1830 and 1833, from the design of Mr. B. Wyatt. The money for its erection was raised by public subscription. It is 124 feet high, the same height as the celebrated column of Trajan at Rome. The pedestal is formed of Aberdeen, and the shaft of Peterhead granite. The bronze statue of the Duke of York is 14 feet high, and was executed by Westmacott. The cost of raising it from the ground to its elevated position, including the fixing and removal of the scaffold, was upwards of 400*l.*

Having entered the park, we proceed at once to Buckingham Palace, the town residence of Her Majesty. The original house was built in 1703, upon the site of the second Arlington House, the residence of the Earl of Arlington, and built for him after he was burnt out of Arlington House, Piccadilly, as already stated. There is a rare print of this house, ill done, said to have been the production of Sutton Nichols. It has the initials S. N. Of this there is a copy, in a worse manner, by John Seago.

By the plan drawn of the parish of St. George, Hanover Square, now hanging in the vestry of the church, it appears that about five-sixths of the house, called "Tart Hall," in which the Lord Viscount Stafford resided, was in St. George's parish, as the boundary line

cuts off about a sixth part of the south end of it, which is in the adjoining parish.

This house stood opposite to the park, on the ground between Buckingham House and the commencement of the houses in James Street; the site of Stafford Row was part of its garden. It was built in the reign of Charles I., for Alathea, Countess of Arundel. Its next possessor, her second son, Lord Stafford, fell a victim to the evidence of Titus Oates, and was beheaded in 1680.

During the popular frenzy, excited by the supposed popish plot, the Arundel marbles in this house were buried in the garden, lest the bigotted mob should have mistaken them for popish saints, and destroyed them.

Buckingham House was purchased of Lord Arlington by the well-known John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who, having obtained from the Crown an additional lease of land, including a portion of the domains of Tart Hall, pulled down the old house in the year 1703, and erected a new and more magnificent one. This nobleman, first known as the Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis and Duke of Normanby, and then as the Duke of Buckingham, was a great man and a small litterateur in his day. In the latter character he is enshrined in the pages of Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," although he might, if merit or genius were the passport, have been very properly left out. He enjoyed, in his day, the reputation of a Mohock, and was a very gallant soldier. He married a daughter of King Charles II., and died in 1720. He left Buckingham House to his son, Sir Charles Herbert Sheffield, of whom it was purchased by the Crown. In the year 1775, it was granted as a resi-

dence for the queen, in lieu of Somerset House, which was then pulled down. It afterwards went by the name of the Queen's House, and was the constant residence of Queen Charlotte. George IV., in the year 1825, employed Mr. Nash, the architect, to make various alterations, and he was employed upon it until his death. Mr. Blore was then entrusted with the work, and it may now be called altogether a new edifice, for it does not preserve one sign of its former shape or proportions. There was a dome upon it, erected by one of the architects, which did not please the taste of George IV., and it was taken down.

It was not in a habitable state during the reign of William IV., but Her present Majesty took up her abode in it soon after her accession. The principal front forms three sides of a square, enclosing a space about 250 feet in diameter. In the centre is a portico, the lower part in the Doric, and the upper in the Corinthian order of architecture. The garden front is a simple elevation of the Corinthian order, resting on a rustic Ionic basement, from whence there is a broad terrace leading to the garden. The interior is fitted up with the magnificence befitting the abode of a Queen of England. On the ground-floor are Her Majesty's private rooms and the library. The grand staircase is of fine white marble, and leads to the throne-room and drawing-rooms. The former is ornamented with basso-relievos, by Bailey, from designs by Stothard. The picture-gallery is a magnificent apartment, extending to a length of 164 feet, being 28 broad. But this palace is not spacious enough for Her Majesty and the Royal Family. Accordingly,

the sum of 150,000*l.* was voted last session to make such alterations in it, or additions to it, as may be desirable.

The principal approach to the palace is formed by an arch of white marble, built in imitation of the arch of Constantine at Rome, and is adorned with sculpture by Westmacott and Bailey. Considered *per se*, it is a beautiful building, but standing where it does, it has anything but a good effect. On the top of this arch is hoisted the standard of England whenever the Queen is present. The silk of this magnificent flag is said to have cost 140*l.*

The immediate back of the palace, which even now is not a very creditable neighbourhood, was, in the days of Ben. Jonson, the abode of the very refuse of London. In his play of the "Alchymist," he says "Gallants, men and women, and of all sorts, tag-rag and bob-tail, have been seen to flock here in threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second Hoxton or Pimlico." In another part of the same play he says, "Besides other gallants, oyster-women, sailors' wives, tobacco-men—another Pimlico." It is in contemplation at present to form almost a new town between this and Westminster Abbey, and remove the dirty, narrow, ill-paved, and almost pestilential streets of old Westminster—the grand nest of thieves and beggars, and full of pawn-shops, old clothes warehouses, and gin-palaces. The immense number of the latter is a feature in this part of the town,—and indeed, through London generally it may be remarked, that the poorer the neighbourhood, the more magnificent the gin-palaces. Perhaps the one is the result of the other. All travellers remark upon the drunkenness of the people

of London: in no other city in Europe is it common to see a drunken woman, even of the lowest and most degraded class. But how common is it in this capital! The writer of a treatise, called the "London and Country Brewer," published in 1738, when the drunkenness of the lower orders was as prevalent as it is now, gives the following explanation of the origin of the vice amongst us. The passage, bating the opinion at the commencement, is valuable and curious, as affording an insight into the manners of the populace more than a century ago; and the price of liquors at that time. He says, page 17, "Our drunkenness as a national vice takes its date from the restoration of Charles II., or a few years after. Joy, mirth, good cheer, and good liquor, were the solace of the common people in 1661. They rejoiced that after a long usurpation the king should enjoy his own again; that after a long series of blood and confusion, and a civil war in the bowels of the country, the people should enjoy a public peace and tranquillity; that trade should flourish, and plenty succeed misery and want. These were the several reasons of their joy; and very merry, and very mad, and very drunken the people were; and grew more and more so every day. As to the materials, beer and ale were considerable articles; they went a great way in the work at first, but were far from being sufficient, and then strong waters, which had not been long in use, came into play. The occasion was this:—In the Dutch wars it had been observed that the captain of the Hollander's men-of-war, when they were about to engage with our ships, usually set a hogshead of brandy abroach afore the mast, and bid the men drink *sustick*

that they might fight *lustick*; and our poor seamen felt the force of the brandy to their cost. We were not long behind them; but suddenly after the war, we began to abound in strong-water shops. These were a sort of petty distillers who made up those compound waters from such mixed and confused trash as they could get to work from. Such as damaged and eager or sour wines—wines that had taken salt water in at sea; lees and bottoms; also damaged sugars and molasses, grounds of cyder, &c. For till then there was very little distilling known in England, but for physical uses. The spirits were bad, but they mixed them with such additions as they could get to make them palatable; and gave them the name of cordial waters. The strong-water shops made a vast show of glasses, labelled like the gallipot Latin of the apothecaries, with innumerable hard names, to set them off. Here, as at a fountain, the good wines furnished their little fireside cupboards with a needful bottle for a cherishing cup; and hence, as from wholesale dealers, all the little chandlers' shops, not in London and its adjacent parts only, but over great part of England, were furnished for sale; and to the personal knowledge of the writer hereof, and of thousands still living, not the chandlers' shops only, but just as is now complained of, the barber chirurgeon, were furnished with the same, and sold it by retail to the poor people who came under their operations. The names of some of the liquors were,—aqua vitæ, anniseed water; aqua mirabilis, cinnamon water; aqua salis, clove water; aqua dulcis, plague water; cholick water, which in short was Geneva. These, and many more; but aqua vitæ and

anniseed water were the favourite liquors, and in time the latter prevailed; the quantity drank was prodigious. It was the Geneva of these times; it was cried about the streets, of which the memory of *Anniseed Robin* will be a never dying testimony; who was so well known in Leadenhall and the Stock Market for his liquor and his broad brimmed hat, that it became proverbial when we saw a man's hat hanging about his ears, to say, he looks like Anniseed Robin. The bum-boats continue to this day crying a dram of the bottle in the river among the ships,—this was the dram drinking age. A sudden stop was put to it, for the French outdid them exceedingly; and pouring in their brandy at a cheap rate, the physicians recommended it, and people took their drams in plain brandy. The best was sold for twopence the quartern; the poor could have a large dram for a halfpenny, and the fellows that cried about the streets carried with them little double dram-cups, which being held on one side was a penny, and on the other side a halfpenny. This held on for several years, and the custom-house books will show the prodigious consumption, till the late Revolution, when a war with France breaking out, brandy rose from twopence to sixpence the quartern, and from thence to such a scarcity that no good brandy was to be got at any price. The poor went from the dram-cup to the ale-house pint, to their great regret as well as expense."

Twenty years ago, Westminster, and especially that part of it behind the Bird Cage Walk, abounded in old-fashioned quaint public-houses. One of them, known by the sign of the "Cock," was so very ancient that it was believed, it is not known exactly upon what authority, that

the workmen employed in building Westminster Abbey received their wages there. Perhaps they were the workmen who built Henry the Seventh's Chapel. And even on the latter supposition, the pot-house would have been a very old one. But this, along with many others, has disappeared; the "Cock,"—the last of its race, having been pulled down sometime in 1835 or 1836. Gin shops, two stories higher than their neighbours, with their lamps almost as large as hackney-coaches, their expensive plate-glass and mahogany, have taken their place. The beggar emerging from his filthy hovel, where there is neither fire nor light, can, if he has but three half-pence in his hand, drink his cheerful glass of slow poison, in a sort of saloon more magnificently fitted up than the palaces of noblemen or even kings, four hundred years ago; warm himself by a patent stove, and expose his rags in the glare of the brilliant gas, and be served by dainty-looking damsels who show him all manner of civility.

This part of Westminster was always the resort of low characters. Tothill Fields was, in the days of James I., the abode of bull-baiters, ragamuffins, beggars, and thieves, and is now the haunt of the three latter. In the time of the Plague, there was a lane which went by the name of Thieving Lane, from the character of its inhabitants, and close to it was built the Plague Hospital. In the accounts of the parish of St. Margaret's for the Plague year, there are the following entries:—"Paid to a chirurgeon that was brought out of London to search the bodie of a Frenchman that died in Thieving Lane, five shillings." "Paid to Arthur Condall for

380 short deals, and other timber, to build the Plague House in Tuthill Fields, as by his bill appeares, 31*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.*" "Paid att severall times for printed bills of 'Lord have mercie upon us,' to sett upon ye visitted houses, ten shillings." "Paid unto John Walker, the beadle, by the appointment of the vestrie for his paines in shutting upp houses that were visitted, and for setting padlocks, bills, and redd + crosses on the doores, thirty shillings."

In the year 1703, there was a famous bear-garden in Tothill Fields. The following advertisement appeared in the public papers of the 10th of April in that year:—

"At William Well's Bear Garden in Tuttle Fields, this present Monday, the 10th of April, will be a *green* bull baited, and twenty doggs fight for a collar, and that dogg that runs farthest and fairest wins the collar; with other diversions of bull-baiting and bear-baiting. Beginning at two of the clock."

But these matters have led us from the Park, and re-entering it at the Buckingham Gate, we will make the tour of it, and re-ascend the stairs by the Duke of York's Pillar, until we again reach Pall Mall. The Park, originally a swamp, was first enclosed and drained by Henry VIII., after the suppression of the hospital of St. James. It received no great improvement during the reign of his successors, or indeed until after the Restoration. A characteristic incident occurred in it under Charles I. Very early after his marriage he took offence at the presumption, impertinence, and extravagance of the numerous train of servants that had accompanied his Queen from France; and in Ellis's collection of "Original Letters illustrative of English History," we

learn the manner in which at last he was urged to drive them all back to their own country. The confessor, and the other priests in her train, were very importunate to have the chapel at St. James's finished for the performance of mass, but found the King very slow. Renewing their entreaties, the King at last told them that, if the Queen's closet were not large enough for the purpose, they might say mass in the great chamber; if that would not do, they might go into the garden; and if that were not large enough, they might take the Park. A letter, dated July 5th, 1626, states that, on the Monday previous, the King, on entering the Queen's apartment, found a number of Frenchmen, her servants, irreverently dancing and curvetting in her presence, upon which he took her by the hand, led her away, and locked the doors after him. In a short time afterwards, Lord Conway was deputed with a message to the French bishop, with the other clergy, and the servants of the Queen. He led them out into the Park, when he told them, one and all, that the King's pleasure was, that they should immediately pack up their effects and leave the country. The French bishop said he was in the nature of an ambassador, and would not do so unless he had orders from his own sovereign; but Lord Conway told him the French King had no authority in England, and that if they did not all go by fair means, it would be necessary to see what force could accomplish. When the women learned this, they began to howl and cry, and the Queen in her anger broke some of the windows with her fists. Charles, however, was inexorable, and they were finally put on board ship and sent away—with

presents, however, among them to the amount of 22,000*l.*, to soothe their anger.

Soon after his restoration, Charles II. planted the avenues of the Park, made a canal, and an aviary for rare birds, which gave name to the present Bird-cage Walk. "Here," says Colley Cibber, "Charles was often seen amid crowds of spectators, feeding his ducks, and playing with his dogs, affable even with the meanest of his subjects." We see none of this royal affability in the present day, except in some countries of the Continent. The King of Holland is not ashamed to walk the streets and look in at the print-shops; the King of Prussia, until old age in a manner disabled him, was almost as accessible as a shopkeeper; and the King of the Belgians has been known, as well as the King of Holland, to stop his carriage that a lame beggar might have no difficulty in throwing in his petition. Such is the respect to rank, that a king in important matters may be the greatest tyrant that ever lived, yet be beloved if he will converse politely with a costermonger. However, the populace of England and France at the present day are too rude, and their monarchs not in a condition —the one from age and sex, and the other from political circumstances—to be too profuse in their affability, and too accessible to strangers. Charles II., with a view of providing a snug sinecure for M. St. Evremond, had Duck Island in the Park formed into a government. St. Evremond was the first and last governor of Duck Island, and drew his salary accordingly. At least, it is believed by Pennant, Pegge, and others, that he was the only governor, though the fact is not certain. Charles

also formed the Mall on the other side. It was then a smooth hollow walk, half a mile in length, bordered by a wooden screen, and bounded at the end by an iron hoop. Succeeding monarchs allowed the public the privilege of walking here; and in the reign of William III., the narrow passage still existing was opened through Spring Gardens for their accommodation. The canal at that time was two thousand eight hundred feet long and one hundred broad.

Evelyn, in his "Memoirs," observes—"In his time, the Park was stored with numerous flocks of fowle. There were also deer of several countries—white, spotted like leopards; antelopes, as elk, red deer, roebucks, staggs, Guinea grates, Arabian sheep," &c. In his "Silva," book iii., he says—"And therefore I did much prefer the *walk* of *elms* at St. *James's Park*, as it lately grew *branchy*, intermingling their reverend tresses, before the present trimming them up so high, especially since, I fear, the remedy comes too late to save their decay, (could it have been avoided) if the amputations of such overgrown parts as have been cut off, should not rather accelerate it by exposing their large and many *wounds* to the injuries of the *weather*, which will endanger the *rotting* of them, beyond all that can be apply'd by *tar*, or otherwise, to protect them.

"I do rather conceive their infirmities to proceed from what has not long since been abated of their large spreading branches, to accommodate with the Mall, as any one may conjecture, by the great impression which the wet has already made in those incurable scars, that being now multiplied must needs the sooner impare them, the

roots having likewise infinitely suffered by many disturbances about them. In all events, this walk might have enjoyed its goodly canopy, with all their branchy furniture for some ages to come, since 'tis hardly one that first they were planted; but this defect is providentially and nobly supplied by their successors of the lime-trees, which will sooner accomplish their perfection by taking away the chesnut-trees, which will else do them prejudice. But it is now (and never till now) that those walks and ranks of trees, and other royal amenities, are sure to prosper, whilst they are entirely under the care and culture of the most industrious and knowing Mr. Wise, to whom, and to his partner, Mr. London, I not only acknowledge myself particularly obliged, but the whole nation for what they have contributed to the sweetest, useful, and most innocent diversions of life, gardens and plantations."

By the following observation, also in Evelyn's "Silva," it appears these fine trees were about to be destroyed.

"That living gallery of 'aged trees' was once proposed to the late Council of State (as they called it,) to be cut down and sold, that with the rest of His Majesty's houses already demolished and marked out for destruction, his trees might likewise undergo the same destiny, and no footsteps of monarchy remain unviolated."

"The Board of Green Cloth has issued warrants for clearing St. James's Park of the shoe-cleaners and all vagrants, and sending them to the House of Correction." —See "The Daily Post" for October 31, 1728.

From the numerous dramatic authors who wrote at the time of Charles II., it appears that Hyde Park was then

the scene of gaiety for wit and beauty, especially for those who rode round the ring.

In the reign of Charles II., as may be seen in Faithorne's Plan, the north half of the Parade in the front of the Horse Guards, was occupied by a square inclosure, surrounded by twenty-one trees, with one tree in the centre. The same plan displays a broad running water, with a bridge of two arches in the middle. It commenced on the site of the house where the gunner resides, and went immediately across the lower part of the parade to the site of the north end of Duke Street. In this plan there is no canal in the middle of the park, nor any appearance of the Decoy, so that it must have been taken very early after the Restoration. The Decoy, arranged by Charles II., took up nearly half the ground south of the canal, opposite to where Storey's Gate now stands.

It was while Charles was taking his usual daily walk in the Mall, that he first received intimation of the pretended Popish plot, which, supported by the perjury of Titus Oates, was the means of bringing so many worthy men to the scaffold, and of exciting such a spirit of fanaticism in the nation. "On the 12th of August, 1678," says Hume, "one Kirby, a chemist, accosted the king, as he was walking in the park,—'Sir,' said he, 'keep within the company; your enemies have a design upon your life, and you may be shot in this very walk.' Being asked the reason of these strange speeches, he said that two men, called Grove and Pickering, had engaged to shoot the king, and Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, to poison him. This intelligence, he added,

had been communicated to him by Dr. Tongue, whom, if permitted, he would introduce to his majesty." The results of this conversation are but too well known, and form altogether one of the most remarkable passages of English history.

Aubrey, the credulous, relates in his "Miscellanies," the following anecdote of another incident which occurred in the park.

"Avise Evans had a fungous nose, and said it was revealed to him, that the king's hand would cure him; and at the first coming of King Charles II. into St. James's Park, he kissed the king's hand, and rubbed his nose with it, which disturbed the king, but cured him."

When the various improvements were made in the park under Charles's directions, the courtly Waller, always ready to flatter power, whether it existed in the person of a king or a protector, a Charles or an Oliver Cromwell, wrote a poem, in which he compared the park in its new shape to the Garden of Eden; he then continued,—

"For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks;
The voice of Orpheus or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand.
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!"

In another passage of the same poem he thus compliments the king upon his skill in playing at the ball in the Mall, which he first laid out for the purpose;—

"Here a well-polished mall gives us the joy,
To see our prince his matchless force employ;
His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth in all his motions seen;
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes, we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touched the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoking culverin it were shot."

The epithet "well polished mall" in these lines applies probably to its appearance; afterwards it was covered with white cockle-shells, at the express command of the king, who appointed a person to the office of "Cockle-Strewer."

Of the various buildings that look into the park we shall speak in due order as we pass in front of them by way of Charing Cross and Whitehall. There is one, however, which will not be noticed in that route, and which is too remarkable to be left unmentioned. Duke Street Chapel, with a flight of steps leading to the park, formed originally a wing of the mansion of the notorious Judge Jeffries. The house was built by Jeffries, and James II., as a mark of especial favour, allowed him to make an entry to the park by the steps alluded to. The son of Jeffries inhabited it for a short time, and it was afterwards purchased by the Government, and converted into an office for the Commissioners of the Admiralty, where they remained till the present Admiralty was prepared for them. The house was then divided into several compartments; one wing became the chapel, as already stated, and upon or very near the site of the other,

stands the handsome building recently erected, and known as Her Majesty's State Paper Office.

Storey's Gate, the entrance to the park from Great George Street, is, properly, Storehouse Gate. There was formerly a storehouse for the Ordnance here, where fireworks were prepared and deposited upon occasions of public rejoicings.

Proceeding up the Bird Cage Walk, the philosophic rambler will be pleased to be reminded that there is a gate and a flight of steps leading to Queen Square, where Jeremy Bentham lived and died.

Near the site of the New Barracks, named after the Duke of Wellington, there was, until the year 1770, a large piece of water, distinct from the canal which runs through the middle, known by the name of Rosamond's Pond. It may be seen in the map printed with "Entick's Survey of London in 1756." The following extract from the "Public Advertiser," for the 7th of July, 1770, will show the time when this pond was filled up. "A gate is opened into Petty France for the conveyeince of bringing soil in to fill Rosamond's Pond and the upper part of the canal. When this is finished, a new lawn will appear in front of the Queen's Palace, all those trees cut down which obstruct it, and then the whole park will be new modelled, and fresh orders stuck up to prevent disobedience."

We now enter the enclosure, with its pleasant walks, two covered islands, and tortuous canal. Famous as the park was for its ducks in the days of Charles II., the collection of birds that float upon the waters now is far more valuable and remarkable, and comprises water-fowl

of every common, and of many rare, species. They belong to the Ornithological Society; and boards displayed upon various trees in the park request the public to take care that no hurt is offered them. The notice is unnecessary, and almost insulting to the people. Nobody ever thinks of molesting them; and it is a pleasant sight, which may be witnessed at all hours of the day in fine weather, to see the numerous children and young people, laden with biscuits and manchets, and all busily engaged in feeding the swans, the geese, the ducks, the teal, and the widgeons, that flock around them. Even the timid sparrows grow bold, and come to be fed, scores at a time; by their superior agility and their power of flight, very often making prize of larger pieces intended for the geese, but which the latter, by their unwieldiness, were unable to pounce upon in time.

The enclosure of the park was laid out in its present agreeable form in the years 1827 and 1828. Before that period, the canal was straight from one end to the other, parallel with the Mall and Bird Cage Walk, as constructed in the time of Charles II. On the return of peace in 1814, and in celebration of that event, a grand national festival was instituted in the Parks on the 1st of August. In Hyde Park there was a mimic naval fight on the Serpentine, and a fair which lasted several days; in the Green Park was erected a splendid edifice, called "The Temple of Concord;" and in St. James's Park a building which outlasted all the rest. A Chinese bridge of wood was thrown over the canal, upon the centre of which was constructed a tall pagoda, decorated with pillars and boxes for the exhibition of fireworks;

and Chinese lanterns were distributed in various parts of the Bird Cage Walk and the Mall. Unfortunately, the pagoda took fire about midnight, and in the confusion two persons lost their lives. The bridge remained for many years, until the improvements were made in 1827, and was a great convenience to the public, especially to persons who wished to cross from Queen Square to St. James's Street and that neighbourhood. They have now to make the tour of half the park.

Gas lamps, which had been making slow progress in various parts of London since the year 1809, were first introduced into St. James's Park in 1822. At that time, the gates were strictly closed at ten o'clock, so that no person could pass through. The unusual light, and its total uselessness to the excluded public, gave occasion to the following verses, by an unknown author, which are said to have been stuck up on one or on several trees in the Mall:—

"The trees in the park
Are illumined with gas,
But after it's dark,
No creature can pass.

Ye sensible wights
Who govern our fates,
Extinguish your lights;
Or open your gates."

The two pieces of cannon on the parade, in front of the Horse Guards, are placed there as trophies of British valour. That on the north side, a long piece of ordnance ornamented with various Oriental devices, was taken from the enemy at the battle of Alexandria; it is mounted on an English carriage. That on the other

side is a mortar on a large dragon, very finely executed. It was employed by the French in bombarding Cadiz, and abandoned by them, under Marshal Soult, in their retreat after the battle of Salamanca. It was presented to the Prince Regent by the Spanish nation, and placed in the park in 1816. The illustrious marshal, on his visit to this country upon the occasion of Her Majesty's coronation, is said to have made some good-humoured remark when he saw it. Whether he discovered himself what it was, or whether some good-natured friend pointed it out to him, is not known.

Having now made the tour of the park, we re-enter Pall Mall where we quitted it, and passing the fine Club House of the United Service, proceed by Cockspur Street to Pall Mall East, and then, before reaching Charing Cross, to all that old and interesting district which lies to the north-west of it, including Leicester Square and its adjoining streets.

In Cockspur Street, in the open space near the Haymarket, where the road branches off into Pall Mall East, stands the equestrian statue of George III. It was erected in 1837, and is the work of Mr. Wyatt. Its cost was upwards of 4000*l*. Critics object to the cocked-hat and tie-wig in the royal figure; but some ages hence these abused parts will be the most valuable in the whole statue. It may very reasonably be asked why a plain English gentleman should be represented in the dress of a Roman tribune? Let the man appear, even in a statue, in his habit as he lived, and, whatever we may say, posterity will be grateful to us. We should like to know exactly the ordinary walking-dress of Cæsar or

Brutus, and how they wore their hair; and we should not complain if they had cocked-hats or periwigs, if we knew them to be exact copies of nature.

In Pall Mall East, corner of Suffolk Street, are two societies for the encouragement of British art: the Society of British Artists, established in 1828, for the annual exhibition and sale of the works of living sculptors and painters; and the Society of Painters in Water Colours, established twenty years antecedently, for the exhibition of the works of members and associates only. The Society of British Artists seceded from the Royal Academy in 1823, and their institution dates from the 21st of May in that year. Their gallery consists of a suite of six rooms, and their exhibition is open during the months of April, May, June, and July. The Society of Painters in Water Colours formerly exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

The Royal College of Physicians is that large building looking towards St. Martin's Church, and was built in 1823, from the designs of Sir Robert Smirke. The institution owes its origin to the celebrated Dr. Linacre, Physician to Henry VIII., and successor in that office to the equally well-known Dr. Butts, who is enshrined in the page of Shakspeare. At the intercession of Wolsey, who approved highly of the project, the King granted a charter, dated the 23rd of September, 1518, by which thirty members of the medical profession were incorporated into a perpetual college. The charter provided that no man, although a graduate in physic, might without licence under the seal of the college, practise physic in or within seven miles of London, under the penalty of

five pounds for every month they practise. The corporation had power also to administer oaths, fine and imprison offenders, and to search apothecaries' shops to see whether the drugs were properly compounded. Dr. Linacre gave up his house in Knight Rider's Street, Doctors' Commons, for the use of the corporation, from whence they removed to Amen Corner, in a house built expressly for them by Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. They remained here till they were burned out by the great fire of London, in 1666, when they erected a new house for themselves, with a fine library of medical books, in Warwick Lane. From the latter place they removed to their present splendid habitation in 1823. The number of Fellows, originally thirty, was increased by Charles I. to forty, and by James II. to eighty. The number is now unlimited.

In Suffolk Street, which now consists almost entirely of modern houses, and has been transformed partly into Pall Mall East, and partly into Dorset Place, formerly resided the unhappy Miss Van Homrigh, who became smitten with the wit and learning of a somewhat ugly and very ill-natured man. All the world knows the story of the attachment she formed for Dean Swift, and of the very unhandsome and ungentlemanly manner in which she was treated by him. She resided in Suffolk Street with her sister and mother, who had a small independency bequeathed to her by her husband, a Dutch merchant. Swift was in London upon some affairs relating to the Irish Church, and had lodgings in Bury Street. Being introduced to this family, he soon became intimate with them, and generally left his best gown and wig

there, that he might take them home in his way, and dress in proper time before he went to the House of Lords. The young lady, who admired the mind and not the person of the man, soon showed, as the Dean directed her studies, that she was far from indifferent. The Dean was flattered at the impression he had made, and encouraged her admiration into love. Things having gone so far, the young lady by her mother's advice, made the Dean an offer of marriage, which offer the Dean declined, but without stating the reason—that he was already engaged, and perhaps actually married to, another lady, a Mrs. Johnson. To explain to her more fully and more gracefully than he could do in any other manner, he wrote very soon afterwards his poem of "Cadenus and Vanessa." Cadenus, is a transposition of Decanus, the Dean, and Vanessa, the poetical word into which he translated Van Homrigh. In this poem he describes her character and his own. He says—

> "When glittering dames
> From round the purlieus of St. James
> Came to pay her visits—
> They found
> The room with volumes littered round;
> Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
> While Mrs. Susan combed her head."

And he thus explains the attachment that grew up between them:—

> "Cadenus many things had writ,
> Vanessa much esteemed his wit,
> And called for his poetic works;
> Meantime, the boy in secret lurks.
> And while the book was in her hand,
> The urchin from his private stand

Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierced the feeble volume through,
And deep transfixed her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierced her breast."

The Dean was at this time more than forty, and Miss Van Homrigh in her twentieth year; and though he had no personal charms to recommend him to a lady's eyes,—though his own, as he says, were almost blind with reading,—and though he was either married, or ought to have been, he continued, even after his refusal, to keep up a correspondence with her, and increase the passion which as a clergyman he ought never to have formed, and which as a gentleman, if he had formed, he should have conquered.

After the death of her mother, her and her sister's affairs being left in some confusion, she proceeded to Ireland, partly to avoid her mother's creditors until some arrangement was made for their payment, and partly to be near the Dean. For eight years the Dean kept up a correspondence with her; for eight years she nourished the hope that she would one day be his wife, when in 1723 the fatal secret was disclosed to her by the Dean himself that he was already married.

The shock was too much for her, and she died broken-hearted in less than a month afterwards. While her melancholy fate was the common topic of conversation, and while everybody was reading "Cadenus and Vanessa," somebody remarked to Mrs. Swift, or rather to Mrs. Johnson, for she was always known by the latter, and never by the former name, that surely Vanessa must

have been an extraordinary woman to have inspired the Dean to write such fine verses upon her: "That's not at all clear," said the lady, offended with, and yet proud of her husband, and hurt besides in her own vanity, "for it is very well known that the Dean could write finely upon a broomstick." Dr. Johnson makes a very lame apology for Swift in his "Lives of the Poets," which he calls an "honest apology:" that he for these eight long years "delayed the disagreeable disclosure from time to time, dreading the immediate burst of her distress, and watching for a favourable moment." Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his papers on the Streets of the Metropolis, published in his "London Journal," in 1835, has adopted from a writer in the "New Monthly Magazine," a mistake, by which the character of Swift is placed unwittingly in a light still more odious. Quoting some lines from "Cadenus and Vanessa," in which Swift compares himself to a falling oak and her to a sapling, and showing the folly of attempting to yoke them together, the writer says, it is a pity Swift did not make this reflection at first, when he used to go to Suffolk Street, to change his wig and gown, and drink coffee. The fact is, however, that Swift did think of it then; that the poem was not written to triumph over Vanessa, when the correspondence had continued for years, as the writer imagines, but at the very commencement of it, and to explain to her why he refused her offer of marriage. In it he tells her plainly,

> "Cadenus, common forms apart,
> In every scene had kept his heart,
> Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ
> For pastime, or to show his wit."

This certainly was candid enough, but the lady chose not to believe it. She continued to love and admire, and he to be flattered for years aftewards, so that he has not the sin to answer for of having written these lines after his deception had brought her to the grave. The remorse he exhibited was great, and appears to have been sincere, and when Stella, his wife, died soon afterwards, he had every reason to believe that his conduct to her and to Miss Van Homrigh had also hastened her end. He never enjoyed any real happiness afterwards.

It was at a low tavern in Suffolk Street, that some aristocratic roysterers met together on the 30th of January, 1735, and played that frolic which gave occasion to the story about the Calves' Head Club, and excited a riot in the street, and great talk and commotion in the world of politics. Whether such a club as this ever existed appears very questionable. The anonymous author of the "Secret History of the Calves' Head Club, or the Republican unmasked," foolishly attributes its origin to Milton, and says that they met on the anniversary of the execution of Charles I.; that their bill of fare was always a large dish of calves' heads, dressed various ways, by which they represented Charles I. and the royalists, who had suffered in his cause. On the removal of the cloth, they sang their anniversary anthem; a calf's skull filled with wine or other liquor was handed round, and every man drank to the pious memory of the worthy patriots who had voted for the death of the King. However this may be, it now appears certain that the meeting in Suffolk Street was not of this description; that the company did not drink confusion to the race of the Stuarts,

and did not throw a bleeding calf's head out of the window, as was believed at the time, and for many years subsequently. Lord Middlesex, one of the company, writing to Mr. Spence, gives the following true version of this affair, which created so much noise in its day. The letter was first published in Spence's "Anecdotes."

"Whitehall, Feby. ye 9th., 1735.

"Dear Spanco,—

"I don't in the least doubt but long before this time the noise of the riot on the 30th of January has reached you at Oxford, and though there has been as many lies and false reports raised upon the occasion in this good city as any reasonable man could expect, yet I fancy even those may be improved and increased before they come to you. Now, that you may be able to defend your friends, (as I don't in the least doubt you have an inclination to do,) I'll send you the matter of fact literally and truly, as it happened, upon my honour. Eight of us happened to meet together, the 30th of January; it might have been the 10th of June, or any other day in the year; but the mixture of the company has convinced most reasonable people by this time, that it was not a designed or premeditated affair. We met, then, as I told you before, by chance upon this day, and after dinner, having drunk very plentifully, especially some of the company, some of us, going to the window, unluckily saw a little nasty fire made by some boys in the street, of straw, I think it was, and immediately cried out, 'D—n it, why shouldn't we have a fire as well as anybody else?' Up comes the drawer. 'D—n you, you rascal, get us a bonfire!' Upon which the imprudent puppy runs down, and without making any difficulty, (which he might have done by a thousand excuses, and which, if he had, in all probability some of us would have come more to our senses,) sends for the faggots, and in an instant, behold! a large bonfire blazing before the door. Upon which some of us, wiser, or rather soberer, than the rest, bethink themselves then for the first time what day it was, and fearing the consequences a bonfire on that day might have, proposed drinking loyal and popular healths to the mob (out of the window), which by this time was very great, in order to convince them that we did not intend it as a ridicule upon that day. The healths that were drunk out of the window were

these, and only these, 'The King, Queen, and Royal Family,' 'The Protestant succession,' 'Liberty and property,' 'The Present Administration.' Upon which the first stone was flung, and then began our siege; which, for the time it lasted, was at least as furious as that of Phillipsburgh. It was more than an hour before we got any assistance; the more sober part of us, during this time, had a fine time of it; fighting to prevent fighting, in danger of being knocked on the head by the stones that came in at the windows, in danger of being run through by our mad friends, who, sword in hand, swore they would go out, though they first made their way through our bodies. At length the justice, attended by a strong body of guards, came and dispersed the populace. The person who first stirred up the mob is known; he first gave them money, and then harangued them in a most violent manner. I don't know if he did not fling the first stone himself. He is an Irishman, and a priest, and belonging to Truberti the Venetian Envoy. This is the whole story from which so many calves' heads, bloody napkins, and the Lord knows what, has been made. It has been the talk of the town and the country, and small beer and bread and cheese to my friends the garretteers in Grub Street for these few days past. I, as well as your friends, hope to see you soon in Town. After so much prose, I can't help ending with a few verses.

"Oh, had I lived in merry Charles's days,
When dull the wise were called, and wit had praise;
When deepest politics could never pass
For aught, but surer tokens of an ass;—
When, not the frolics of one drunken night
Could touch your honour, make your fame less bright,
Tho' mob-formed scandal raged, and Papal spite.

"MIDDLESEX."

We now proceed up the narrow thoroughfare called Whitcombe Street, which was formerly called Hedge Lane, and was in the days of Charles I. what that name implied—a lane running into the fields, and bordered by hedges. A pleasant story relative to this street is told by three of the writers in the "Spectator,"—pleasant enough to the reader now, but not pleasant at the time

to the parties concerned. It is said that Sir Richard Steele, Eustace Budgell (a relative of Addison), and Ambrose Phillips (the poet), all friends of Addison, and contributors to his paper, were coming out of a tavern, and were about to turn into Hedge Lane, when somebody told them that some very suspicious-looking fellows were standing at the bottom, as if in wait. "Thank ye," exclaimed the wits; and without waiting for further parley, each cast an alarmed glance behind him, parted company with his fellows, and hurried away as fast as his legs could carry him, and was soon lost from sight.

At the top of Hedge Lane, or Whitcombe Street, to the left, is Coventry Street, so named from Coventry House, the residence of the Lord Keeper, Coventry, and Henry Coventry, Secretary of State, who died here in 1686; a noted gaming-house stood upon this spot at the beginning of the seventeenth century. Mr. Garrard, in a letter to Lord Strafford, written in 1635, speaks of "a fair house in the fields beyond the Meuse," where there were two bowling-greens, made to entertain bowlers and gamesters at an expense of about 4000*l.* The keeper of the place had been a servant of the Lord Chamberlain, Sackville, Earl of Dorset. "The latter," says Mr. Garrard, "much frequented the place, and bowled great matches." Lord Clarendon also mentions the house, and calls it a "fair house for entertainment and gaming, with handsome gravel walks with shade, and where there were also an upper and lower bowling-green, whither many of the nobility and gentry of the best quality resorted for exercise and recreation." Sir John Suckling, the poet and dramatist, was a frequenter of these gardens. Au-

brey, in his "Lives of Eminent Men," says "Sir John was one of the best bowlers of his time in England. He played at cards rarely well, and did use to practise by himselfe a-bed, and there studyed the best way of managing the cards. I remember his sister's comeing to the Peccadillo bowling-green crying for the feare he should lose all their portions."

There is a considerable number of gaming-houses in the neighbourhood at the present time, so that the bad character of the place is at least two centuries old, or ever since it was built upon. A curious circumstance relating to this street, and the bad character it bears, was stated during a celebrated trial for felony in the year 1839. A Jew dealer in bullion, who bought upwards of 3000*l.* worth of gold-dust which had been stolen under very extraordinary circumstances, was admitted to become approver against his accomplices. The man had two shops, one in the Strand and the other in Coventry Street. On his cross-examination in the Central Criminal Court, he was asked whether the exposure of his conduct had not hurt his business? He replied that he had been obliged to give up his shop in the Strand, as nobody would deal with him, but in Coventry Street his character had not been injured.

Passing through Sydney Alley—so named from the illustrious family of the Sydneys, Earls of Leicester, we arrive in Leicester Square, where they had their town house. It stood on the north side of the square, where the passage called Leicester Place has since been made. This house was once the residence of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., a kind, gentle, exem-

plary, but unhappy lady, whose memory was long popular in England. She died here in 1661. There is a good portrait of her at Hampton Court Palace. Pennant calls Leicester House the "pouting-place of princes," because George II., when he quarrelled with his father, retired there; and because Frederick, Prince of Wales, his son, did the same thing, for the very same reason. The last-mentioned prince, father of George III., died here on the 20th of March, 1751. He had caught cold about three weeks previously, while walking in Kew Gardens, and increased his malady some days before he died by coming from the House of Lords on a cold night with the windows of his chariot down. The Princess of Wales was six months advanced in pregnancy at the time, but she sat up watching by his bed-side for seven nights before he expired. Her child was born in July, and was baptized by the name of Caroline Matilda. Her eldest son George then became Prince of Wales, and resided occasionally with his mother at Leicester House, until his accession to the throne. The princess continued to occupy it until her removal to Carlton House, when Leicester House became the residence of private persons. Sir Asheton Lever's fine museum was first exhibited in it. The museum, consisting of objects of natural history, and pronounced by Mr. Pennant to have been the most astonishing collection ever made by any individual, was disposed of by lottery, and gained by a Mr. James Parkinson, who removed it to Southwark, where it was exhibited for some time. The collection was finally dispersed in the year 1806; the sale lasted forty days.

On the west of the site of this ancient building, all

traces of which have disappeared, is Saville House. George III., during the life-time of his father, had apartments in this house; and on his accession to the throne gave them up to his brother, the Duke of York, who inhabited them till a new house was built for him in Pall Mall. The duke was waited upon here by the Lord Mayor and a deputation of Aldermen, Common Councilmen, and members of the Grocer's Company, and presented with two gold snuff-boxes; the one presented by the Grocers with the freedom of their Company, and the other by the Lord Mayor with the freedom of the City. Saville House belonged at this time, not to the Royal Family, but to the family from whom it took its name; and after the Duke of York left it, became the residence of Sir George Saville, for many years representative in Parliament of the county of York. Sir George, in the memorable session of 1779, moved the first reading of the bill, which afterwards became law, securing to the Roman Catholics throughout the country the free exercise of their religion in licensed chapels. This bill was the immediate precursor of the disgraceful "No Popery" riots of the following year, when the mob, under that arch-bigot and crazy fanatic, Lord George Gordon, committed such frightful excesses. Sir George Saville was not forgotten by the rioters, who, after destroying the Catholic chapels in various parts of the town, wreaked some of their vengeance upon the mover of the bill of toleration. His house was—to use the common, but ugly phrase, sanctioned, however, by the lips of the Duke of Wellington—"completely gutted" of all its valuable furniture, books, and paintings, of which an immense bonfire was made in

the streets. Miss Linwood's exhibition of pictures in needlework, which have been recently sold, was exhibited in this house for nearly forty years. In the large room, during the popular excitement previous to the passing of the Reform Bill, the National Political Union held its meetings. Concerts are now given there occasionally, and public meetings held. The ground floor is divided into various shops.

Mr. J. T. Smith, who, for many years of his life, was employed in collecting materials for this work, and who was fond of learning from very old people their reminiscences of London in their youth, had a conversation in the year 1825 with a gentleman named Packer, then in his eighty-seventh year, and who remembered Leicester Fields long before the accession of George III. He said it was a dirty place, where ragged boys assembled to play at *chuck*. In the King's Mews adjoining was a cistern where the horses were watered, behind which was a horse-pond, where pickpockets that were caught in the neighbourhood were taken and ducked. This old gentleman remembered better than anything else the marriage of the Hon. John Spencer, ancestor of the present Earl Spencer, with Miss Poyntz, the splendour of which took a great hold upon his youthful imagination. He said they made their first visit to court (that was, to Leicester House, to the Prince Frederick and Princess of Wales first, before they went to the King at St. James's, as was then commonly the practice) on a Sunday after the morning service. The procession consisted of two carriages and a chair. In the first carriage were the bridegroom and Lord Cowper, with three footmen behind; in

the second, the mother and sister of the bride, also with three footmen behind; the bride followed, in a new sedan chair, lined with white satin, a black page walking before, and three footmen behind, all in the most superb liveries. The diamonds worn by the newly married pair were presented to Mr. Spencer by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and were worth 100,000*l.* The shoe-buckles of the bridegroom were alone worth 30,000*l.* Mr. Packer added to this narration, that the streets were so thinly built upon in this neighbourhood about that time, that when the heads of two men, who were executed for participation in the Scottish rebellion, were placed on Temple Bar, a man stood in Leicester Fields with a telescope to give the boys a sight of them for a halfpenny a-piece.

The names of two of the greatest artists that England boasts of, are associated with Leicester Square. Sir Joshua Reynolds and William Hogarth lived and died in it. Hogarth's house was one of the two that now form the Sabloniere Hotel; Sir Joshua Reynolds's was on the opposite side, the fourth house from Sydney's Alley. We point them out thus particularly, that the young enthusiasts in art, of whom there are, no doubt, hundreds, up-springing to maturity and fame, may know exactly where to visit them, and have their emulation excited by the visit. Both houses were the resort of the wits of the day, especially Sir Joshua's. Johnson—*the* Johnson—was his constant guest; Boswell, too, came there; and, in his better days, the author of that sweetest of sweet poems, "The Deserted Village." Sir Joshua died at this house on Thursday evening, February 28, 1792, at the

age of sixty-nine. On the 3rd of March his remains were interred in the crypt of St. Paul's.

Among other illustrious inhabitants of Leicester Square was the eminent surgeon, John Hunter, who lived next door to Hogarth's. The square was also inhabited in 1728 by Arthur Onslow, the speaker of the House of Commons, and by Lords North and Grey.

The Marquis of Caermarthen, who resided in Leicester Fields, in 1698, in the house of the Earl of Aylesbury, gave a ball there, on the 2nd of April in that year, to Peter the Great, then on a visit to this country. The Marquis and Peter were boon companions—drank brandy together with pepper in it—for such was Peter's whim—and were rowed up and down the Thames at all hours of the day and night. It does not appear whether the Czar danced or not; most probably he did not, for he was very shy of showing off before strangers. At a grand ball given by King William at St. James's Palace, he would not mix with the company at all, but, at his own request, was put into a small room, where he could see all that passed without being seen himself. He was fonder of drinking with Lord Caermarthen than of seeing company. Upon another occasion, when staying with him in Leicester Fields, he drank a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry before dinner, eight bottles of sack afterwards, and then went to the play, none the worse, at least to outward appearance.

In the year 1677, when Leicester House stood almost alone, there were rows of elm-trees in the court before it, extending nearly half the width of the present square. In a newspaper called the "Country Journal," or "Crafts-

man," dated the 16th of April, 1737, appears the following paragraph:—

"Leicester-fields is going to be fitted up in a very elegant manner; a new wall and rails to be erected all round, and a bason in the middle, after the manner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and to be done by a voluntary subscription of the inhabitants."

The equestrian statue of George I., which now stands in the middle of the square, was put up shortly before the year 1812. It originally stood at Canons, near Edgeware, and was the property of James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, whose property, after his death, was sold by auction in 1744. Who was the possessor of it, between that time and the date of its erection in the square, we have not been able to ascertain.

Nobody passing through Leicester Square can fail to remark the shabby and dirty appearance of the place, so unlike the other squares of London, which are generally clean, handsome, and well built. It has a foreign air, too; and were it not for the trees and statue in the middle, might well be mistaken for the Grande Place of some continental city. On every side rise hotels with foreign names, kept by foreign landlords, and marked *Restaurant*. Occasionally, a label may be seen in a window with the inscription, "Table d'hôte à cinq heures." The linen-drapers and other shopkeepers take especial care to inform all passengers that they can speak French or German; and the cigar-shops here, or in the streets adjoining, add to that information that their owners can even speak Spanish and Portuguese; and the loungers in the square give visible, ocular, and olfactory demonstration that they are not Englishmen—their tanned skins,

long moustachios, military coats, alike give evidence of the Frenchman, the Spaniard, the Italian and the Pole. The jabber of their various languages give corroborative testimony; and the mingled fumes of garlic and tobacco, which they all indulge in, complete the proof that this district is a foreign colony in the heart of London. The adjoining streets abound with lodging-houses, where they all flock together. Polish exiles, Italian supernumeraries of the opera, French figurantes of the inferior grades, German musicians, teachers and translators of languages, and keepers of low gaming-houses—all congregate here. Formerly the Spaniards were the chief frequenters of the place, but most of them have disappeared, and gone back to their own country. But a vast improvement has been effected lately by the erection of Cranbourn Street, and by other important alterations in this neighbourhood.

This foreign appearance of Leicester Square is not of recent growth. It seems to have been the favourite resort of strangers and exiles ever since the place was built on. Maitland, who wrote more than a hundred years ago, describing the parish of St. Anne's, in which it is situate, says—"The fields in these parts being but lately converted into buildings, I have not discovered anything of great antiquity in this parish. Many parts of it so greatly abound with French, that it is an easy matter for a stranger to imagine himself in France."

Gerrard Street, the residence now of a considerable number of artists, takes its name from Gerrard, Earl of Macclesfield, whose title is preserved in the street adjoining. This nobleman was a warm adherent to

the cause of Charles II. when in exile; but he set himself against the tyranny of his brothers. His Lordship died in 1693. Lord Mohun, the notorious duellist, who was killed in that sanguinary duel, (or, more correctly speaking, battle, for there were six combatants altogether,) between him and the Duke of Hamilton, resided in Gerrard Street. It is related of Lady Mohun, that she was very much displeased that the bloody corpse of her lord should have been laid on her best bed! This man had been engaged in many other encounters of the same kind, either as principal or second. He and the Earl of Warwick were tried before the Peers for murder in the reign of William III., but were both acquitted. The person who lost his life was one Captain Coote: the parties were all half drunk, and fought three on each side in the dark, in Leicester Fields. Lord Warwick was tried on the 28th, and Lord Mohun on the 29th of March, 1699.

But more illustrious names than any yet mentioned are associated with this street. Edmund Burke lived in it in the year 1788; and Dryden inhabited it for many years, with his wife the Lady Elizabeth Howard. Here, too, the poet died, in the year 1701. During the April of that year, he had been troubled with gout and erysipelas in his leg, but recovering a little in a few days, he went out to take a turn in the garden behind his house, when he was seized with a violent pain under the ball of the great toe of his right foot. The pain was so great that he was unable to stand; and being carried into the house by his servants, a surgeon was sent for, who found a small black spot on the place affected.

Dryden immediately foretold his death; he called his son Charles to him, told him that mortification had commenced, and that the doctors would probably attempt to cut off his leg, but that, upon his filial duty, he was not to suffer him to be dismembered. It is difficult to say whether his life might not have been spared, if he had consented to the operation; but his resolution was unbending not to suffer it, and he died on the 1st of May.

A disgraceful scene occurred in Gerrard Street at his funeral. On the Sunday following his death, a grand procession of eighteen mourning-coaches were ready to move towards Westminster Abbey, when a party of aristocratic mohocks and disturbers of the peace, headed by Lord Jeffries, the son of the infamous judge of the same name, passed through the streets, intoxicated, although it was morning, and bent upon mischief. Jeffries asked whose funeral it was, and being told, he protested vehemently, that so great a man as Dryden should not be buried in that shabby manner, and that he would, with the leave of Lady Elizabeth, have the honour of his interment, and further, bestow the sum of 1000*l.* to erect a monument in the Abbey. With several of his companions, he rushed up stairs to her room, where the widow lay sick in bed, and repeated what he had said in the street. Lady Elizabeth refused her consent, upon which the heartless rake fell upon his knees, and swore he would never move till she allowed him to conduct the funeral. The poor lady, weakened with grief and illness, was so frightened by this roysterer and his crew, that she fainted away, upon which Jeffries

rushed down stairs, and pretending that he had her authority, stopped the funeral, and ordered the body to be carried to an undertaker's in Cheapside, and there left till further orders. In the meantime, Westminster Abbey was lighted up, and the bishop in attendance to perform the last rites. He waited for some hours, and then retired. Jeffries, when waited upon by the undertaker of Cheapside, said he knew nothing of the matter,—that if he had done anything, he had done it in a drunken frolic, and would have no more to do with it. In consequence of this unfeeling and ruffianly conduct, the body was not buried until three weeks afterwards. Immediately after the funeral, Mr. Charles Dryden sent a challenge to the fellow who had so outraged every feeling of decency and humanity, but received no answer. He sent messengers who were always denied, and finally watched for him in the streets, to chastise him. Jeffries, who to his other evil qualities added that of cowardice, kept carefully out of his way for three years, when Mr. Charles Dryden was unfortunately drowned in the Thames near Windsor.

Dryden's house was No. 43, and his study was the front parlour. It still exists, but appears to have been more than once renovated since the time of the poet.

It was in one of the streets leading from Leicester Square, that Theodore Gardelle, a Frenchman, a limner and enameller, committed a murder, which, until the more recent crime of James Greenacre, was considered the most atrocious and revolting that had ever been

committed in England; always excepting those perpetrated by the "Burkers." Like Greenacre, he cut up the body of his victim, and disposed of it piece by piece to avoid detection. He was considered a clever artist, and enamelled the head of Voltaire, with whom he was acquainted, on a snuff-box, which afterwards sold for a great price. He was executed in the Hay-market, in 1760, and his body was afterwards hung in chains on Hounslow Heath.

But the reminiscences of this neighbourhood are more glorious than this. To the names of a Hogarth, a Dryden, and a Reynolds, a Burke and a Hunter, who inhabited it, must be added the still more illustrious name of Isaac Newton. The house is still existing in Leicester Place to which he removed after he had been chosen president of the Royal Society, and is an Italian restaurateur's, and known as the "Hotel Newton." About thirty-five or forty years ago, the house was taken by a Frenchman, who built an observatory on the top of it, fitted it up with various mathematical instruments which he had bought at the second-hand shops, and exhibited them to the public as the identical instruments used by the great philosopher, before whose time "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night." The man realized a considerable sum before his false pretences were exposed.

Passing from Leicester Square we went until recently through Cranbourn Alley, the great bonnet mart of London. Those who are ignorant of the town may be amused to learn that at every shop door in this alley, while it

existed, a young woman of decent appearance was stationed all day long, on the watch for customers, whom it was her business to entice or to drag into the shop, and force to purchase, whether they would or no. These young women were known by the name of "She Barkers," to distinguish them from the "He Barkers," who were stationed at the second-hand clothes-shops, and who acted the same annoying part towards the men. Woe used to betide the woman of the middle classes who passed through Cranbourn Alley with an unfashionable bonnet! It was immediately seen from one end of the place to the other, and twenty barkers beset her, each in turn, as she walked forward, arresting her course by invitations to inspect the ware that was for sale within. Many a one has had her cloak or shawl torn from her back by these rival sisters of trade, during their struggles to draw her within their den, each pulling a different way.

At the north-west angle of Newport Street formerly stood the town house of the noble family of Newport. On the west side of the garden that belonged to it, on the site of part of Gerrard Street, was an artillery-ground, as we are informed by Maitland, in which the Middlesex Militia and the Westminster Train Bands were exercised. Maitland says that, at the other end of this street, the family of Bolingbroke had once a house.

In Newport Street was born the celebrated Horne Tooke, the son of a poulterer in Newport Market. Being once asked by some of his aristocratic schoolfellows what his father was, he replied "a turkey merchant." They

never discovered the joke, and treated him with great respect in consequence.

In this street also Francis Vivares, the engraver, kept a tailor's shop. His landlord, Mr. Peltro, a plate-chaser, of Porter Street, accidentally discovered his genius for the arts, candidly told him that he was a very bad tailor, but that he would make an excellent engraver. Mr. Vivares soon after this went to Paris, where he studied under Le Bas. He then returned to England, where he was particularly assisted by Chatelain. He lived for many years in Great Newport Street, where he published an engraved list of his own works, which he had also published himself.

St. Martin's Lane, Greek Street, and all this neighbourhood, were long the very head-quarters of the artists. A sprinkling of them may be still met about Soho Square now; and Newman Street is full of them; but in the time of Benjamin West, and before the formation of the Royal Academy, Greek Street, St. Martin's Lane, and Gerrard Street, was their colony. Old Slaughter's Coffee House in St. Martin's Lane, was their grand resort in the evenings, and Hogarth was a constant visitor. In 1753, the artists used to meet at the "Turk's Head," in Greek Street, and from thence their secretary, Mr. F. M. Newton, dated a printed letter to the principal artists, to form a select body for the protection and encouragement of art.

Another Society of Artists met under the auspices of Mr. Moser, in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane, from the year 1739 to 1767. After continued squabbles,

which had lasted many years, the principal artists, including Benjamin West, Richard Wilson, Edward Penny, Joseph Wilton, Sir William Chambers, G. M. Moser, Paul Sandby, and J. M. Newton, met together at the "Turk's Head," where many others having joined them they agreed to petition the king (George III.) to become Patron of a ROYAL ACADEMY OF ART. His Majesty consented, and the new society took a room in Pall Mall, opposite to Market Lane, where they remained until the king, in the year 1771, granted them apartments in Old Somerset House.

Little St. Martin's Lane was called Cock Lane before the year 1708.

The following are amoug a number of tokens issued by tradesmen of St. Martin's Lane :—

Marriott Matt: at the Kings (reverse) head at the end of St. Martins his half peny.

Richard Willson in Mealman (reverse) S. Martins Lane 1657.

Will Foord at y^e^ Crook Bill (reverse) in St. Martins in y^e^ Fields 1668 his halfe peny.

Carter Williams (reverse) in St. Martins Lane $\frac{C}{W}$ K.

Lyne Richard (reverse) St. Martines Lane $\frac{L}{R}$. E.

Will Robinson at y^e^ Goulden (reverse) in St. Martins Lane 1667 his halfepeny.

The handsome church of St. Martin was completed in 1726, from the designs of Gibbs the architect. In the reign of Henry VIII., a small church was built here, at

the king's expense, on account of the poverty of the parish, which was then very thinly inhabited. It 1607, the parish had so increased in wealth and population, that it was found necessary to make very considerable additions to the building. In 1721, the increase had been so much greater, that it was judged advisable to provide far better accommodation than the old church could afford by any process of alteration, and it was pulled down, and the present edifice erected on its site. It was in the old church that the body of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, murdered upon Primrose Hill in the time of Charles II., under those mysterious circumstances which historians have never been able to clear up, was buried with great magnificence. The popular excitement from the fear of the Papists was extreme. Hume says, that previous to the funeral, the body was carried into the City, attended by vast multitudes. It was publicly exposed in the streets, and viewed by all ranks of men, and every one who saw it went away inflamed, as well by the mutual contagion of sentiments as by the dismal spectacle itself. The funeral was celebrated with great parade. The corpse was conducted through the chief streets of the city. Seventy-two clergymen marched before, and above a thousand persons of distinction followed after. At the funeral sermon two able-bodied divines mounted the pulpit, and stood on each side of the preacher, lest in paying the last duties to the unhappy magistrate, he should before the whole people be assassinated by the Papists.

The following notice regarding the old church

appears in the Journals of the House of Commons, vol. iii. p. 399 :—

"Ao. 1643-4, Feb. 14. Ordered, That the pew in St. Martin's Church, belonging to the Earl of Berkshire's house, be appointed and set apart for the Scott's Comisioners, and the vestry-men of that parish are hereby required to take notice hereof, and prepare the pew."

Until the year 1826, this end of St. Martin's Lane was a narrow thoroughfare, but in that year all the houses opposite to the church were pulled down, by which means a fine opening was made, and a view obtained from Pall Mall East of the noble portico of the sacred edifice.

Vast improvements have been made in this spot within the last eight years. The old Mews have been removed—a fine open space made towards Spring Gardens, with the name of Trafalgar Square, in the middle of which are two handsome fountains, a triumphal column, which we shall mention at large presently, and lastly, a National Gallery has been erected.

The Mews, which stood upon the site of the latter edifice, was appropriated for the reception of the royal falcons from a very early period—Pennant says, at least from the reign of Richard II.—but it would appear that existed even earlier. By the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., in 1299, it is shown that Hawkin, the king's falconer, had 2*s.* 4*d.* allowed him for shoes.

In the 13th Edward II., John De La Becke had the custody of the King's Mews, called "de mutis apud

Charryng juxta Westmonasterium," delivered to him.—Ibid. p. 250.

John De St. Alban appears to have succeeded De La Becke in the custody of this Mews, in the 10th of Edward III.—Ibid. vol. ii. p. 108.

In the reign of Richard II., the well-known Sir Simon Burley was keeper of the King's Falcons at Charing Cross; and the illustrious father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, either in that or in the first year of the subsequent reign, was clerk of the King's works, and of the Mews at Charing.

The Mews was changed to stables in the reign of Henry VIII., by reason of a fire which burnt the royal stables at Bloomsbury.

The notorious Colonel Joyce was imprisoned in the Mews by order of Oliver Cromwell, as appears by a small sheet of four pages, published in 1659, and now extremely rare, entitled—"A True NARRATIVE of the occasions and causes of the late Lord-Gen. Cromwell's anger and indignation against Lieut.-Col. George Joyce, (sometime Cornet Joyce, who secured the King at Holmby,) and his proceedings against him to cashier him from the army, and imprison and destroy him in his estate."

In the third page of this sheet, it is stated that the Colonel was carried away by musqueteers to the Mews, and put into a close chamber within the common *Dutch* prison, where he was overrun with vermin, and where he was forced to continue above ten days. After great importunity he obtained a removal to another chamber in the Mews, where he fell sick with the filthy smells

and other inconveniences, and continued ten weeks, but was often sent to by Oliver Cromwell to lay down his commission, which he absolutely refused to do, declaring to all how unworthily he was dealt with, and that all that had been sworn against him was false.

This building was pulled down in 1732, when a new and more handsome edifice, used as the royal stables, was erected upon its site. This lasted about a century, and was in its turn pulled down to make room for the National Gallery. This building was erected between the years 1834 and 1837, from the design of Mr. Charles Wilkins. The front is about 500 feet in length. In the centre is a portico, with eight columns of the Corinthian order, the ascent to which is formed by a flight of steps at each side, the whole surmounted by an ornamented, if not an ornamental, dome. Critics with reason object to this edifice that it is too low in comparison with the objects by which it is surrounded; the portico of St. Martin's church being considerably higher, and even the houses in Suffolk Place at the other end, against which it is affixed, being several yards more lofty. However there is this to be said for the architect, that the dimensions of the edifice were not his work, but that of the House of Commons, which uniformly shows itself liberal enough when the whims of royalty are to be pleased, but which grows unnecessarily and most inconveniently economical whenever it is a question of advantage for the people. A few thousands of pounds in addition would have rendered this edifice worthy of the British nation, and have saved us many "odious comparisons" with our

more liberal, and perhaps more enlightened neighbours. One of the last occasions upon which the late King William IV. appeared in public, was to visit this exhibition before its formal opening. His Majesty, attended by Queen Adelaide and several members of his court, went through the rooms on the 28th of April, 1837, and they were opened for public exhibition on the 1st of May.

It is generally believed that the idea of erecting a monument in the metropolis worthy of Nelson originated with our late King William IV. Certain it is that he favoured the design of opening to the people the square at Charing Cross, of naming it "Trafalgar," and of placing in its centre some monument to Nelson, such as might not disgrace the patronage of a sovereign, or the immortal glories of the hero. Such, in the main, was the origin of the "Nelson Testimonial," in Trafalgar Square. For this noble object a subscription was opened, and a committee organized, the Duke of Buccleuch lending his efficient aid as chairman. Unfortunately, the sovereign did not live to witness the progress of his favourite project. (We may as well add, in this place that there appears at last some hope that this work will be completed.)

To resume:—On a considerable sum being raised, the committee advertised for designs for a monument of architecture and sculpture; the rewards of 250*l.*, 150*l.*, and 100*l.* respectively, being promised to the author of the design which the committee should deem first, second, and third in order of merit; and the highest

premium was awarded to Mr. William Railton. The designs were then submitted to the inspection of the public, with certain additions, alterations, and amendments; and the committee, on June 22, confirmed their former choice, and finally decided upon the design of Mr. Railton.

In the choice of his design the architect carefully considered every species of monument, not only with respect to the subject itself, but also with reference to the site, the character, and dimensions of the surrounding buildings, and the amount (30,000*l.*) which was to be expended on his performance. Anything in the nature of a temple he conceived to be entirely out of the question, both on account of the expense, and the screen it would offer, from every point of view, to some one or more of the neighbonring edifices, thus destroying their effect; whilst a group of figures, on the other hand, (keeping within the proposed sum,) must necessarily be so very limited as to be appreciated only on close inspection, but producing no distant effect, especially when corroded, as it soon would be, by the damp and smoky atmosphere of the metropolis. Mr. Railton submitted that a column, by affording an opportunity for the combined efforts of the architect and sculptor, would produce both near and distant effects; and being in keeping with the surrounding buildings, would tend, more than any other species of monument, to bring the entire scene into general harmony, without in the least degree destroying the effect of any portion of it.

Mr. Railton chose the Corinthian order, as being the most lofty and, in his opinion, the most elegant in its

proportions, and because it had never before been used in England for this purpose. The shaft is placed upon a pedestal, having on its four sides *bassi relievi* of Nelson's four principal engagements, viz., St. Vincent, Copenhagen, Nile, and Trafalgar; the *bassi relievi* being eighteen feet square, and the figure of Nelson in each seven feet high. The pedestal is raised on a flight of fifteen steps, at the angles of which are African lions in a recumbent position. The shaft is uniformly fluted throughout, the lower and upper torns being ornamented with oak leaves. The capital is taken from the bold and simple example of Mars Ultor at Rome, and a figure of Victory is introduced on each side; from thence rises a circular pedestal, ornamented with a wreath of laurel, and surmounted by a colossal statue. The dimensions of the whole follow:—

	HEIGHT.	WIDTH.
Base	10 feet	104 feet
Pedestal	39 „	206 „
Base of Column	9 „	
Shaft	90 „	12 „
Capital	14 „	
Pedestal	14 „	
Statue	17 „	
	Total 193 feet.	

This monument, on the whole, may be pronounced a very handsome ornament to the almost unparalleled site on which it is placed, and is highly creditable to the abilities of the architect. If we say there is little originality in its conception, that will, perhaps, hardly be considered as detracting from the merits of the

author; for English architects have not yet learned to create, and English taste is satisfied with imitations of the antique. Objections have been taken to the cocked-hat on the head of the statue. Undoubtedly, the effect is not poetical; and it is true, Nelson is most easily recognized in our engravings of the hero, when, as most frequently we see him, bare-headed. But when we remember the height at which the statue is placed; when, after straining our eyes to examine it, we discover that the features are not to be discerned, it will be allowed that the cocked-hat was necessary; for without it Nelson could not well have been identified, or be made to appear any body else than a private gentleman who had chanced to lose his right arm.

We now pass across Trafalgar Square to Spring Gardens, which, until the time of Charles II., were what their name implies. During the Republic, and after the Restoration, they were more thickly built upon, and Prince Rupert took a house there, where he died in 1682, in the sixty-third year of his age. Here also died Mrs. Centlivre, the celebrated dramatic authoress, especially remembered for her bustling and entertaining comedies, the "Bold Stroke for a Wife." the "Wonder," and the "Busybody." Centlivre, by whose name she is alone remembered, was her third husband, and yeoman of the mouth—a cook, or a cook's assistant, in the service of Queen Anne, who fell in love with her when she was acting in male attire at Windsor. Her name then was Carroll. Her fine legs and pretty face captivated the yeoman's eyes, and her wit and good-

nature captivated his heart. Mrs. Centlivre figures in the "Dunciad." Pope, in the notes to the passage says, "She writ many plays and a song before she was seven years old; she also wrote a ballad against Mr. Pope's 'Homer' before he began it." The last part of the sentence explains why she was reckoned among the dunces. She was buried in St. Martin's Church.

We have now arrived at Charing Cross, and ended the first part of our peregrinations.

PART II.

FROM CHARING CROSS TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WESTMINSTER HALL, AND THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

HORNE TOOKE, in his "Diversions of Purley," derives the word Charing from the Saxon word *charan*, to turn; and the situation of the original village, on the bend or turning of the Thames, gives probability to this etymology. In the reign of Edward I., Charing was a rural hamlet on the highway between London and Westminster, consisting of no more than a dozen houses, or hovels. It took the additional name of Cross from the wooden cross set up by that monarch, as a testimony of his conjugal affection, strong beyond the grave, for his beloved Eleanor. Wherever her corpse rested, on its transit from Grantham, in Lincolnshire, to Westminster Abbey, the place of her sepulture, the affectionate king erected a cross in commemoration of her. A stone cross, from the design of Cavalini, afterwards replaced the original wooden one; and it lasted until the fanaticism, which broke forth in England in the seventeenth century, swept it away with many other remarkable works of art which reminded the multitude of that faith which they abhorred. It was demolished in 1647, by

an order of the House of Commons, which had been issued three years previously, but for some reason or other not carried into effect immmediately, as was the case with the cross at Cheapside. The royalists did not let the opportunity slip, but turned the order into ridicule, in the song entitled the "Downfall of Charing Cross."

Undone, undone, the lawyers are,
They wander about the town;
Nor can find the way to Westminster,
Now Charing Cross is down.
At the end of the Strand they make a stand,
Swearing they are at a loss,
And chafing say, that's not the way,
They must go by Charing Cross.

The Parliament, to vote it down,
Conceived it very fitting;
For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
In the house as they were sitting.
But neither man, woman, nor child,
Will say, I'm confident,
They ever heard it speak a word
Against the Parliament.

An informer swore it letters bore,
Or else it had been freed;
I'll take, in troth, my bible oath,
It could neither write nor read.
The Committee said that, verily,
To popery it was bent;
For aught I know it might be so,
For to church it never went.

Lilly, the astrologer, says, in his "Observations on the Life and Character of Charles I.," that the workmen were employed for three months, (June, July, and August, 1647,) in pulling it down, and that some of the

stones were used to form the pavement before Whitehall. The admirers of relics bought some of them, and had them made into knife-handles; and Lilly saw some of them which were polished, and looked like marble. The site remained vacant for thirty-one years, when the equestrian statue that now adorns it was placed there by order of Charles II., and a pedestal erected expressly for it by Grinlyn Gibbons. The statue was cast in 1633, by Le Sueur, for the Earl of Arundel, but was ordered by the House of Commons, after the execution of the king, to be sold and broken to pieces. It was purchased by John River, or Rivet, a brazier, who foreseeing, perhaps, that the monarchy might, some day or other, grow into good odour again with the people, buried the statue in his garden somewhere in Holborn.

The following inscription is copied from a large sheet print of the statue, beautifully engraved, in the manner and time of Faithorne, but without name or date; extremely rare.

"This portraiture was drawne from the magnificent figure cast in brasse by that most famous artist, Monsieur Le Sueur, An. Donj. 1633, exceeding the proportion of the life, being almost 10 foot high, and with great hazzard, charge, and care preserved under ground by John Rivet, brasier, living at Holbern Conduit at ye Diall*.

The brazier, it appears, made a very good thing of his bargain, for he bought a large quantity of old brass, which he made into knife and fork-handles, and publicly

* Malcolm, in his account of London, supposes that the statue was concealed during the Interregnum in a vault under the church of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, but all the authorities are against this supposition.

advertised as being manufactured of the king's statue. They sold wonderfully, both parties being alike eager to procure them;—the roundheads to triumph over royalty —the cavaliers to preserve a memento of their Sovereign. It does not appear what sum the brazier received for the statue at the Restoration, or even whether he was alive. The Parliament of 1678 voted the sum of 70,000*l.* for solemnizing the funeral, and for erecting a monument to the memory of Charles I., and out of this sum a portion went towards the repurchase of this statue and the erection of the pedestal by Grinlyn Gibbons.

There is an idle story abroad, and very generally believed, that the horse is without a girth. This assertion appears to have been first made in a periodical publication called the "Medley," for August, 1719, which is quoted by Malcolm, in his "Account of London," affirmed by him to be the fact, and since copied by numerous writers. Any person who will take the trouble to look at the statue, will see that there is a girth passing over a very strong rein on the right of the animal.

Of Charing Cross and its surrounding buildings, perhaps the rare print by Sutton Nicholls is the earliest; it is a sheet print, and of a size with those published in Strype's Stow. It appears by this view, that there were about forty small square stone posts then, surrounding the pedestal on which the statue is placed, and that that spot then was a standing place for hackney-chairs; it also shows that every house had a long stepping-stone at a small distance from its front, for the accommodation

of those who used carriages. Perhaps no place is better known all over Britain than Charing Cross. It affords a couplet in the match-boy's song,—

"I cry my matches by Charing Cross,
Where sits a black man on a black horse."

When Bloomsbury Church was finished, the figure of King George I. surmounting the steeple excited much criticism, and gave rise to the following lines, printed in a sixpenny book for children about 1756;—

"No longer stand staring,
My friend, at Cross Charing,
Amidst such a number of people;
For a man on a horse
Is a matter of course,
But look, here is a king on a steeple*!"

Charing Cross was for many centuries a place of punishment, and its pillory was among the most famous of the many that formerly stood in London. Among many notorious persons who underwent that degradation in this place were Titus Oates, for his well-known perjuries, and Parsons, the chief concoctor of that memorable imposition, known by the name of the Cock Lane Ghost. The following extract from "The Daily Advertiser" for the 11th of June, 1731, will show the sort of punishment that was sometimes inflicted upon unhappy individuals in the pillory.

* There is another epigram on this subject which is worth remembering:—

"It might shortly be proved, without pains or research,
That the King's claims are good to be head of the Church;
This, however, contents not the Bloomsbury people,
Who're determined to make him the head of the steeple."

"Yesterday Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger, stood on the pillory for the space of one hour; after which he was seated in an elbow-chair, and the common hangman cut both his ears off with an incision knife, and shewed them to the spectators; afterwards delivered them to Mr. Watson, a sheriff's officer, then slit both his nostrils with a pair of scissors, and sear'd them with a hot iron, pursuant to his sentence. He had a surgeon to attend him on the pillory, who immediately apply'd things necessary to prevent the effusion of blood. He underwent it all with undaunted courage; afterwards went to the Ship Tavern, at Charing Cross, where he stay'd some time, then was carried to the King's Bench Prison, to be confined there for life. During the time he was on the pillory he laughed, and deny'd the fact to the last."

Charing Cross is also memorable for more sanguinary punishments than this. Here, in the reign of Charles II., were executed Hugh Peters, chaplain of Oliver Cromwell, Scrope, Jones, Harrison, and many other of the regicides. It will be remembered that there was neither cross nor statue at this time, and the scaffold for the execution of these unhappy men stood on the spot now occupied by the pedestal of Grinlyn Gibbons. They all died with the courage of heroes. As Harrison was led to the scaffold, (we quote the State Trials,) some one called out to him in derision, "Where is your GOOD OLD CAUSE?" He with a cheerful smile clapped his hand on his breast, and said, "Here it is, and I am going to seal it with my blood." And when he came to the sight of the gallows, he was transported with joy, and his servant asked him how he did; he answered "Never better in my life." His servant told him, "Sir, there is a crown of glory prepared for you;" "O yes," replied he, "I see." When he was taken off the sledge, the hangman desired him to forgive him: "I do forgive thee," said he, "with all my

heart, as it is a sin against me," and told him he wished him all happiness, and further said, "alas, poor man, thou dost it ignorantly; the Lord grant that this sin may not be laid to thy charge!" and putting his hand into his pocket, he gave him all the money he had, and so parting with his servant, hugging him in his arms, he went up the ladder with an undaunted countenance. The people observing him to tremble in his hands and legs, he, taking notice of it, said, "Gentlemen, by reason of some scoffing that I do hear, I judge that some do think I am afraid to die by the shaking I have in my hands and knees. I tell you NO, but it is by reason of much blood that I have lost in the wars, and many wounds I have received in my body, which caused this shaking and weakness in my nerves. I have had it this twelve years. I speak this to the praise and the glory of God; He hath carried me above the fear of death, and I value not my life because I go to my Father, and I am assured I shall take it again. Gentlemen, take notice, that for being instrumental in that cause, (an instrument of the Son of God,) which hath been pleaded amongst us, I am brought to this place to suffer death this day: and if I had ten thousand lives, I could freely and cheerfully lay them all down to witness to this matter." After he was hanged, a horrible scene took place. In conformity to the barbarous sentence then, and many years afterwards, always executed upon persons convicted of treason, he was cut down alive and stripped, his belly was then cut open, his bowels taken out and burnt before his eyes. Harrison, in the madness of his agony, rose up wildly, it is said, and gave the executioner a box on the ear, and then fell

down insensible. It was the last effort of matter over mind, and for the time it conquered.

Jones and Scrope, both very old men, were drawn in the sledge together. "Their grave and graceful countenances," says the account in the "State Trials," "accompanied with courage and cheerfulness, caused great admiration and compassion in the spectators, as they passed along the street to Charing Cross. The executioner had done his part upon three others that day, and was so drunk with blood, that, like one surfeited, he was sick at stomach, and not being able himself, he set his boy to finish the tragedy upon Colonel Jones." On the night before his death, he told a friend he had no other temptation but this, lest he should be too much transported, and so neglect and slight his life, so greatly was he satisfied to die in such a cause. This enthusiastic old man—one of the stern, hard, Iron-sides of Cromwell—grasped his friend in his arms as he mounted the scaffold; "Farewell!" said he, in a tone of tenderness, "I could wish thee in the same condition as myself, that our souls might mount up to heaven together, and share in eternal joys!"

Hugh Peters, the famous preacher of Oliver Comwell, was afraid beforehand that his spirits would fail him, and that he should not behave himself with proper heroism at the last hour. Another, of the name of Cooke, was executed before him, and Peters was made to sit within the rails to behold his death. We shall again quote the simple language of the author of this account in the "State Trials:" "While sitting thus, one came to him and upbraided him with the death of the king, bidding

him, with opprobrious language, to repent. He replied, 'Friend, you do not well to trample upon a dying man; you are greatly mistaken; I had nothing to do in the death of the king.' When Mr. Cooke was cut down and brought to be quartered, one they called Colonel Turner, told the sheriff's men to bring Mr. Peters near, that he might see him. By-and-by, the hangman came to him all besmeared in blood, and rubbing his bloody hands together, tauntingly asked him, 'Come, how do you like this—how do you like this work?' To whom Mr. Peters replied, 'I am not, I thank God, terrified at it: you may do your worst!'

"When he was going to his execution, he looked about and espied a man to whom he gave a piece of gold, having bowed it first, and desired him to go to the place where his daughter lodged, and to carry that to her as a token from him, and to let her know that his heart was as full of comfort as it could be, and that, before that piece should come into her hands, he should be with God in glory.

"Being upon the ladder, he spake to the sheriff, saying, 'Sir, you have here slain one of the servants of God before mine eyes, and have made me to behold it on purpose to terrify and discourage me; but God hath made it an ordinance to me for my strengthening and encouragement.' When he was going to die he said to himself, 'What, flesh! art thou unwilling to go to God through the fire and jaws of death? Oh!' he added, to the spectators, 'this is a good day; He is come that I have long looked for, and I shall soon be with Him in glory.' And so he smiled when he went away. What Mr. Peters

said further at his execution, either in his speech or prayer, it could not be taken, in regard his voice was low at the time, and the people uncivil."

It is by such men as these that revolutions can only be made; it is by pardoning such men as these, and making friends of them, that kings would gain as much glory as they do shame for sacrificing them. What a record of tears and blood is the history of England—what horrible barbarity has been exercised in the abused name of Justice—what a recklessness of the sacred life of man has been shown upon every occasion, until within the last few years! Civilization has now happily brought forth some of her choicest and most ennobling fruits. The punishment of death, when it is inflicted, is inflicted without unnecessary cruelty, and with no mockery. And the time, perhaps, may come—at least, philanthropists may hope for it, and struggle for it—that Law and Revenge will not sit cheek by jowl upon the same judgment-seat, thinking not so much of the repression of future, as of vengeance for past offences. The deaths of these stern republicans, which throw a melancholy interest around Charing Cross, had, notwithstanding the brutality of some of the people, so powerful an effect upon the public mind, and awoke so much sympathy, that the Government gave orders that no more of them should be executed in the heart of London. The remainder were conveyed to Tyburn accordingly.

But Charing Cross is rich in recollections; and leaving this gloomy page in its history, we turn to a brighter one, associated with the names and the revelries of the poets. It abounded, at the end of the seventeenth, and

for nearly the whole of the eighteenth century, with taverns and other places of public entertainment, the resort of the wits and literati. The following are the names of the principal houses of this description which were in existence between the year 1680 and 1730:—"The Elephant," "The Sugar Loaf," "The Old Man's Coffee-house," "The Old Vine," "The Three Flower de Luces," "The British Coffee-house," "The Young Man's Coffee-house," "The Three Queens," "Locket's Ordinary," "The Rummer," and "Robinson's Coffee-house." The names of many of these are to be met with in the "Spectator" and "Tatler," but for our purpose we shall confine ourselves to the three last, as deserving of special notice.

"Locket's Ordinary" was fashionable in the days of Buckingham — that Buckingham of whose character Dryden wrote the well-known description, and whose death "in the worst inn's worst room" has been sung of by Pope. This coffee-house is often mentioned in the plays of Vanbrugh, Cibber, and the other dramatists of that period; and by one of them, Sir George Etherege, it was constantly frequented. Sir George only discontinued the Ordinary when he had run up a bill which he was unable to pay, when he began to absent himself. Mrs. Locket thereupon sent a man to dun him, and threaten him with a prosecution if he did not pay. Sir George, an utter *poco-curante*, sent back word to Mrs. Locket, that if she stirred a step in the matter he would kiss her. On receiving this answer, the good lady, much exasperated, called for her hood and scarf, and told her husband, who interposed, "that she would see if there

was any fellow alive who would have the impudence." —"Prithee! my dear, don't be so rash," said her husband; "there is no telling what a man may do in his passion!"

"The Rummer Tavern," the site of which is at the back of No. 14, Charing Cross, was kept by an uncle of Matthew Prior, the poet and diplomatist. The uncle's name was Samuel Prior; and in his house, it appears, used to be held an anniversary dinner of the nobility and gentry living in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields. The young poet, having lost his father at an early age, was taken into the house of his uncle, who sent him for some time to Westminster School under the care of Dr. Busby. After he had made what his uncle thought a sufficient progress in his studies, he took him home, with the view probably of teaching him his own business. Prior, in an epistle written to his friend, Fleetwood Shepherd, many years afterwards, says—

> "My uncle, rest his soul! when living
> Might have contrived me ways of thriving;
> Taught me with cider to replenish
> My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish;
> So when for hock, I drew pricked white-wine,
> Swear t'had the flavour, and was right-wine."

He was saved from this fate, however, by mere chance; for, according to Bishop Burnet, he was found one day by the Earl of Dorset, at a window of the "Rummer," reading "Horace." His lordship, a lover of poetry, and himself a poet in a small way, was struck with the circumstance; and finding that the youth had a mind above his station, and an ardent desire for knowledge, inva-

riably the accompaniment to genius, he undertook the care of his fortunes, and supported him for four years at Cambridge. Prior afterwards rose to distinction, not only in the literary but in the political world—ratted from the Whigs to the Tories—became a diplomatist and a member of Parliament, and an ambassador—got into difficulties, narrowly escaped an impeachment; and was finally, at the age of fifty-three, turned adrift upon the world, after a short imprisonment in the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, without a shilling. He had friends, however, and abilities. He published his poems by subscription, and raised a sum which is enough to make a poet's mouth water—four thousand guineas. The Earl of Oxford made him a present of the like sum to buy a house at Down Hall in Essex, and thither he retired, and passed the short remainder of his days in peace.

"Robinson's Coffee-house" is associated with the name of another, but less fortunate poet. Matthew Prior, the orphan, and nephew of a tavern-keeper, rose to power, and wealth, and renown. Richard Savage, the son of an earl, by a mother as nobly born as the father, lived a life of constant poverty and misfortune, and died in a gaol, beholden to the humanity of a prison-keeper for the last crust to put into his mouth, and the last blanket that covered him.

Savage had come into London from Richmond, to pay for lodgings that he had formerly taken in Westminster, but which he had left without discharging the rent, when he accidentally met two gentlemen named Merchant and Gregory, with whom he went into a coffee-house, and drank till a very late hour in the night. It was in fact

so late, that they considered it quite useless to attempt to get a bed, so they determined to walk the streets till morning, and amuse themselves as they best could. Unluckily, they soon afterwards passed "Robinson's Coffee-house," which was a tavern that bore no very good name, and seeing a light in the window, they knocked at the door, and were admitted. Merchant, who appears to have been the drunkest of the party, demanded a room with much insolence of tone and manner. He was told that there was a good fire in the parlour (it was a cold raw night in November), and that the company were just about to leave it. Merchant pushed forward, overturning everything in his way, and was followed by Gregory and the unlucky poet. Merchant, who was quarrelsome in his cups, placed himself between the rest of the company and the fire, and soon after kicked down the table. A quarrel ensued; swords were drawn on both sides, and a Mr. Sinclair received a mortal wound from the weapon of Savage. A servant girl who interposed was also wounded by the same hand, and Savage and his two companions fled for their lives. Losing their presence of mind, they were discovered in a few minutes, lurking in a back court, by some soldiers who had been called from the Gate House at Westminster to quell the disturbance. They were imprisoned in the Gate House, and in the morning, the unfortunate Mr. Sinclair having died of his wounds, they were removed to Newgate. The trial excited great interest in London. Savage received the character of a quiet inoffensive man, and pleaded that the blow which had deprived his fellow-creature of life was not premeditated, but given in self-defence. Judge

Page, who tried the case, a judge who is damned to everlasting fame in the verse of Pope, for his hard words and his love of hanging, endeavoured to exasperate the jury in the following address, which Savage used afterwards to repeat:—

"Gentlemen of the jury! you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money that you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?"

After this elegant address, the jury found a verdict of "guilty of murder" against Savage and Gregory, who had swords, and of manslaughter only against Merchant, the original cause of all the mischief, who was not armed. Sentence of death was recorded against the two former, and for many months Savage fully expected that he should close his miserable life upon the scaffold. His mother, the author of all his ills, tried hard to bring about this result, and for some time successfully thwarted the efforts that were made to save him. Her own unnatural cruelty was at last exposed at Court, and Savage was pardoned after six months' painful confinement in Newgate. In all English literature there is not a more affecting narrative than the life of this poet by Dr. Johnson—it has all the interest of romance, with all the value of truth—and the style has as many beauties as

are to be found in any other composition of that great writer, with fewer of his mannerisms and defects.

Charing Cross is associated with the names of two other poets besides these—Ben Jonson and James Thomson. It is supposed that rare Ben was born in Hartshorn Alley, in Charing Cross, somewhere near the place where Craig's Court now stands, but this is not certain. Honest old Fuller, speaking of him, says, "I cannot with all my industry trace him to his cradle, but I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorn Lane, Charing Cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband. He was first bred in a private school in St. Martin's Lane, and then in Westminster School."

Rare Ben also lived in an alley, as appears from his famous answer to King Charles I., who had sent him a very tardy and very small sum, when he was in poverty and sickness—"I suppose he sends me this, because I live in an alley—tell him his soul lives in an alley!"

In the first-floor of the house now inhabited by Messers. Parker and Co., the Military and Naval Booksellers, a little further up the street towards Whitehall, Thomson the poet took lodgings, when he first arrived in London to try his fortune. He had few friends and little money, and trusted to make his fortune by his poem of "Winter," the MS. of which he brought with him. Ultimately it did make his fortune; but he had to undergo many privations and disappointments in the meantime. In this lodging he wrote part of his "Summer." The other two Seasons were written at Hammersmith and Richmond.

We shall now proceed to Westminster Abbey, lingering with the reader, sometimes on the right side of the way, and sometimes on the left; and finding something worthy to be remembered at every step; for the ground is classic, and every inch of it, if it had a tongue, could tell a tale worth hearing.

Before we quit Charing Cross—the spot according to Johnson, at which might be seen "the full tide of human existence"—we should not omit to mention that Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of the illustrious Francis, had a house here, where he died in 1578. "He was," says Camden in his "History of Elizabeth," "a man exceeding gross-bodied, sharp-witted, of singular wisdom, rare eloquence, excellent memory, and a pillar, as it were, of the Privy Council." Elizabeth used to say of him, "My Lord Keeper's soul is well lodged."

There is a tradition, that on the site of Messrs. Drummonds and Co's banking-house, Oliver Cromwell had a house. Be this true or not, he certainly resided in King Street, Westminster, previous to his usurpation; indeed, he lived there when he was appointed Lieutenant of Ireland, as will be seen hereafter.

The whole of the street opposite to the statue of King Charles to the site of the Admiralty, was formerly much narrower; the houses, when Drummond's was built, were set back full forty feet more to the west, upon an open square place called "Cromwell's yard."

That interesting print of Night, one of Hogarth's Four Times of the Day, presents an accurate view of the spot, taken before the street was widened.

The same print may also be instanced as affording the

best display of house-signs of any,—delineating the costume of the time.

On the site of the Admiralty stood Peterborough House (afterwards called Wallingford House). It was on the top of this mansion that Archbishop Usher attempted to see the execution of Charles I., as appears by the following extract from Parr's Life of that prelate. "At the time of His Majesty's murther, the Lady Peterborough's House, (where my Lord then lived,) being just over against Charing Cross, divers of the Countess' gentlemen and servants got upon the leads of the house, from whence they could see plainly what was acting before White-Hall."

"The primate, who could not stand the sight, fainted, was taken down and put on his bed."

This will clearly prove to the satisfaction of many people, that King Charles was beheaded on the west front of Whitehall, and not, as has been often asserted in conversation, on the ground behind the building in Privy Gardens, where the statue of King James is placed. Many persons insist that the statue is pointing to the very spot of his father's execution. The fact is strictly this;—the King, who is very absurdly depicted in the habit of a Roman commander, formerly held a truncheon in his hand, and if any person will take the pains to satisfy himself upon the point, he will see a regular circle made through the hand to receive it. This truncheon, Mr. J. G. Smith remembered perfectly well to have seen when he was a boy; but it has since either fallen out, being loose, or taken away, or stolen, for nobody knows what has become of it.

But to return to Wallingford House, which seems, during the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, to have been called indiscriminately by the two names, Peterborough or Wallingford. It was inhabited for some time by the well-known General Fleetwood, after his return from the government of Ireland, to which he had been appointed by Cromwell. Fleetwood, it should be remembered, married one of Cromwell's daughters, after the death of her first husband, Ireton. In his apartments, after the death of the Protector, were held the meetings known in history by the name of the Wallingford House Cabal, which brought about the downfal of the second Protector, Richard, and aided the restoration of Charles II. Wallingford House then became the property of the celebrated Villiers, duke of Buckingham, the son of the Duke of the same name who was murdered by Felton. He inhabited it occasionally, along with York House in the Strand, close adjoining, and kept a daily levee for astrologers, alchymists, and quacks of every description; poets, painters, and musicians being included in the number. He is chiefly remembered now in the verse of Dryden, as—

"A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts, and nothing long.
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!

Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate.
He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief.
For spite of him the weight of business fell
On Absalon, or wise Achitophel.
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

It has been well remarked by Sir Walter Scott upon this inimitable passage, that it touches rather upon the ridiculous than the criminal parts of Buckingham's character. "The unprincipled libertine," says Sir Walter, "who slew the Earl of Shrewsbury while his adulterous Countess held his horse in the disguise of a page, and who boasted of caressing her before he changed the bloody clothes in which he had murdered her husband, is not exposed to hatred, while the spendthrift and castle-builder are held up to contempt."

After the death of Buckingham, Wallingford House remained some time untenanted, and in the reign of William III. it was appointed for the Admiralty Office, which previous to that time had been in Duke Street, Westminster. It was for the greater part demolished in the reign of George II., and the present Admiralty Office erected on its site from the design of Ripley.

In the apartments usually occupied by the First Lord of the Admiralty in his official capacity, the chimney-pieces are very elegant, particularly those in the drawing-

room, dining-room, and best bed-chamber. They were brought from the superb mansion of Sir Gregory Page at Blackheath, after it was demolished, and the materials sold in separate lots, in 1787. In another apartment are placed the original pictures and drawings by Hodges, made during the first voyage of Captain Cook.

On the opposite side of the street, stand the various entrances to that precinct known as Scotland Yard, an ancient appendage to the royal palace of Whitehall, and now chiefly remarkable as the head-quarters of the Metropolitan Police.

On this spot there was formerly a small palace, built for the reception of the kings of Scotland, when they came in early ages to do homage for their fiefs in Cumberland. As society advanced, and the rights of each sovereign of the two extremities of Britain became more distinct and defined, this practice was abandoned. In the reign of Henry VIII. the palace was appropriated to the Queen Margaret of Scotland, his sister, and widow of James IV. of Scotland, in right of their descent from whom, the Stuarts afterwards ascended the throne of Great Britain. It afterwards became incorporated with the royal palace of Whitehall, and was divided into various offices for the members of the household.

A desperate adventure happened to the well-known Lord Herbert of Cherbury opposite Scotland Yard, which he has related in his Autobiography. The Lady Ayres, wife of Sir John Ayres, and one of the ladies-in-waiting upon Anne, Queen of James I., was indiscreet enough to entertain a most unmatronly regard for Lord Herbert, and to wear his miniature in her bosom, without ever

having received, if Lord Herbert is to be believed, the slightest encouragement from him. The fact coming to the knowledge of her husband, he hired four ruffians, and placing himself at their head, watched for Lord Herbert, as he was coming from Whitehall on horseback, attended by two lacquies. As he reached Scotland Yard, Sir John rushed upon him with a sword and dagger, and one of his lacquies, a great fellow, ran away and left him to his fate. In this first encounter, Lord Herbert's horse received several wounds, and kicked and plunged so violently as to keep the assassins at bay some minutes. Lord Herbert, aiming a blow at Sir John Ayres, unfortunately broke his sword at the hilt, and with no other defence than this remnant of his weapon, defended himself most valiantly. Alighting from his horse, his foot caught in the stirrup, and he was thrown violently on the ground; but being extricated from that position by his other lacquey, a little Shropshire boy, he managed to regain his feet and get his back against a wall, and wage unequal warfare with the whole of his assailants. In a few minutes he was surrounded by upwards of thirty persons, friends and adherents of Sir John, who encouraged the assassins by their shouts to make short work of him. Two gentlemen, seeing so many men set against one, came to the rescue, and Sir John Ayres was twice thrown to the ground; he got up a third time, and making a more furious assault, stuck his dagger into Lord Herbert's side, where it remained sticking for a minute or two, until pulled out by Henry Cary, afterwards Lord Falkland. Lord Herbert, in the meantime, wrestling with his assailant, Sir John was thrown a third time, when Lord Herbert, kneeling

upon his body, wounded him in four places with his piece of a sword, and nearly cut his hand off. The desperate combat was then ended, Sir John's friends carrying him away senseless to a boat that was waiting for him at Whitehall Stairs. Lord Herbert recovered of his wounds in ten days, and sent a challenge to Sir John Ayres to meet him in equal combat in the field, with his sword in hand, but received for answer that Sir John would not meet him, but would kill him with a musket out of a window.

Sir John Ayres was afterwards arrested by order of the Privy Council, and several times examined: he expressed great contrition for his offence, alleging his wife's confession of criminality as a palliation, which, however, she afterwards recanted. His father disinherited him for his conduct, and he became, as the Duke of Lennox told Lord Herbert, "the most miserable man living." By the desire of the king he was discharged from custody, and Lord Herbert was commanded neither to send nor receive any challenge from him, nor to pursue the matter further.

Milton, when he was Latin Secretary to Cromwell, had lodgings in Scotland Yard, and his infant son died when he resided there. Vanbrugh, the poet and architect, built a house for himself in Scotland Yard, out of the ruins of the old palace of Whitehall, which was burned down at the close of the seventeenth century, as we shall hereafter have occasion more particularly to relate. This house was much ridiculed by the wits of the time, especially by Swift, who wrote two poems about it, in one of which he describes all the poets of London hunting about in the rubbish of Whitehall for the house of "brother

Van," and finding at last a little thing, resembling a goose-pie, upon which they all exclaim—

> "Thrice happy poet! who may'st trail
> Thy house about thee, like a snail;
> Or harnessed to a nag, at ease
> Take journies in it, like a chaise;
> Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
> Can'st make it serve thee for a tilt.
> Capacious house! it's owned by all;
> Thou art well contrived, though thou art small."

The house, however, from other authorities, appears not to have deserved the condemnation of men of taste; and Vanbrugh was only the butt for wicked wits because he was a man of influence, and obnoxious to them for his politics.

We are now, as Leigh Hunt has remarked, in the very thick of the air of royalty; and reminiscences start before us at every step, of the able and haughty Wolsey, the bluff and cruel Harry, the shrewd and shrewish Elizabeth, the pedantic and lubberly James, the melancholy and mistaken Charles, the hard unflinching Cromwell, the despicable and licentious Charles II., and the still more despicable and licentious Stuart that succeeded him, and with whose reign the glories of Whitehall passed away. The whole place teems with the memories of the Tudors and the Stuarts: at one spot we are reminded of their luxury and their magnificence; at a second, of their intrigues and their pleasures; at a third of their tyranny; and at another of their punishment; and we think as we pass, if their spectres could one and all revisit the sunshine of this world, what a motley multitude they and their ministers and retainers would make:

what gravity, what gaiety; what thoughtlessness, what madness, what guilt, what misery, what ingratitude; and what pomp, pride, obsequiousness, and sycophancy would be dwellers on earth again!

Of this memorable piece of ground, extending from the present Scotland Yard along the banks of the Thames, well nigh to Westminster Hall, and including the Horse Guards, the Treasury, and the chief part of Parliament Street, the reader will expect a history. A short one it must be, and embracing only the more salient and remarkable incidents; for a complete history of it, between the time of the disgrace of Wolsey and that of the more important disgrace of James II., would occupy volumes, and form almost a history of England; whose fate was concentrated in the men that lived, and moved, and ruled and debated upon this spot.

The first house erected here was for the powerful and princely Hubert de Burgh, the Lord High Justiciary of England, during the reign of Henry III. By him it was bequeathed to the brotherhood of the Blackfriars, near Holborn, who sold it in the middle of the thirteenth century to Walter de Grey, the Archbishop of York. It continued to be inhabited by the prelates of that see until the time of Wolsey, and to be called York Place. It is quite needless to dilate upon the dignity of the Great Cardinal;—his pomp, his lavish generosity, his more than royal magnificence, and his hospitality, surpassing anything ever before seen in England. Somebody, we do not recollect who, compared this prelate to a turkey, pampered and fatted up by his master, only to furnish forth a feast at last. The simile, though far from digni-

fied, has an air of homely truth about it, for every body knows what a meal the bluff monarch made of his fat favourite at last,—how he enriched himself with his treasures—and how much stouter he grew after he had sacrificed him.

York Place was one of the richest spoils that fell into Henry's hands by the cardinal's fall; and he was so well pleased with it, that he made it his own abode, the royal palace at Westminster having fallen into decay and ruin. He immediately commenced various improvements,—erected a new gallery, a gate-house across the street to the wall of the park, a tennis-court, a cock-pit, and a tilt-yard. One of the halls of York Place seems to have been called the Whitehall, and the name was, in course of time, given to the whole building, although Henry, by an Act passed in 1536, annexing this domain to the former royal residence at Westminster, gave the name of "The King's Palace of Westminster" to his new abode. But this name never became common; and during his reign, and ever afterwards, it was called Whitehall. The two most important acts of Henry's life, as regards posterity, were passed in this building. In a closet, secretly, in January, 1533, he married Anne Boleyn, whom he afterwards beheaded; and in another apartment he died, in January, 1548, having but a few days previously beheaded the accomplished gentleman and poet, the Earl of Surrey.

Let us, for an instant, call up in review the men and women who flitted about Whitehall while he was the owner of it; what a gallant company we shall see—and how unfortunate the most of them were made, both in

life and death, from ever having come in contact with this memorable brute! First of all, comes Wolsey, with his red cap, mounted on his mule, in a gorgeous robe, followed by a train of gentlemen and servants as gorgeously attired as himself, among whom shine conspicuously two—Cavendish, the founder of the present ducal family of Devonshire, and Thomas Cromwell, the blacksmith's son of Putney; the latter a staid and sober gentleman, and perhaps the only one of all the crowd of flatterers and parasites that pressed around the great minister, who felt any affection for him as a man, and who would have loved him as much if he had been plain Thomas Wolsey, feeding a flock upon the mountains, as he did when the fate of an empire hung upon his nod. Next comes Sir Thomas More, with his intelligent and quiet face, attired in flowing robes of the soberest colours, and Fisher, bishop of Rochester, little thinking how soon their heads are to be stuck upon pikes on the gate of London Bridge.

Among the throng is Erasmus, who, from having no power, and standing in nobody's way, escaped scathless, with bluff Hans Holbein, harmless, and useful, and ministering to the love of art, which, amid all his sensuality, distinguished his master above all the other princes of his age. Then we have the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the former of whom well nigh lost his head, and remained many years a prisoner in the Tower: his chivalrous son, the Earl of Surrey, who was not so fortunate, and the philosophic friend of his youth and manhood, and brother poet, Sir Thomas Wyatt, who made unhappy acquaintance with a dungeon, as a reward for

his services. Then we have Cromwell again in another character, as the powerful Earl of Essex, the exterminator of the monkish houses, the patron of learning, and the first subject in the realm, doing kind actions whenever it lay in his power, although he found no one to do a good deed by him, or say a kind word in his favour, when the axe of the executioner was sharpening to decollate him; and not least conspicuous in the throng that pass before the glass of memory, are the wives of the monarch—the staid but affectionate Catherine of Arragon, divorced; the pretty Anne Boleyn, beheaded; then, the as pretty Jane Seymour, who died in childbed, and for whose fate, wonderful to relate, Henry shed perhaps the only tears he was ever known to weep; the beautiful but guilty Catherine Howard, beheaded; the corpulent Ann of Cleves, divorced; and, the luckiest of all, Catherine Parr, who had, however, one very narrow escape of being sent to the Tower, and of losing her head as a necessary consequence. If to join these we sum up the children, all afterwards destined to wield the sceptre,—Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth,—we shall have as perfect a phantasmagoria as may be, of the chief personages who might be seen about Whitehall in the days of the eighth Henry.

The next monarch seldom resided at Whitehall, and almost the only incident worthy of remembering, in connexion with this palace during his reign is, that he had a pulpit erected in the open air in the Privy Gardens, where Latimer used to preach, and where he used to listen to him. It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that Whitehall became as splendid as it was under Henry

VIII. Tilts and tournaments, and masques and mummeries, bull-baiting and bear-baiting, and all sorts of fantastic festivals were celebrated within its precincts. And if we summoned up the choice spirits of that age, who repaired here to receive honour from the fountain head of sovereignty, and to flutter in the brilliant train of the queen, what an assemblage of memorable names there would be, comprising wise ministers and staid philosophers, and great sea-captains, and immortal poets, and gentlemen more chivalrous in their speech and bearing than the knights-errant of old, whose imitators they avowed themselves to be:—Cecil and Burleigh, and Nicholas Bacon, and his great son Francis; Drake and Raleigh; Spenser and Shakspeare; Philip Sydney and Henry Lee, and Leicester and Essex; and hundreds of others less celebrated. The pageantries and festivals at Whitehall were almost of yearly occurrence, but the most splendid was that instituted in 1581, when Elizabeth was in her forty-eighth year, to give the Commissioners, who came from France on the part of the Duke D'Anjou to negotiate a marriage, a fine idea of the splendour of her court, and the love and gallantry of her subjects.

A new banqueting-house, on the site of the present building of the same name, was erected for the occasion, composed of wood, covered with flags, canvas, and a profusion of gilding, intermingled with ivy and other foliage. Three hundred and seventy-five men were employed upon it for a period of twenty-four days, and at a cost of nearly two thousand pounds. On the arrival of the commissioners, a pageant, which seems to have been the conception of Sir Philip Sydney, was made for their

amusement after the banquet. The gallery in which the Queen sat was called "the Fortress of perfect Beauty;" and four knights—the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Windsor, Sir Philip Sydney, and Fulke Greville, calling themselves the "four foster-children of Desire"—assaulted the fortress after some nonsense verses had been recited, (the contemporary historian, Holinshed, pronounces them to have been delectable,) firing rose-water, and perfumes, and flowers upon it, all the while calling upon "perfect Beauty to yield to Desire." Four other knights, among whom was that chivalrous, but very foolish old gentleman, Sir Henry Lee, then entered to do battle on behalf of perfect Beauty, and a tilting-match immediately commenced, which lasted until nightfall. The same mummeries were re-enacted on the following day. The four foster-children of Desire entered amid melancholy music, and pretending to be dispirited, and half-overcome in their encounter against Beauty and her champions, sent forth their herald to express their willingness to fight, and their despair of victory, but begging Her Highness to console them in death or overthrow by looking upon them with the eyes of her peerless beauty. Various combats then took place until evening, when a page was despatched, bearing an olive-branch in his hand, to announce the submission of the challengers, and praying as a great favour that perfect Beauty would accept of them as her bondsmen for ever, and pardon them for having made violence accompany desire. Perfect Beauty, as in duty bound, granted their request, returned many thanks to all the knights, and so the sports ended. The negotiations of marriage ended not very long afterwards; and

this beautiful virgin of forty-eight remained a beautiful virgin (at least so everybody told her) until seventy, when she died; and her subjects found out for the first time that, after all, she was a very ugly old woman.

During the reign of James I., Whitehall resounded with the voice of revelry, and festival succeeded festival with great rapidity. Immediately on the King's arrival from Scotland, he conferred the honour of knighthood upon three hundred persons in Whitehall Gardens, and knights in a year or two became as plentiful as blackberries; and Whitehall, as before, swarmed with courtiers. Carr, earl of Somerset, displayed his handsome limbs for the gaze, and his smooth cheek for the sickening kisses of his royal master. His paramour, Lady Essex, excited in all admiration of her beauty, and smiled, and smiled, and looked bewitching, while she was thinking in her heart how she could best prevail upon her lover to send poor Sir Thomas Overbury to the other world. At a later period was to be seen the Duke of Buckingham—Steenie, as the King called him—entering the palace at all hours, and penetrating into the private apartments, no one knew how; and besides his queen and children, Coke, and Bacon, and Ben Jonson were no unfrequent visitors, and all upon their several affairs—Ben's being to write masques for the very costly entertainments which James was so fond of giving. The masque of "Blacknesse," which he wrote when the young Prince Charles was created Duke of York, was played at an expense of nearly 3000*l.* When his elder brother was made Prince of Wales, five years afterwards, there was another masque and entertainment still more expen-

sive; the fireworks alone, which were exhibited on the Thames opposite Whitehall, having cost that sum. There was besides a grand tournament in the yard, and the representation of a naval fight; but the most costly of these entertainments was that on the marriage of the Elector Palatine with James's daughter Elizabeth, in 1613, who afterwards became so popular, and whose title—the Queen of Bohemia—was for nearly a century all the rage for public-house signs; not to mention the cost of the banquets, the balls, the tilting-matches, and other festivities. Some idea of the general expense may be formed from the fact, that the fireworks exhibited in the gardens, and in front of them on the Thames, cost 9000*l.*

It was the intention of King James to have rebuilt the palace of Whitehall in the most magnificent manner, from the designs of Inigo Jones. These designs have been often republished; but the finest impression of them is a large one, in separate sheets, of the several fronts, given to the world by the Earl of Burlington, in 1748 and 1749. The plan, however, was not carried into effect, partly on account of the death of James, but chiefly because a reign succeeded his, during which the public money was not to be procured for it. A banqueting house, on the site of the wooden one erected by Queen Elizabeth, was built by Inigo Jones, in 1607. It was burnt down in 1619; when the present edifice from the designs of the same great architect was erected. It was, until the last few years, used as a chapel for the troops. It has been sometimes said that it forms the only remains of the royal palace; but this is an error, as part of the Treasury near Downing Street, on the other side of the

public way, is a remnant of the old York Place of Cardinal Wolsey.

During the early part of the reign of Charles I., Whitehall continued to be the scene of gaiety, and various costly masques and triumphs were produced. Inigo Jones had constant employment in one way or another. And the great Rubens was engaged to paint the ceiling of the banqueting-house, for which he received 3000*l.* and the honour of knighthood. The subject is the apotheosis of James I., represented in nine compartments. The ceiling was repaired by Kent in the reign of George II., and again by Cipriani in 1780, at an expense of 2000*l.*

But the era of rejoicing and of encouragement of the arts soon passed away, and a gloomy and dismal time succeeded. Long before the final catastrophe, which will for ever be associated in melancholy union with the name of Whitehall, that palace ceased to be the abode of the sovereign. Fanatical zealots in politics, and bigots in religion laid their rude hands upon the paraphernalia of royalty, years before they sharpened the axe for the sacred head of its representative. On the 16th of July, 1645, the masque-house, built of fir and very tastefully decorated under the superintendence of Inigo Jones, was pulled down by order of the House of Commons, and the materials sold for fire-wood; and exactly a week afterwards, a series of votes passed the same body, declaring that all the pictures and statues in Whitehall, (which they persisted in calling York Place, although the name had become obsolete,) which were not superstitious, should be sold for the benefit of Ireland and the North; but those which were superstitious, such as images or

statues of saints,—the Virgin Mary, or Jesus Christ—should be forthwith burned. The readers who are curious to learn more particularly the works of art that were destroyed in pursuance of that order, and such as were saved from the wreck, may refer to "Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting," where they will be found duly set forth.

The great event by which Whitehall is distinguished is so well known, that it seems almost unnecessary to do more than merely refer to it. However, those who do not need to be informed, may be reminded, that here Charles I. was executed on the 30th of January, 1649. The reader who has gathered his knowledge of that event from Hume—so long the most popular of English historians—might imagine that the unfortunate king passed his last days in Whitehall, and was merely brought from the interior to the outside of that edifice to suffer. Such is not the fact: the king spent the last three days of his life in St. James's Palace; and was brought from thence through the Park to Whitehall on the fatal morning, some hours before that fixed for the execution. It was then, and not every night, as Hume has it, "that the noise of the workmen employed in framing the scaffold, and in other preparations, resounded in his ears." He remained in his bedchamber engaged in acts of devotion till the final hour arrived, when he was led along the galleries to the banqueting-house, through the wall of which a passage was broken to the scaffold. A man in a closed visor stood ready to perform the office of executioner. After the short and feeling address to the few persons who could hear him, and his affecting colloquy

with good Bishop Juxon, to whom he replied, "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place," the King laid his head upon the block, and the man in the visor struck it from his body at one blow. Another man in a similar disguise held it up immediately, all dripping with blood, and exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor."

The grief and astonishment of the nation when the news of this event reached them were extreme; but Hume forgets the severe dignity of history in his representation of the results of this grief. He says that "women cast forth the untimely fruit of their womb when they learned it: that others fell into convulsions, or sank into such a melancholy as attended them to their graves; and that some, unmindful of themselves, as though they could not or would not survive their beloved prince, suddenly fell down dead!" All this was an exaggeration, which was not necessary to depict the real sorrow of the nation, and no properly authenticated instance of any one of these results can be brought forward. The historian is more accurate, when he adds, "The very pulpits were bedewed with unsuborned tears; those pulpits which had formerly thundered out the most violent imprecations and anathemas against him. And all men united in their detestation of those hypocritical parricides, who by sanctified pretences, had so long disguised their treason, and in this last act of iniquity had thrown an indelible stain upon the nation."

Cromwell next inhabited the palace of Whitehall, where a few months after the execution of the king, he was to be found constantly preaching to the people. His

sermons sometimes were three hours long. Such was the length of that which he delivered in Whitehall pulpit on the 16th of July, after the King's death, in which he hypocritically prayed "that God would take from off his shoulders the government of this mighty nation, as it was a burden too grievous to be borne."

With all his fanaticism and bigotry, Cromwell was not such an enemy to the arts, as the men with whom he had all his life acted. He exerted himself to save many of the pictures and statues in Whitehall, and bought back many of the late King's collection, which had been sold by order of the Parliament, including, among others, those grand specimens of the genius of Raphael, which, under the name of the Cartoons, are known all over the civilized world, and which now adorn the royal gallery of Hampton Court.

Evelyn, who visited Whitehall in the time of Cromwell, relates in his "Diary," under the date of the 11th of February, 1656, that he found Whitehall, where of late years he had not been, very glorious and well-furnished as far as he dared to go, and was glad to find that the rare piece of Henry VII., done on the walls of the King's privy-chamber, had not been much defaced.

Many remarkable events happened in Whitehall during the time of Cromwell. After the dissolution of the Long Parliament, by that grand master-stroke which showed the man of genius, he issued his letters of summons to about one hundred and forty persons, to appear at Whitehall on the 4th of July, 1652, to take upon them the administration of the government. On the day appointed one hundred and twenty persons, who

were afterwards called the Barebones Parliament, met in the Council Chamber, to whom Cromwell declared that they had "a clear call" to assume the supreme authority of the Commonwealth. They held but this one meeting in Whitehall, and adjourned the next day to the Parliament House, where they sat about six months, when it was moved that their sitting any longer would not be for the good of the Commonwealth. The Speaker and many of the members then proceeded to Whitehall, where they delivered their resignation in writing to the Protector. A few of the members who refused to resign, continued to sit in the house, on the pretence that they were "seeking the Lord," but being unceremoniously turned out by Colonel White, who told them with a contemptuous "pish!" that the Lord had not been within those walls for twelve years, they made a virtue of necessity, and proceeded after their brethren to Whitehall.

It was from Whitehall that Cromwell twice proceeded to the Chancery Court in Westminster Hall, to be solemnly sworn into office as Lord Protector of the realm; the first time on the 16th of December, 1653, and the second on the 26th of June, 1657. Having taken the oath, and subscribed the parchment which set forth his powers, he sat down covered, in the chair of state; received the broad seal of England from the Commissioners, and the sword of state of the city of London from the hands of the Lord Mayor, to whom, according to royal custom, he again returned it. He then returned with a grand procession to Whitehall, the Lord Mayor bareheaded carrying the sword before him.

Seven weeks before the last ceremony of this kind,

another remarkable scene had happened within the precincts of Whitehall. Cromwell summoned the Parliament to meet him in the Banqueting House, to whom he announced his solemn determination not to accept the title of King—not, however, before he had well weighed the danger he escaped, by refusing this dignity, which if circumstantial evidence can ever be believed at all, he was most anxious to assume.

Cromwell expired in Whitehall on the 3rd of September, 1658, in the midst of one of the most fearful hurricanes that had been remembered for many years in England, a circumstance which alike gave occasion for the boasting of the republicans, and the sneers of the royalists. "Nature was convulsed, the very elements were in grief at the death of so great a man," exclaimed his friends; while his enemies would have it that the storm was the work of the devil, who had ridden on its wings to carry off the soul of Oliver to the infernal regions.

Richard Cromwell, during his brief season of nominal power, resided in Whitehall; and when his career was ended, received notice to quit it within six days, with an allowance of 20,000*l.* to pay off his debts. General Monk became the next occupier, and kept the place warm till Charles II. arrived. His restored Majesty received the assembled Lords and Commons at Whitehall. On the meeting of his second Parliament, previous to the arrival of his queen, he introduced a passage into his speech, from which it would appear that the state of Whitehall and the street adjacent was anything but comfortable as regarded paving. "The mention of my

wife's arrival," said His Majesty, "reminds me to desire you to put that compliment upon her, that her entrance into the town may be with more decency than the ways will now suffer it to be; and for that purpose I pray you would quickly despatch and pass such laws as are before you, in order to the amending of those ways, in order that she may not find Whitehall surrounded with water."

The scenes of gaiety that Whitehall witnessed in the days of Elizabeth and James I. were never to be revived. Charles II. kept a merry court, but it wanted the refinement of Elizabeth's and the heartiness of James's. "All its precincts," says Evelyn, "were filled with lewd creatures," who consumed his substance and scandalized his reign. The Duchess of Portsmouth had apartments allotted to her far more splendid than the queen's, which, according to Evelyn's account, were not more richly furnished than those of a private gentlewoman. Those of the Duchess had been thrice pulled down, and as often rebuilt, to please her expensive whims, and were hung with the most exquisite and costly tapestry that could be procured in Europe, and furnished with cabinets, screens, vases, table-stands, chimney-furniture, sconces, branches, pendule clocks, all of massive gold and silver, besides many valuable paintings, which had been taken out of the queen's rooms to adorn hers.

Charles died in this palace of an apoplectic fit, on the 1st of February, 1685. He was in his usual good health six days before his death. Evelyn, writing the day after, recalled to his memory the scene he had witnessed in the royal apartments of Whitehall so shortly before

the king was reduced, by the touch of death, to an equality with the beggar, "I can never forget," says he, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God, (it being Sunday evening,) which this day se'nnight I was witness of; the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, &c.; a French boy singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, while about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset, round a large table, a bank of at least 2000*l.* in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me held up their hands in astonishment. Six days after, all was in the dust!"

James II., during his short occupancy of Whitehall, made some changes in the buildings; chiefly in those set apart for the purposes of religion, which he rendered more convenient for the performance of the Romish ritual. He also commenced a new range of buildings by the water-side, near the place where Richmond Terrace now stands, including a chapel and apartments for his queen, Mary D'Este. "The embroidery of the queen's bed," says Evelyn, "cost 3000*l.*, and the carving about the chimney-piece, by Grinlyn Gibbons, was incomparable." Yet the queen did not long enjoy this magnificence; her husband soon lost his kingdom for a mass; and one cold bitter December night, amid a furious storm of wind and rain, Mary D'Este was obliged to take her infant in her arms, wrap a cloak around her, and be rowed across the Thames in an open boat, and make her escape from England. This was on the 6th of December, 1688; and on the 17th the king quitted the same palace and

his throne for ever. On the 13th of February following, the Prince and Princess of Orange arrived, and took possession of the royal apartments, and on the following day were proclaimed King and Queen of England.

With the male line of the Stuarts ended the glories of Whitehall; the palace, which had seen much of their profusion, their debauchery, their faithlessness, and their incapacity, did not last long after them. On the 10th of April, 1691, a fire broke out in the apartments formerly occupied by the Duchess of Portsmouth, which burned down all that range of buildings to the water-side, and all those over the large stone gallery. They were never rebuilt; and another conflagration, more extensive, which broke out about seven years afterwards, completed the ruin the first had begun. The whole of the palace, with the exception of the Banqueting House that still remains, some inferior offices, and the lodgings of some of the nobility, fell a prey to the flames. There were burnt, besides the royal apartments, about one hundred and fifty houses, inhabited by the officers of the court and others, and twenty were blown up by gunpowder to prevent further damage. Sir Christopher Wren had apartments in the palace, in right of his office of Surveyor-General, which were burnt with the rest. Sir Christopher was very active in his exertions to save the palace, and when that became hopeless, the valuable pictures and works of art which it contained. Many of them were consumed, some trampled on and destroyed in the confusion, and a considerable number stolen by the crowd.

George I. converted the Banqueting House, sole rem-

nant of former splendour, into a chapel, and granted a stipend of 30*l.* yearly to twelve clergymen, taken equally from the two Universities, who officiate each a month in turns. The garrison of the Horse Guards attend every Sunday.

The site of the ancient palace is now occupied by the district known as Scotland Yard and the several mansions in the Privy Gardens, Whitehall Place, and Richmond Terrace on the river side of the public street, and includes the houses of the Earl of Liverpool, Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Ailsa, the Earl of Harrington, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Earl of Selkirk, Lord Howick, Lord James Stuart, and Lord Henley. The Horse Guards occupies the site of the old Tilt Yard, erected by Henry VIII., which was a long, enclosed space, extending from the Admiralty to the commencement of the Treasury, and memorable as the scene of the tournaments and pageants of Henry and Elizabeth, to which allusion has already been made.

The Horse Guards, though far from exhibiting a specimen of pure architecture, is still, in its front to the Parade, imposing, both from its extent and the excellent preservation of its stone. It is the work of Nardy, the same architect to whom, as already mentioned, we owe the front of Earl Spencer's mansion in the Green Park. The lowness of the arch in the centre has not escaped animadversion; and when it is considered that it forms the grand entrance to the park, through which the sovereign has (until very recently) been always accustomed to pass in his way to Parliament, it is to be lamented that a greater elevation could not be given to

it. There is a satirical print of the state-coach passing under it, where the coachman's head is in evident danger of coming in collision with the key-stone.

Melbourne House, adjoining the Horse Guards, was built by Payne, the architect, for Sir Matthew Featherstonehaugh. It was for many years inhabited by General Amherst, and afterwards by Frederick Duke of York, who exchanged it with the late Lord Melbourne for his house in Piccadilly. The Duke of York made considerable improvements in it under the superintendence of Holland the architect, who built a new front to it, and the dome portico across the street. It is now inhabited by Lady Dover. A few yards south of it, anciently stood the gate said to have been designed by Hans Holbein for Henry VIII., (engraved by G. Vertue, and published by the Society of Antiquaries). It was probably from the window of this gate that Queen Mary, in the year 1553, commanded her Gentlemen Pensioners to stand by her, when Sir Thomas Wyatt was expected to seize the palace. A medal was struck upon Her Majesty's escape.—See "Evelyn's Numismata," p. 92.

The offices of the Treasury are contiguous. The old grey remnant of a building which forms a part of the suite, is supposed to be the only remaining portion of Wolsey's original mansion of York Place. The Park front that reaches to the extremity of Downing Street, with which there is communication leading to the Park by a low arched passage, was built from the design of Kent, and consists of three stories, of the Tuscan, Doric, and Ionic styles of architecture. The new building,

called the Council Office, facing Whitehall, was built in 1826, from the design of Sir John Soane.

These buildings are on the site of the ancient Cock-pit, formed for the amusement of Henry VIII.; a brutal amusement, which was long considered, but unjustly so, to be peculiarly English. Admiral M'Bride, a brave sailor of the old school, constantly kept game-cocks on board his ship, and, on the morning of an action, endeavoured, and that successfully, to animate his men by the spectacle of a cock-fight between decks. Besides the Royal Cock-pit at Whitehall there were two others, one in Drury Lane and the other in Jewin Street. Queen Elizabeth frequently enjoyed the diversion, as well as the rougher and more sanguinary one of bull-baiting. Roger Ascham, her secretary for the Latin tongue, was also partial to it, as appears from Abraham Dacre's "Annals of Queen Elizabeth," and was frequently to be seen in the Royal Cock-pit at Whitehall. James I. was also addicted to the sport, which continued to be encouraged by the Court until Oliver Cromwell and his party began to feel their power, and it was prohibited by him in 1654. It revived again at the Restoration, and the Cock-pit was used for its former purposes, until it was destroyed by fire with the rest of Whitehall. The sport is still popular in England, but comparatively rare to what it used to be, on account of its illegality.

Turning now to the right, we pass up a dingy, shabby, solitary street, whose name is famous all over Europe, and which a stranger from the Continent, on his first arrival in London, expects to be the grandest street in this mighty metropolis. He is miserably disappointed in

Downing Street, for instead of a magnificent range of public offices, he sees some mean-looking houses, and a pavement which seems almost deserted, except by a sentinel, who walks his melancholy beat up and down by the door of the Foreign Office. He thinks there must be some mistake, and inquires of the sentinel, and hears that he is indeed in Downing Street, the very seat of the power of England; that that silent house on his left hand, with the sentry-box at the door, is the Foreign Office, where ministers have sat and controled the destinies of Europe, and that the equally mean, deserted-looking house at the further extremity, is the Colonial Office, where the destinies of a round of colonies, upon which the "sun never sets," are regulated.

Until the year 1839, Downing Street looked even more miserable than now. A dirty public-house stood at the corner, and there was a row of third-rate lodging-houses between that and the Foreign Office, which have now been all removed; preparatory to the erection of a handsome suite of public offices.

Leaving the modern Parliament Street, which has but few reminiscences to induce us to linger on its broad pavement, we prefer to pass along to Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of the Legislature, by the more ancient thoroughfare of King Street; which, however unpromising its outward appearance, has more recollections of interest than its successful and more flaunting rival. It was through King Street that Elizabeth, and James, and Charles I. used to make their way to the Houses of Parliament; and by the same road the stern old republicans of the days of Oliver Cromwell proceeded to the same

place, some on foot and some on horseback. When carriages became common, and the members began to use them, King Street was found too narrow, and when Whitehall Palace was burned down, a broader thoroughfare was made from Charing Cross for the convenience of those vehicles.

Cromwell, as already mentioned, had a house in King Street before he went to Ireland, as will appear from the following extract from the "Mercurius Pragmaticus," No. 13, from Tuesday, July 10th, to Tuesday, July 17th, 1649. The editor, in page 1427, speaking of Oliver, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, says:—

"Who this afternoone, when the House was rising, and had adjourned untill the Thursday following, did take his leave of Master Speaker and all the members then present, and taking horse at his house in King Street, he advanced towards Winsor, it being his way towards *Ireland*, attended with a retinue of gallant men for his life-guard; the trumpets sounding all the way as they marched through the streets."

In No. 225 of the "Moderate Intelligencer," from Thursday, July 5th, to Thursday, July 12th, 1649, appears the following relative to the same event:—

"July 10.

"This evening, about 5 of the clock, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey, by the way of Windsore, and so to Bristol; he went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen, himselfe in a coach with six gallant Flanders' mares, whitish-grey, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life-guard consisting of 80 gallant men, the meanest whereof a commander or esquire in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his life-guard many are collonels, and believe it, it's such a guard as is hardly to be parallel'd in the world. The Lieutenant's colours are white and blue."

In Coles' MSS. in the British Museum, vol. xxxiii., p. 38, there is the following acknowledgment:—

"A letter of Cromwell's to his wife, lent to me by Mr. Lort Jany. 19th, 1772, but from what authority he copied it I forgot to enquire. It appears to have been written to his wife in King Street.

"My Dearest,

"I have not leisure to write much; but I could chide thee, that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much.

"Thou art dearer to me than any creature: let that suffice. The Lord hath shewed us an exceeding mercy; who can tell how great it is! My weak faith hath been upheld: I have been in my inward man marvellously supported, though I assure thee I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late *success, Harry Vane* or Gil. Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. Thine, "O. Cromwell.

"Dunbar, the 4th of Sept., 1650."

King Street can boast other illustrious inhabitants, among whom stands first Edmund Spenser, a dear name in English literature. After his return from Ireland, he took lodgings here, probably that he might be near the Court, from which he still expected the reward which his genius and virtues entitled him to. The site of the house is not known, or many a poetical pilgrim would have paid the tribute of a reverential visit to the spot, more especially hallowed as the place where the poet died.

Another inhabitant of King Street whose residence in it deserves to be particularly recorded, was the poet and statesman Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, ancestor of that Earl of Dorset, who was the author of that well-known song, "To all you ladies now at land,"

and patron of Prior and other wits of that time. Dorset the elder is chiefly known as a poet for his "Induction to the Mirror for Magistrates." He died suddenly as he was attending a meeting of the Privy Council at Whitehall, on the 19th of April, 1608. He was in the eighty-first year of his age.

Another poet had lodgings in King Street at a later period,—Carew, the favourite of his contemporaries, and author of "Cœlum Britannicum," a masque, written for Charles I., and one of the very few performed at Whitehall during that prince's reign. He was also the author of many elegant songs, among which the one beginning—

> "Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,
> 'Twas I that gave thee thy renown;"

the dispute "between Celia's lips and eyes," and a third, beginning—

> "He that loves a rosy cheek,
> Or a coral lip admires,"

are now old familiar friends to every reader of taste. Pope has classed Carew among the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease; but we may add a sentence which, without disputing Pope's authority, will give a wholly different complexion to his judgment, "he wrote with ease, but he wrote well."

Dr. Anderson, in his edition of the Poets, records him as one of the most deserving wits about the Court of Charles I. Phillips says he was considered "among the chiefest of his time for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy;" and Clarendon pronounces him to have been "of a pleasant and facetious wit, and to have made many poems, especially in the amorous way, which for the sharpness of the

fancy, and the elegancy of the language in which this fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time." Ben Jonson, Dr. Donne, Thomas May, and Sir John Suckling, frequently visited him in King Street, and led a merry life with him. Davenant was also his friend, and wrote some verses to him, in which he represents all the lovers of England as wishing him dead, who wrote love songs so well that no one else had any chance of competing with him:—

"Upon my conscience, wheresoe'er thou diest,
Tho' in the black and mourning time of Lent,
There will be seen in King Street where thou liest,
More triumphs than in days of Parliament.

How glad and gaudy then will lovers be,
For every lover that can verses read,[1]
Hath been so injured by thy Muse and thee,
Ten thousand, thousand times he wished thee dead."

Carew was a gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Sewer in Ordinary to King Charles I. He is supposed to have died in 1639.

Burns meeting by chance in an old collection with his song beginning—

"Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year,"

was so struck with its beauty, that he tried his own hand upon it, modernized it, and improved it, as he always did with the old songs he condescended to retouch.

In Charles Street, leading from King Street on the right, in the house, now No. 19, on the south-west corner of Crown Court, and occupied as an eating-house, lived that extraordinary negro, Ignatius Sancho, who was born in 1729 on board a ship in the slave-trade. He was

butler to the Duke of Montague, and when he left service gave his last shilling to see Garrick play "Richard III." About 1773, he ventured to open a grocer's shop, by the assistance of the Montague family. He died in 1780. Garrick and Sterne used to visit him, and Mortimer, the painter, frequently consulted him as to his pictures.

"God's image, though cut in ebony."

In a work entitled "Sancho's Letters, with Memoirs of his Life," by Joseph Jekyll, Esq., M.P., published Dec. 30th, 1802, there is a portrait of him engraved by Bartolozzi after a picture by Gainsborough. The title is also adorned with an engraving by the same artist. The first letter in the work is dated from Charles Street, Feb. 14th, 1768, in which he says, "My best half and Sanchonetta's are all well." Sterne concludes a letter written to him July 27th, 1776, "And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu!" In one of Sancho's letters to Miss I., dated from Charles Street, June 20th, 1775, he observes: "This end of the town is fairly regatta mad, and the prices they ask are only five shillings each seat. They are building scaffoldings on Westminster Hall, and the prayers of all parties are now for a fine evening. May your evenings be ever fair and mornings bright!" The allusion in this passage is to a grand regatta on the Thames, between Westminster and Ranelagh Gardens; the first exhibition of the kind that was ever known in England, and which, from its novelty, attracted vast crowds of spectators. The next was given by the Duke of Newcastle, on the 7th of August following, at his seat Oatlands, near Chertsey, which was attended by equal multitudes.

Arrived at the end of King Street, we come in sight of the most classical ground in all England—the spot where the Legislature of this great empire has assembled for ages—where its sovereigns have been crowned, and where the ashes of most of them moulder with those of the most illustrious of their subjects—the great statesmen, the great poets, the great captains, the great philosophers, and the great divines, who have successively appeared to adorn the name of Britain. Its memories are so many, that we must linger among them with a fond delay, convinced that in no other equal space of ground, even in ancient Greece itself, could we find the association of so many choice spirits and so many great events, to hallow each foot of it.

Proceeding first to the venerable Abbey—claiming first notice, not only from its age, but for its importance—we shall cross over to its great door, and enter it by the way of kings, and not sneak into it, as we are obliged to do every day, by the narrow porch of Poet's Corner. As we traverse the space now occupied by enclosures or squares, by the Westminster Hospital and the Westminster Sessions House, we must not forget that we stand on the site of the ancient Sanctuary, which was pulled down in the year 1750 to make room for a market-house. This was one of the many places that formerly existed in London where criminals might find a temporary refuge from the law—a practice which was far from being so absurd as Pennant, following in the wake of other writers, has represented it. In times when every man went armed—when feuds were of hourly occurrence in the streets—when the age had not yet

learned the true superiority of right over might, and when private revenge too often usurped the functions of justice, it was essential that there should be some places whither the homicide might flee, and find refuge and protection until the violence of angry passions had subsided, and there was a chance of a fair trial for him.

In this sanctuary, Elizabeth Grey, Queen of Edward IV., took refuge, when the victorious Warwick was marching to London to dethrone her husband and restore Henry VI. She was pregnant at the time with the young Prince Edward, afterwards murdered with his brother in the Tower, by order of the bloody Gloucester. Shakspeare, in the third part of "Henry VI.," thus makes the unhappy queen allude to her flight, in answer to Lord Rivers, who asks what has become of Warwick:—

> "I am informed that he comes towards London,
> To set the crown once more on Henry's head;
> Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.
> But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
> (For, trust not him that hath once broken faith,)
> I'll hence forthwith into the *Sanctuary*,
> To save at least the heir of Edward's right,
> There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.
> Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly,
> If Warwick take us, we are sure to die."

The Queen succeeded in reaching the sanctuary, where she remained till her child was born, and her husband again restored to that throne where Henry VI. sat after his restoration for so short a period. After the death of Edward, when the ambition of Gloucester—foiled as long as her children lived, rendered her position most

insecure — she fled again to the sanctuary with her younger son, the Duke of York, the elder being already in the power of Gloucester, events thus commemorated in the magic page of Shakspeare. Elizabeth, embracing her son, exclaims—

"Ah me, I see the ruin of my house:
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and aweless throne.
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.
Come, come my boy, we will to *sanctuary*."

The Archbishop of York replies—

"My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me,
As well I tender you and all of yours.
Come, I'll conduct you to the *sanctuary*."

They were not allowed to remain long in security. The prelate who had led them thither was mainly instrumental in inducing the poor unhappy mother, by false promises, to deliver up her son. Shakspeare, true to history, thus ends the sad story in this colloquy between the Archbishop, who was also Cardinal, and Gloucester's instrument, the Duke of Buckingham:—

Buckingham.—
"Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Cardinal.—
"My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,

Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buckingham.—

"You are too senseless-obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional;
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place;
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it,
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it.
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of *sanctuary-men;*
But *sanctuary-children,* ne'er till now.

Cardinal.—

"My Lord, you shall o'errule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hastings.—

"I go, my Lord."

They succeeded too well; not by force, but by special pleading and false words, and the result was, that the child was smothered with his brother in the Tower, in a manner that every Englishman who can read is acquainted with, and lingers upon as one of the saddest, most interesting, and most affecting events of English history.

This Sanctuary was a church in the form of a cross, built very strongly of stone; and Dr. Stukely, who remembered it prior to its demolition in 1750, describes it as of vast strength, and with great difficulty pulled down. The reader who wishes for more particulars about it, will find them in Dr. Stukely's account, in the

first volume of the "Archæologia," page 39. Upon the site of it was built a market-house, which, after standing for about fifty years, became disused and unprofitable, and it was pulled down to make way for the Guildhall for the city of Westminster.

Upon the old market-place of Westminster, which stood nearer towards the middle of Charles Street, an event occurred in the reign of Elizabeth, which shows the small degree of liberty of speech and writing enjoyed in that age, and under that enlightened sovereign. The Duke of Anjou, for whose ambassador she instituted the masques and revellings already described at sufficient length in our account of the palace of Whitehall, afterwards came privately into England to pay his court to her. Being a papist, the proposed match was not considered with much favour by the people, who still remembered, as but of recent occurrence, the Smithfield burnings for heresy in the previous reign, and dreaded a renewal of them should the Queen marry a prince of that religion. Though the proposal never came to anything, Elizabeth was very jealous while it was under consideration. One John Stubbs, of Lincoln's Inn, a barrister, wrote a tract against the match, thus intituled—"The Discoverye of a gaping gulphe, whereinto Englande is like to be swallowed, by another French marriage, if the Lord forbid not the banns, by letting her Majestye see the sin and punishment thereof." In this tract, printed by one Singleton, and circulated by a servant named Robert Page, whom Stubbs employed, the visit of the prince was represented as an unmanlike, unprincelike, needy, French kind of wooing; and he and his family were

stated to be alike enemies of the gospel, and tyrants and oppressors in their hearts. These and other expressions gave great offence to the Queen; and Stubbs the writer, and Page the publisher, were forthwith arrested and brought to trial, under an act against seditious libels, made in the reign of Mary, for "attempting to draw her Highness's good and dutiful subjects into a suspicion and misliking of her Majesty's actions, as though the same tended to the prejudice of the realm, and subversion of the state of true religion." Both the prisoners were found guilty, and condemned to have their right hands cut off in the market-place of Westminster.

Both Stubbs and Page conducted themselves with great fortitude at the place of punishment, as appears from the account of Camden, who was a spectator of the cruel scene. Stubbs, after his condemnation, wrote a very eloquent and affecting letter to the Queen, acknowledging his guilt, and praying for the "pardon of his hand," "that he might ever bear it about with him while he lived, as an evident gaze to all the world of her prince-like, ladylike, Christian, free mercy towards him, provoking others, as it were, by its living testimony, to deserve well of her by well-doing, who was so ready to do well by one who was undeserving, and to be graciously merciful to so grievous an offender." He concluded by praying, that the Lord God might cut off both their hands and shorten their arms, who did not with all their hearts pray for her everlasting life in heaven after her godly, long, happy, honourable, healthful, and joyful life upon earth. This petition was unheeded, and the sentence was carried into effect. Stubbs made a speech upon the scaffold full

of eloquence and manly feeling; and putting his hand upon the block, where the executioner, with a butcher's cleaver and a mallet, was waiting, he fell on his knees, and prayed to the people—"Pray for me, now my calamity is at hand!" Camden says that as soon as his hand was off, he pulled off his cap with his left hand, waved it in the air, and exclaimed—"God save the Queen!" He then fainted away, and was removed. The multitude did not join in his shout. Camden says they were deeply silent, either from horror at this new and unusual punishment, or else out of commiseration towards the man, who was of honest and unblameable repute, or else out of sympathy for his offence, for the marriage was very unpopular. Page behaved himself even more nobly than his master. His words upon the scaffold were—"I take God to witness, that knoweth the hearts of all men, that I am sorry I have offended her Majesty, so I did never mean harm to her Highness's person, crown, or dignity, but have been as true a subject as any in England to the best of my ability." Then holding up his right hand, he said, "This hand did I put to the plough, and got my living by it many years. If it had pleased her Highness to have pardoned it, and to have taken my left hand or my life, she would have dealt more favourably with me, for now I have no means to live; but God, which is the Father of us all, will provide for me. I beseech you all to pray for me, that I may take this punishment patiently." He then laid his hand upon the block, and implored the executioner to do his work effectually at one blow. The man, however, daunted perhaps, and unnerved by the inflexible courage

of his victim, had to strike twice before the hand was severed. Page, heroic even in this agony, lifted up the stump, and pointing with his left hand to his lost member, exclaimed—"I have left there the hand of a true Englishman!" and so he went from the scaffold, says the account, "stoutlie and with great courage."

To the west of the Sanctuary stood the Almonry, where the alms of the abbot and monks of Westminster were formerly distributed. It is said that the first printing press ever known in England was used on this spot by William Caxton in 1474, under the protection of the Abbot of Westminster. The first work printed was, as is well known, that father of printed books—"The Game and Play of the Chess." Most writers are agreed that this great honour belongs to the city of Westminster, though there is some dispute as to the exact site of the printing-office; but, as Pennant has remarked, all acknowledge that it was within the precincts of the Abbey.

The wide space between the back of Great George Street on the north, and the Abbey on the south, and between Westminster Hall on the east, and the Westminster Hospital on the west, was, until some years after the beginning of the present century, a crowded district covered with narrow streets and miserable houses. They were all swept away prior to 1810, by which means a great improvement was effected, and the view of the Abbey thrown open. The space thus cleared was for many years known by the name of the "Desert of Westminster."

Before we enter the Abbey, let us pause for awhile on the outside, and narrate as succinctly as we can the

history of the venerable edifice from its foundation to the present time. The spot on which it stands was originally one of the most desolate in the neighbourhood of London, surrounded on three sides by water, overgrown with brambles, and known by the name of Thorney Island. A church dedicated to St. Peter was founded on it in the year 610, by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, on the spot where, according to tradition, there formerly stood a temple of Apollo, erected by the Romans, and thrown down by an earthquake in the fifth century. St. Peter himself, according to a Romish legend, came down from Heaven to consecrate it, with a host of angels. The night was dark and stormy, and the Saint missed his way, and instead of descending upon Thorney Island, alighted unluckily in Lambeth. It might be supposed that a saint who had come so far would have had no difficulty in getting across a river; but, from the monkish legend, it appears that he was reduced to great embarrassment. The heavenly choir who accompanied him flew over with the greatest ease, but Peter was obliged to wait until he found a waterman, and in those days watermen were scarce, to row him across. He at last found one Edric, a fisherman, who undertook the duty without fee or reward, and he was safely landed on Thorney Island. He directed Edric to wait for him till he came back, and to take particular notice what he should see in the church; Edric did so, and to his great wonder, saw it lighted up immediately with a most glorious illumination, and heard the sound of angelic voices hymning most heavenly music. He heard a solemn voice pronouncing the prayers of the Christian ritual, and all the

ceremonies of the Mass. It lasted for about half an hour, when the lights were suddenly extinguished, and the stranger stood at his side, and demanded to be rowed back again to Lambeth. The wondering fisherman obeyed; and in the voyage across was made fully sensible of the heavenly character of his companion. St. Peter, himself a fisherman, was revealed to the fisherman Edric, whom he charged on the morrow to find Mellitus, the Bishop of London, and tell him that the church needed no further consecration, and that there would be found in evidence of the supernatural visit, the chrism that had been used in the ceremony, and the dripping of the miraculous wax candles with which the edifice had been illuminated. As a reward to Edric for his trouble in twice conveying him over the Thames, he directed him to cast his nets into the river. Edric did so, and drew up with great difficulty a miraculous draught of salmon. "Present a tithe of them to the Church," said St. Peter, "and as long as you continue to do so, you and your successors shall never want for salmon." So saying, St. Peter disappeared in a flood of glory.

This legend was religiously believed until the Reformation, and a curious custom arose from it, which was observed until the year 1382. On the anniversary of the consecration of the Abbey, the fisherman had a right to sit at the same table with the Prior, and he might demand of the cellarer, ale and bread; and the cellarer might take of his fish as much as he could grasp of the tail with his four fingers only, holding his thumb erect.

St. Paul's Church having been founded about the same

time, by the same King Sebert, was known by the name of the East, and that of St. Peter's by the name of the West, Minster. The former name was shortly afterwards discontinued, but the latter remained, and gave name to the great city that in the course of time was formed around it. This church, which was probably of wood, was burned by the Danes, and restored by Edgar, at the instigation of St. Dunstan, in the year 958. This building, which also appears to have been of wood, was pulled down by Edward the Confessor, after it had stood less than ninety years, and rebuilt with stone in a magnificent manner. It took eleven years to erect, and was completed in 1066, a few months before William the Norman invaded England.

This building was allowed to stand for one hundred and seventy nine years only, when Henry III. resolved to pull it down, and erect upon its site a church still more magnificent in itself, and endowed more richly than its predecessors. The present Abbey was the result, which was commenced by Henry III., 1245, and finished in forty years, in the fourteenth year of Edward I., but only as far as the end of the choir. Stow differs from other authorities, and says the rebuilding was commenced in the third year of Henry, and finished thus far in sixty-six years.

Succeeding monarchs continued this work, but it made small progress until the reign of Henry VII., when it was finally completed by the erection of that most elegant chapel which bears his name. The chapel of Edward the Confessor, where the early kings are buried, having been well nigh filled with monuments prior to the

time of Henry VII., that monarch determined to erect a more magnificent mausoleum for his own family. The chapel of the Virgin was pulled down to make room for it, as also an adjacent tavern, known by the sign of "the White Rose," and which, with other houses, appears to have been built against the Abbey walls, as we commonly see to this day on some of the fine cathedrals on the Continent. The architect was the famous Sir Reginald Bray, and the foundation stone was laid by Islip, Abbot of Westminster, on the 11th of February, 1503. At the dissolution of the religious houses, the monks of Westminster, headed by their Abbot, William Benson, surrendered their monastery to the king, and Benson became first Dean.

Westminster, formerly a burgh only, afterwards became a city by its establishment as a bishoprick. Thomas Thirleby was the first and last who enjoyed that dignity, and on his translation to Norwich in 1550, the see was suppressed, but Westminster has ever since ranked as a city, and the second in the empire.

It was in the contemplation of the proud Protector Somerset to have pulled down Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's Church adjoining, and to take the materials to build his own palace in the Strand. This was rather too daring, but he actually commenced the demolition of St. Margaret's. The parishioners assembled in great numbers, with arms, drove away the Protector's workmen, and kept watch round this building for some days to prevent any attack upon it. A few months previously, the church of St. John's of Jerusalem, beyond Smithfield, was undermined and blown up with gun-

powder by Somerset's order; and the people of Westminster swore to die rather than suffer a similar sacrilege in their city. Their valour, and, Pennant says, "the bribe of fourteen manors," prevailed upon the Protector to desist, and the venerable Abbey and the small church in its shadow were preserved.

Mary restored the abbot and monks of Westminster, but they were all expelled in the reign of Elizabeth, and Fakenham, their superior, confined for life in Wisbeach castle. In 1560, it was converted into a collegiate church, consisting of a dean and twelve secular canons, thirty petty canons and other members, two schoolmasters and forty king's or queen's scholars, twelve almsmen, and many officers and servants. "This, however," as Pennant remarks, "does not seem to have been the first foundation of the celebrated Westminster School." Stow, in his "Survey of London," quotes the words of Abbot Ingulphus, who says, "he was educated here in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and remembered engaging in controversies with his queen, and receiving presents from her in his boyish days."

In the year 1629 the Abbey had fallen into so ruinous a state, that the most extensive repairs were found necessary. Either from the hopelessness of obtaining a parliamentary grant, or from his own abounding liberality, the then Dean, Dr. Williams, afterwards Archbishop of York, undertook the repairs at his own private cost, increased the library, and added to the number of scholars on the foundation. During the period of the Commonwealth, the revenues of the Abbey were seized, and the building itself sustained considerable injury

from the hands of the rude soldiery. All the articles of gold and silver were carried away, with other things of smaller value which happened to be portable, and the usual services of the cathedral were discontinued. Early in the next century, Sir Christopher Wren was employed to restore the abbey, with a grant from the House of Commons, and under his direction the two great western towers were completed. Sir Christopher was for twenty-five years employed upon the Abbey, from 1698 to his death in 1723. It was his original plan to have erected a lofty steeple, besides the towers. The repairs were continued after Sir Christopher's death; and in the reign of George II. additional sums were granted by Parliament for carrying on the works; and from that time until the present some renovation or other, or addition or improvement, has been continually going forward in this national edifice. A handsome choir was erected at the close of the last century, under the direction and from the plans of Mr. Keene, surveyor to the Abbey. A fire broke out on the square tower on the roof, on the 9th of July, 1803, which did great damage to this newly-erected choir, and for a time threatened the destruction of the whole edifice. Some workmen who had been employed to repair the leads on the roof, carelessly left their portable furnace unattended while they went to their dinner at one o'clock. About two o'clock, the vergers discovered that the flat roof underneath, which is supported by braces of timber and plaster, curiously gilt, was in flames. The molten lead from the roof fell plentifully on to the choir, with pieces of burning wood, and did great damage. A

vast concourse of persons immediately assembled, all anxious to lend their aid in rescuing the venerable Abbey from the ruin that menaced it, and brought water in buckets from the Thames to extinguish the flakes as they fell. Owing to the great height of the roof, nothing could be done to stop the progress of the flames in that quarter, until the arrival of the engines, and it was four hours before all danger was over. A contemporary account of the accident represents the concourse of people as greater than ever was drawn together by any fire in London. Troops of horse were stationed at the principal avenues to preserve order, and see that the very eagerness of the crowd to render assistance did not defeat its own object by causing confusion. The Dukes of Cumberland and Gloucester were present, and used great exertions. The damage done was considerable, and repaired at the expense of the Dean and Chapter. Parliament, a short time afterwards, voted further sums for the renovation of Henry the Seventh's chapel, which has been finally completed within the last ten years, and remains not only a magnificent monument of the liberality of its founder and the genius of its builder, but of the skill and judgment of those who were entrusted with the task of restoring it.

And thus have we traced the mere outward history of its walls. As we enter the sacred, edifice a series of histories even more intimately connected with its name open themselves out before us—reminiscences of kings and heroes, and poets and statesmen—of coronations and funerals, and all the pomp of the dead and living, of which this building has witnessed more than any other in

this realm. Like Addison, we delight to walk in the Abbey and reflect upon its history, and often consider, as he did, "what innumerable multitudes of people lie confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral—how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, are crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass—how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lie undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter." The humblest village burial-place can inspire the poet or philosopher with thoughts of a noble melancholy; but how much grander and more solemn the reflections that may be excited in the same heart by the last abode of the mortality of kings. How trite the subject, yet how new—how often dwelt upon, yet how full of ever-fresh material for lessons of wisdom—how common and familiar, yet how elevating and sublime! But of all the delightful passages that the round of English literature affords in connexion with our subject, none are so beautiful as the reflections of Addison in the "Spectator," part of which we have already quoted. They are known to most readers, but those who know them best will be the best pleased to meet with them again. "I have left," said the essayist, "this repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can

therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together." It is to be regretted that the promise conveyed at the commencement of this fine passage was not performed, and that Addison never favoured the world with his own further reflections upon this "repository of kings." His visit afterwards with Sir Roger de Coverley, in which the good knight's comments were allowed to take the place of his own, is but a poor substitute, and sadly disappoints the expectations he had raised. But after Addison, who shall moralize? Certainly, not we. We shall therefore walk through this solemn building, classifying for the reader, as we pass, the names of the illustrious dead who are either buried within,

or whose monuments are erected within, giving no note or comment which might draw upon our presumptuous pen comparisons which could not fail to be to its disadvantage.

And first, even in death as they were in life, let the royal personages be considered. There are the tombs of Edward the Confessor and his Queen Editha; of Matilda, the benevolent Queen of Henry I.; of Henry III.; of the warlike Edward I., and his fondly beloved wife Eleanor; of Edward III., and his queen Philippa; of Richard II., and his queen Anne, who first taught the English ladies the use of the side-saddle; of Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, mother of a race of kings; of Henry VII., and his queen Elizabeth; of Edward V. and the Duke of York, the two poor princes smothered in the Tower; of Queen Elizabeth and her luckless rival, Mary Queen of Scots; of Charles II.; of William III. and Queen Mary; and of Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, the last royal personages interred within these walls.

Mingling their dust with that of these inheritors of thrones, lie the great statesmen whose counsels upheld them, and one or two whose counsels helped to undermine them. Villiers, who fell by the assassin's hand, and Halifax; Chatham, who died in the performance of his duty, and whose dying eloquence was never surpassed by living man; Mansfield, who has left a fame as spotless, but not so brilliant; the two unfortunates, Percival and Londonderry, the one dying by the assassin's hand and the other by his own; Grattan, Canning, Sheridan, and Wilberforce; and still greater names, the mighty rivals,

Fox and Pitt, sleeping side by side, and each on his monument claiming and receiving the respect and admiration of every man who is proud of the name of Briton.

After these come the men who served their country, if not with the sage counsel and the eloquent tongue, with the undaunted heart and strong arm. Monk who restored the monarchy, and those who fought for it by sea and land,—Cloudesley Shovel, Ligonier, Howe, Warren, Kemperfeldt, Wolfe, Eyre Coote, and others as worthy.

And then the poets in their exclusive corner:—old father Chaucer, the divine Spenser, rare Ben Jonson, the witty Butler, the vigorous Dryden, the chaste Addison, the elegant Gay, the tender Thomson, the melancholy Gray, the classic Goldsmith, the pious Watts, with Prior, Rowe, Mason, Congreve, Johnson, and others of lesser note. And besides these, in various parts of the Abbey are the monuments to other great men, the heroes whom peace produces as plentifully as war;—Newton, who discovered new worlds, and made us better acquainted with the laws which maintain the old; Watt, than whom no man ever bestowed more solid advantages upon a country; and painters, musicians, actors, antiquaries, and learned men innumerable, including the names of Handel, Garrick, Busby, Burney, Kemble, Arnold, Kneller, Banks, Camden, and Isaac Barrow.

The Abbey contains eleven chapels, named St. Andrew's, St. Michael's, St. John Evangelist's, Islip's, St. John Baptist's, St. Paul's, Henry Vth's., St. Nicholas's, St. Edmund's, St. Benedict's, and Henry VIIth's.

Besides the tombs we have mentioned, there are various objects of interest in the Abbey, which receive their due

share of admiration from all visitors: the monument to the memory of the lady who died of a pricked finger; the fine piece of sculpture by Roubillac, erected in memory of Lady Nightingale; the sword of King Edward I.; the wax figures of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, Queen Elizabeth, and others; and, greatest curiosity of all, the coronation-stone, rough, shapeless, dirty, but which it is impossible to behold without a certain feeling of respect and awe. It is hard to say how many of the ancient monarchs of Scotland sat upon it to be crowned, ere it was brought away in triumph from Scone by the victorious Edward. This monarch verily believed, as the Scotch did, that it was the veritable stone that served the patriarch Jacob for a pillow, when he dreamed that magnificent dream, and saw all the angels descend from heaven as by a ladder. It was the greatest trophy King Edward could carry away, and the loss of it struck sore terror into the heart of Caledonia. Since that time, every succeeding monarch of England has sat upon it on the day of his coronation, and the stone has naturally become an object of great interest. Its fabulous and its real antiquity, and its regal uses alike combine to render it, uncouth and shapeless though it be, a national curiosity, and a relic of incalculable value. Most visitors to the Abbey desire to sit upon it, and we learn from Addison, that, in his day, a fine to the verger was the punishment of the man who placed himself upon this seat of kings. It is sometimes hinted at now, but very rarely, the verger being forbidden to demand anything beyond the customary fixed fee for admission.

The church of St. Margaret's, standing, as it were,

under the protection of the Abbey, and looking, in point of size, if we may make the comparison, like a child holding by its mother's apron, has also its interest, if it were for nothing else than for containing the ashes of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of the early poet, Skelton, so feared for his satires in the reign of Henry VIII. The church, at first a chapel, was founded by Edward the Confessor, and rebuilt by Edward I. and Edward IV. It was repaired and enlarged in the years 1641, 1651, and 1682; and again in 1735 and 1758. In the latter year 4000*l.* was voted by the House of Commons for the purpose, in addition to 2000*l.* voted in 1735, it being considered a national church for the accommodation of the legislature. It was finally beautified in 1803, and a handsome pew made for the Speaker in front of the west gallery.

The window, of beautifully stained glass, which ornaments this church, is much admired, and represents the crucifixon. Its history is not a little curious. It was intended as a present to Henry VII. to adorn the chapel he was then building, by the magistrates of Dordrecht, in Holland. It took five years in completing, and, the king dying in the meantime, it came, by some unexplained means, into the possession of the abbots of Waltham. The last abbot, to prevent its destruction, at the period of the dissolution of the religious houses, had it removed to a private chapel at Newhall, belonging to the Butlers, earls of Ormond. It next became the property of the Earl of Wiltshire, father of Queen Anne Boleyn, along with the domains of Newhall, which were successively possessed by Thomas Ratcliffe, earl of Sussex, George Villiers, duke of Buck-

ingham, and General Monk. During the civil wars, when so many beautiful windows of stained glass were destroyed, this one was removed from the chapel and buried in the gardens of Newhall, where it remained until the Restoration, when Monk, then duke of Albemarle, had it dug up and replaced in its former position. On the failure of the succession to the dukedom of Albemarle, Newhall fell to ruin, and was purchased, after the lapse of some time, from the heirs, by John Olmins, Esq. The latter pulled down a considerable part of the chapel, but preserved the fine window, in the hope that it would, some day, be purchased for Westminster Abbey. He had it taken to pieces, and packed up in boxes, in which state it remained, it is said, for some years, until it was bought by Mr. Conyers, to adorn his chapel at Copthall, in Essex. It cost this gentleman a considerable sum to have it repaired again. The window remained in this place till the death of Mr. Conyers, when his son built a new house, and having no further use for so splendid a piece of glass, sold it to the Committee appointed for the repairing and beautifying of St. Margaret's Church. Thus the window, after so long a series of adventures,—buried, broken up, and bandied about from place to place, was restored at last to its legitimate use, and fixed almost upon the very spot its first donors intended, after a lapse of nearly three hundred years.

Leaving the church, we find ourselves in Old Palace Yard, and in part of Westminster Hall and the temporary Houses of Lords and Commons. Before entering upon the history of the time-honoured Hall, let us pause a moment on this open ground and consider what it is,

and what it has been. It forms a considerable square, having on the east the River Thames, and a line of low sheds for the workmen employed in the embankment for the Houses of Parliament, and on the west a green enclosure with some stunted trees, amid which rises the statue of Canning, erected by Westmacott. On the north are the venerable Hall of Westminster and some ruinous remains of the old parliamentary and regal buildings, and on the south a row of private houses, amid which project, most prominently, the bay-windows of the King's Arms Hotel, famous in the electioneering annals of the city of Westminster. In the middle of the square are to be seen, at all hours, a dirty assemblage of hackney-coaches and cabriolets and their unmannerly drivers. But the ground upon which their horses stand is classic, and has been the scene of many great events. Towards the Thames there was, in the days of Elizabeth, and as late as Charles II., a handsome conduit, or fountain, and near the place where the steps now lead up to Westminster Bridge, stood a Clock-Tower, supposed by some to have been the prison of Richard Lovelace, the poet, where he was confined by the House of Commons in Cromwell's time, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, praying for the restriction of the king to his rights. While in captivity he wrote that beautiful song to "Althea, from Prison," so well known and so much admired; and which ends—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

"If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty."

It is by no means certain, however, that to the Clock-House belonged the honour of harbouring the poet, but more probably he was confined in the Gate-House, which was often used as a prison. Lŏvelace was the gayest, most accomplished, and most popular gallant of his day; dressed better than any man of his time, and was more esteemed by the ladies. He soon ran through a comfortable fortune, and ended his days in a state of poverty, but little removed from actual starvation, in a miserable lodging near Shoe Lane.

The origin of the Clock-House is explained by the following tradition. In the reign of Henry III. Rodulphus de Ingham, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, commiserating the hard case of a poor man, who had been cast in damages to the amount of 13*s.* 4*d.* in an action for debt, erased the record in the court roll, and substituted the sum of 6*s.* 8*d.* The plaintiff in the cause memoralized the King upon the injustice done him, and the judge was fined for his misconduct in the sum of 800 marks. The clock was built with the money, and the bell was tolled at intervals every day during the sitting of the Courts to remind the Judges of the fine inflicted upon their brother. The Clock-House was demolished in the year 1715, and the bell conveyed to St. Paul's Cathedral.

The open space of Palace Yard was long the scene for the infliction of minor punishments, where scolds and

libellers stood in the pillory to be pelted by all the ragamuffins of Westminster. It has been also the scene of severer punishments, and is rendered for ever memorable as the place of execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose ashes, as we have already mentioned, are deposited in the adjoining church of St. Margaret's. He was executed on Thursday, the 29th of October, 1618, in pursuance of a sentence passed, as is well known, fifteen years previously. He was brought to Palace Yard at nine in the morning, as we learn from the "State Trials," and manifested during his last moments an earnest striving to die without exhibiting a sign of fear. He had suffered for some days of a fever, and lest the weakness of his body should be considered a weakness of mind, he stopped immediately he arrived on the scaffold, and addressed the persons about him, saying—"I desire you will bear with me withal; and if I show any weakness, I beseech you to attribute it to my malady, for this is the hour in which it is wont to come." He then sat down, paused awhile, and directing his eyes towards a window where Lords Arundel, Northampton, Doncaster, and some gentlemen were sitting, he said, as if addressing them, that he thanked God that he had been brought out to die in the daylight and not in the darkness, meaning probably that he rejoiced he was not put secretly to death in the Tower. Perceiving that the lords did not hear what he said, as they were at some distance from the scaffold, he raised his voice, but Lord Arundel entreated him not to do so, as they would come to the scaffold beside him, and hear what he had to say. Space was made for them accordingly, and Sir Walter, in a

firm voice, made a long speech in defence and explanation of his conduct. He then prepared himself for death, giving away his hat, his cap, and some money to such persons about him as he knew, that they should preserve them as memorials of him after he was gone. Taking leave of Lord Arundel, he requested him—so strong even in that hour was his desire to stand well in the estimation of his contemporaries and of posterity—to desire the King that no scandalous writings to defame him should be published after his death. He then said, "I have a long journey to go, and must therefore bid you farewell." Taking off his doublet and gown, he desired the executioner to show him the axe. The latter appeared to hesitate a little, upon which Raleigh said, "I prithee, let me see it! Dost thou think I am afraid?" The man then gave it to him, and the victim felt carefully along its edge, and said to the sheriff, smiling, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all my diseases." He then walked to the several sides of the scaffold, and entreated the people to pray that God would give him strength. The executioner kneeling down to entreat his forgiveness, Sir Walter laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said he freely forgave him. Being asked which way he would lay his head upon the block, he answered, "So the heart be straight, it is no matter which way the head lieth." He then laid his head upon the block, his face being turned towards the east; and the executioner, throwing down his cloak lest he should spoil Sir Walter's embroidered gown, struck off his head at two blows, the body never shrinking or moving. The head was, according to the customary practice, shown at

both sides of the scaffold, and then put into a red leather bag. His wrought velvet gown was thrown over it, and it was carried away in a mourning-coach to his disconsolate widow—to her to whom he addressed such affecting letters from the Tower—and placed, with his body, in St. Margaret's.

The following are tokens of tradesmen who resided in Old Palace Yard:—

Thomas Pearson in the Olde (reverse) Pallace Yard, in Westminster.

John Guy in ye Old Pallace (reverse) Yard, in Westminster, 1666 his halfepenny $\frac{G}{I.\ E.}$

John Harman at the (reverse) in ye Ould Pallace half peny $\frac{H}{I.\ S.}$

Tho. Stone at the (reverse) Legg in Palace Yard $\frac{S}{T.\ P.}$

Edward Gibson (reverse) in ye New Pallace Yard Potter, 1662.

Westminster Hall, for many ages the principal seat of the courts of law, was originally built by William Rufus as the banqueting-hall of his adjoining palace. His subjects were sorely taxed for this and other expenses. He often kept his Christmases here in great state, according to the fashion of the Norman princes. The building was considered the most magnificent hall in England; but there being little or no protection by means of embankment from the high tides of the Thames, it was very often overflowed, and its foundations rendered insecure. Part of it was pulled down some years previous to 1397, by order of Richard II., and the present

edifice erected in its stead. Pennant describes the alterations made by this monarch, and according to Stow, his authority, the expense was paid by a tax on all foreigners or refugees in England. Shortly after its completion, he kept his Christmas in the Hall with a profuse splendour. The number of his guests each day is said to have been 10,000, and the cooks employed 2000. The Coronation banquets have also been given from a very early age in the same Hall; and occasionally, when the monarch was inclined to be liberal, the poor were entertained with prodigal feasting. Henry III., whose constant exactions made him an unpopular king, endeavoured to gain mob-favour by the splendour of these feasts. By orders given to his treasurer, William de Haverhall, in the year 1236, he caused 6000 poor men, women, and children to be fed, the weakest and most aged in the great Hall, as the place of honour, and in the lesser Hall those who were younger and in more reasonable plight; the children of both sexes being regaled in the apartments of the King and Queen.

The Parliament, when that body was a mere appendage to the royal state, and had no settled place of meeting, often assembled in Westminster Hall. When the alterations in the Hall were in progress during the reign of Richard II. a sort of barn, for it could not have been much better, if Stow's description be correct, was erected for their accommodation. It is described as having been formed of wood, and covered with tiles, and open on all sides, that every body might hear what was said and done.

The Hall from its noble dimensions, being the largest

room in Europe unsupported by pillars, or 270 feet in length, by 74 in width, has been generally selected as the scene of state trials of importance. The reader needs not be informed, but merely reminded, that in this place were tried Charles I., the Earl of Strafford, Lord William Russell, Algernon Sydney, &c.; and in comparatively recent times, Warren Hastings. Here also took place, in 1776, the celebrated trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy, which lasted six days, and excited as much interest throughout the country as if the fate of millions had depended upon the result.

The interior of the Hall was, until the middle of the last century or later, filled with shops and stalls, principally of books and printsellers. Several books published at that and an earlier period bear the imprint of Westminster Hall. The following is the title of a scarce tract, published by a bookseller, whose shop was in the Hall:—"A Sermon preached before the Hon^ble^. House of Commons at St. Margaret's, Westminster, October 10th, 1666, being the Fast Day appointed for the late dreadful Fire in the City of London. London, printed by Robert White, for Henry Mortlock, and are to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the White Hart, in Westminster Hall, 1666."

Several old prints represent the four sides of the Hall as entirely covered with shops, and the barristers walking about among them, and making purchases. The outside of the Hall was in like manner almost hidden from view by the number of petty coffee-houses stuck against it. These were all removed about the year 1810.

Leading from the Hall are the four principal courts of law, which are dignified in Term by the daily presence of the judge,—the Court of Chancery, the Court of Exchequer, the Court of Common Pleas, and the Court of Queen's Bench, with the three courts, adjuncts to the Chancery and the Queen's Bench,—the Vice Chancellor's and the Roll's Court, and the Bail Court. The most ancient of these is the Court of Chancery, where, from the Conquest until the middle of the sixteenth century, some dignitary of the Church has usually sat to perform the high duties of Lord Chancellor. Among eminent churchmen who have filled the office, might be enumerated half the prelates who have held the see of Canterbury, including Thomas à Becket and Cardinal Wolsey. After the reign of Henry VIII. this high office was no more bestowed upon ecclesiastics. The names of the eminent men who have since that time sat on the honoured bench of the Court of Chancery, include many which will live in the affection and admiration of posterity, as long as England remains a nation, or its language endures upon the globe.

The next court in point of antiquity is the Court of King's or Queen's Bench, so called as the sex of the sovereign may happen. Here the early Saxon, and after them some of the Norman monarchs, sat in person to hear the complaints of their subjects: and hence the name by which it is still known, although no king since Edward IV. has continued the practice.

The Court of Common Pleas was established in the year 1215, and the Court of Exchequer, in 1079. The Court of Exchequer Chamber, generally used as the place

where all the judges deliberate together upon important and questionable points of law, was instituted by Edward III. in the year 1359, and improved by Elizabeth in 1584. The actual halls where these courts now sit are of comparatively recent erection. The former courts were built from the designs of Kent, the architect surveyor-general of Public Works in the reign of George II. Great alterations were made in these courts in the year 1813, under the superintendence of Mr. James Wyatt, and in 1824 they were rebuilt as they now stand by Sir John Soane.

Adjoining to the courts of law is the site of the Houses of Lords and Commons, which were accidentally burned down in 1834, and where a new and splendid edifice from the plans of Mr. Barry is in course of erection.

The House of Lords, of which at the present time a gateway is the only remains, was formed of a spacious apartment formerly used as a court of requests, and at the union of Great Britain and Ireland was hung with some landscape tapestry, representing the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the gift of the States of Holland to Queen Elizabeth.

Between the House of Lords and the House of Commons was an apartment called the Painted Chamber, said to have been the bed-room of Edward the Confessor, but on insufficient authority, there being no good grounds for believing it to have been of an antiquity so venerable. In this room Parliaments were often summoned to attend, and in it was signed the death-warrant of Charles I. It

was also used as the place of conference of the two Houses on their committees.

The destruction of the House of Commons of the very walls and floor that Harley, Walpole, Pitt, Fox, Canning, and other illustrious men, trod upon and looked on, was justly regarded as a national calamity—far more serious than the mere loss of the buildings and their contents.

A pile more commodious and more elegant will soon stand on the site of the old one, but future orators and patriots will not be able to say, "Here, in this very room—here, upon these benches, sat the great men whose names shine in the page of English history—here, they resisted tyranny—here, they established and maintained the constitution—and here, they rendered the name of a Briton synonymous over the globe with the liberator of the slave—the friend of freedom and the civilizer of mankind." There is, however, this hope, and almost certainty, that new patriots, new orators, new statesmen will arise, as illustrious as the old, in time, to shed a lustre upon their modern place of meeting, and enact deeds within it, which, after years have passed, will render its reminiscences as dear as any that hallowed the old spot.

St. Stephen's Chapel, the original name of the building in which for many generations the Commons of England assembled, was first established by King Stephen in honour of the saint of the same name. It was rebuilt by King Edward III., in 1347, and dedicated "to the honour of Almighty God, and especially of the blessed Virgin and

of the martyr St. Stephen." He ordained it to be collegiate under the government of a dean, twelve canons secular, vicars, choristers, and subordinate officers, and endowed it liberally with lands in Yorkshire and Berkshire, and with his inn, situate in Lombard Street, London, and his tower in Bucklersbury. He also built for the use of the chapel, in the little sanctuary westward, a bell-tower covered with lead, in which were placed three very large bells, which were generally rung at coronations or at the funerals of royal personages. The dismal sound of these bells was popularly said to turn all the beer sour in the vicinity.

This monastery was not surrendered during the life of Henry VIII. It was not, however, allowed to escape, but was summoned to surrender under Edward VI. Its revenues at that time were calculated at 1085*l.* 10*s.* 5*d.* The building was then granted by Edward to be used as the permanent chamber of Parliament, which body before that time had no settled place of meeting. Various alterations and additions were made to the chapel at successive periods to render it more convenient for the members.

On the Union with Ireland, when the Commons received so large an accession to their numbers, the entire side walls were taken down, except the buttresses that supported the ancient roof, and thrown several feet back, by which more seats were procured.

The fire which caused the destruction both of this and the other House of Parliament, broke out in the library of the House of Lords at half-past six o'clock in the evening of the 16th of October, 1834. The persons

employed to burn a large quantity of wooden tallies, formerly used in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's office, instead of burning them in the open space between the Speaker's house and the river, put them into a large stove in one of the rooms in the House of Lords. The flues, in consequence, became over-heated, and set fire to the wood-work of the library. The flames spread with great rapidity, and although they were immediately discovered, and every exertion made by the fire-men, the police, the military, and the people, who assembled in great crowds, to subdue them, it soon became but too apparent that all their efforts would be unavailing. The efforts of the fire-men were then directed to the preservation of Westminster Hall, and that structure was happily saved, with some slight damage to the upper wall immediately opposite to the entrance. Fears were entertained for the safety of the venerable Abbey, but, happily, it escaped without injury. The flames were not subdued till a late hour. A great quantity of valuable records perished, together with the libraries of both Houses. The total loss to the nation was estimated at upwards of 200,000*l.* Next morning, King William IV. came from Windsor, having started the instant he heard of the calamity, and spent some time among the still-smoking ruins. He offered to give up either of his palaces for the use of the Legislature until new Houses could be built; but the situation of neither being considered suitable, it was finally resolved to erect a temporary building at the expense of about 20,000*l.*, in which the Lords and Commons now carry on their deliberations. Architects were then invited to send in plans for the new buildings,

and ultimately that of Mr. Barry was adopted. Several years ago, as we learn from the notes to Dr. Hughson's description of Westminster, it was suggested by Mr. Malton, author of a "Picturesque Tour through London," "that Westminster Hall, with its surrounding buildings, which are inconvenient and insufficient for the various purposes to which they are appropriated, might give way to the noble idea of forming the whole of this heterogeneous mass into one grand design, which would extend from Margaret Street to the river side, and from thence return by a spacious embankment by the House of Commons into the Old Palace Yard. In such a magnificent plan the different departments of the Legislature might be accommodated in a manner suitable to their respective dignities." The expense of such an undertaking was long the only obstacle, and the fire having rendered this a matter of necessity, the improvement is carrying out upon the plan recommended.

The Star-Chamber, the last vestiges of which will have disappeared ere these pages meet the eye of the reader, formed a part of the mass of buildings included in Westminster Hall, and the Houses of the Legislature. "The name of this court of justice," says Pennant, "so tremendous in the Tudor and part of the Stuart reign, was not taken from the stars with which its roof is said to have been painted (which were obliterated even before the reign of Queen Elizabeth), but from the *Starra*, or Jewish covenants, which were deposited there by order of Richard I., in chests under three locks. No *starr* was allowed to be valid except found in those repositories, where they remained till the banishment of the Jews

by Edward I. In the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. a new-modelled court was erected here, consisting of divers lords, spiritual and temporal, with two judges of the courts of Common Law, without the intervention of a jury." The powers of this court were so abused, that it was abolished altogether by the House of Commons in the 16th of Charles I., under circumstances familiar to every reader of English history.

PART III.

FROM CHARING CROSS TO WATERLOO-BRIDGE.

ONCE more making Charing Cross our point of departure, we proceed downwards through the busiest thoroughfares of London, where money-making multitudes continually pass to and fro, and where, as Dr. Johnson remarked to Boswell, the full tide of human existence is to be seen. The Strand and Fleet Street, from Charing Cross to St. Paul's, are not only the busiest places in London, but among the richest in memories of the past. The road formed in early ages, the connecting link between the city of London and the village of Charing and city of Westminster, and in more modern times, has become a component part of the latter city. "Up to the year 1353," says Pennant, "the Strand was an open highway, with here and there a great man's house, with gardens to the water-side. In that year it was so impassable, that Edward III., by an ordinance, directed a tax to be raised upon wool, leather, wine, and all goods carried to the staple at Westminster from Temple Bar to Westminster Abbey, for the repair of the road; and that all owners of houses adjacent to the highway should repair as much as lay before their doors." Thirty years

afterwards, tolls were granted for paving the Strand from the Savoy to Temple Bar, and many enactments for the same purpose were made between that date and the year 1532, when an Act was passed for the uniform paving of the whole line, the costs to be defrayed by the owners of the land. Before the latter year there was no continued street. The Strand was a rural road, and nothing intervened but a few scattered houses. "But about the year 1560," says Pennant, "a street was formed, loosely built; for all the houses on the south side had great gardens to the river, were called by their owners' names, and in after-times gave name to the several streets that succeeded them, pointing down to the Thames. Each of them had stairs for the conveniency of taking boat. As the Court was for centuries either at the palace of Westminster or at Whitehall, a boat was the customary conveyance of the great to the presence of their sovereign. The north side was a mere line of houses from Charing Cross to Temple Bar—all beyond was country. The gardens which occupied part of the site of Covent Garden were bounded by fields, and St. Giles's was a distant country village."

The first building from Charing Cross, in the direction of Temple Bar, was, in very early times, a hermitage, with a chapel dedicated to St. Catharine, which seems to have been occasionally used as the lodging for such bishops as came to attend the Court, and had no other residence in London or Westminster. Willis, in his "History of the See of Llandaff," states, on the authority of the Patent Rolls of the forty-seventh year of Henry III., that William de Radnor, the then bishop,

had permission from the King to lodge, with all his retainers, within the precincts of the hermitage at Charing, whenever he came to London. Immediately adjoining, or probably opposite, stood the ancient hospital of St. Mary Ronceval, a cell to the priory of the same name in Navarre. It was founded by William Marichal, earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Henry III., suppressed by Henry V. as an alien priory, restored by Edward IV., and finally suppressed by Edward VI., and its possessions granted to Sir Thomas Cawarden, to be held in free soccage of the honour of Westminster. It then came to Henry Howard, earl of Northampton, in the reign of James I., who, finding it in an uninhabitable and ruinous state, pulled the greater portion of it down, and employed Bernard Jansen, the architect, to erect a more commodious mansion upon its site. This edifice was known by the name of Northampton House, from its noble owner, who died in it in 1624. By his will it was left to his kinsman, the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Treasurer, and was then called Suffolk House. The heiress of this family married Algernon Percy, and the mansion thus came into the possession of the noble family of Northumberland about the year 1642, in which it has ever since remained, and borne their name for about two centuries.

The mansion, as built by Bernard Jansen, consisted of three sides of a quadrangle, and the principal apartments were in the upper end next to the Strand, then a much narrower thoroughfare at Charing Cross than it is now. Algernon Percy, almost immediately after he came into possession, commenced building the fourth side towards the river, that the principal apartments

might be removed from the dust and noise of the Strand. Inigo Jones was the architect. Evelyn, in his "Diary," under date of the 8th of June, 1658, speaks of having gone to see the pictures soon after this side of the quadrangle was completed. The picture that chiefly drew his attention was the Cornaro Family, by Titian, which still remains one of the principal ornaments of the mansion.

Considerable improvements were made in the building about the year 1750, and again in 1829 or 1830. The lion on the top, on the Strand side, is a familiar acquaintance of all the Londoners. A whimsical story has long been in circulation about it. Some wag undertook, for a trifling wager, to collect a crowd in the streets of London upon any pretence, however absurd. He went accordingly, leaned his back against Charing Cross, and looked very earnestly up to the lion. In less than a minute he was joined by one or two of the passers. He took out a spy-glass and looked still more intently at the lion. In less than five minutes about a hundred people had assembled, and the whisper went among them that at a certain hour the lion would wag his tail! Still the crowd increased; the Strand became impassable, and the greatest curiosity was manifested; several swore positively that they saw the tail wagging, and long arguments ensued pro and con. The story adds, that the crowds were not dispersed till a smart shower came on, and even then, some of the most pertinacious believers ensconced themselves in covered alleys and under doorways to watch the phenomenon.

An historical event of importance is connected with this edifice. In the year 1660, when General Monk had

taken up his quarters in the palace of Whitehall, he was invited by the Earl of Northumberland, in the name of the nobility and gentry of England, to a conference in Northumberland House, to discuss the state of the nation. Monk attended, and the restoration of Charles II., the event in every body's mind, but which had not as yet been openly talked of, was, for the first time, proposed in direct terms.

The side of the Strand next the river being that first built upon, will necessarily claim more notice than the other. Craven Street, the second street citywards from Northumberland House, and leading towards the Thames, deserves honourable mention, as having been the abode of Benjamin Franklin. The house inhabited in 1777 by the great philosopher, was No. 7, that which is now occupied by "The Society for the Relief of Persons Imprisoned for Small Debts." Craven Street was also the abode of the late James Smith, Solicitor to the Ordnance, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," and of various other works. His house was No. 27. He died here on the 24th of December, 1839. The following extemporaneous effusions, relative to this street, are said to have been made at dinner by that gentleman and his friend Sir George Rose:—

J. S.—"At the top of my street the attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found:
Fly, Honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
For there's *craft* in the river and *craft* in the street.

Sir G. R.—"Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys and barges—od' rot 'em—
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom."

"The branching streets that from Charing Cross divide," mentioned in the second book of Gay's "Trivia," as resounding with the cry of "Clean your honour's shoes!" are no longer in existence, having been all cleared away to make room for the improvements of Trafalgar Square, the West Strand, King William Street, and the Lowther Arcade, between the years 1827 and 1832. The street has thus been considerably widened, and a row of very handsome houses erected in place of the old dilapidated ones that formerly nodded over the head of the passenger, and threatened to crush him in their ruins.

Among the few new buildings on the river side, the new Hungerford Market is the most prominent. The market takes its name from the family of Hungerford, of Farleigh, in the county of Wilts. Sir Edward Hungerford, who was made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II., converted his mansion into various small tenements and a market. The latter was rebuilt in 1831 in a handsome manner, and forms a great ornament to the bank of the river. It is besides one of the most frequented steam-boat piers in London, and on a fine Sunday or holiday during the summer months it is a scene of great bustle and animation.

Hungerford Suspension Bridge would, fifty years ago, have been accounted a world's wonder; but the genius of Telford has familiarized the marvel to our minds. One suspension bridge must of necessity be like another, and this pretty faithfully "reflects its brother" at Hammersmith.

Villiers Street, that runs from the Strand parallel with

the east side of Hungerford Market, is so called from the Villiers', dukes of Buckingham, on the site of whose princely mansion it is erected. The house that anciently stood here, was called the Bishop of Norwich's inn; but being exchanged in 1535 for the abbey of St. Benett Holme, in Norfolk, it became the property of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk. In the reign of Mary it was purchased by the Archbishop of York, and called York House, but did not long continue to be inhabited by the prelates of that see, as we find that in the reign of Elizabeth, the Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon, and the Lord Keeper Sir Thos. Egerton, both resided in it. Shortly after the latter took up his abode in it, his illustrious son Francis was born in it. This event took place on the 22nd of January, 1561, and here the future Lord Chancellor, philosopher, and statesman, passed his infancy and childhood, being often taken to Court by his father to converse with the Queen, who delighted to prove the strength of his mind by questions, which he answered with such ability and gravity that Her Majesty often playfully called him her young Lord Keeper. It is related of the sage that, when a boy at York House, he used to go to play with his companions in St. James's Fields, and that there was a brick conduit there with a singular echo, the cause of which, even at that early age, he was exceedingly anxious to discover, and often stole away from his playmates for that purpose. In his after years he resided principally in Gray's Inn, but still retained York House. He celebrated here the sixtieth anniversary of his birth, in company with many of his

friends. Ben Jonson was one of the guests on that occasion, and composed the following verses, which, says Mr. Martin, in his "Character of Lord Bacon," were most likely recited by the poet himself."

"Hail, happy genius of this ancient pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile?
The fire, the wine, the men; and in the midst
Thou stand'st, as if some mystery thou didst.
Pardon, I read it in thy face! The day
For whose return, and many, all these pray,
And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
Since Bacon and thy lord was born, and here;
Son to the grave, wise keeper of the seal,
Fame and foundation of the English weal.
What then the father was, that since is he,
Now with a title more to the degree;
England's High Chancellor, the destined heir
In his soft cradle to his father's chair,
Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their richest wool.
'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be known,
For 'twere a narrow gladness kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crown'd bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my king."

Bacon after his release from the Tower seems never to have returned to inhabit York House, being forbidden to come within the verge of the Court. He was allowed to reside at his house at Gorhambury, "where," to use his own affecting words, "he lived upon the sword-point of a sharp air, and augered if he went abroad, dulled if he stayed within, solitary and comfortless, without company, banished from all opportunities to treat with any to do him good, and to help out any wrecks; and that which was one of his greatest griefs—his wife that had been

no partaker of his offending, made to be the partaker of the misery of his restraint." Bacon found this banishment so irksome, that he prepared a petition to the Lords to be allowed to return to York House, where he might have "company, physicians, conference with his creditors and friends about his debts and the necessities of his estate, helps for his studies and the writings he had in hand," concluding his petition with the following eloquent appeal, "Herein your Lordships shall do a work of charity and nobility: you shall do me good; you shall do my creditors good; and it may be, you shall do posterity good, if out of the carcass of dead and rotten greatness, as out of Samson's lion, there may be honey gathered for the use of future times!" Bacon was much attached to York House. "It is the house," said he, "wherein my father died, and wherein I first breathed; and there will I yield my breath, if so please God, and the King will give me leave, though I be now by fortune (as the proverb is) like a bear in a monk's hood. At least no money, no value shall make me part with it." After four or five months' earnest solicitation, Bacon was permitted to leave Gorhambury; his fine was remitted, but he was not allowed to reside within the verge of the Court. He therefore took a small house at Chiswick. The favourite Buckingham had cast a longing eye upon York House, and its great owner was no more to possess it. His friend Sir Edward Sackville, who knew the inclinations of Buckingham and the Lords, advised Bacon to part with his residence, and thereby perhaps avert their enmity, if he did not gain their good-will. "In

York House," said Sir Edward Sackville in a letter to Bacon, "were gone, the town were yours, and all your straitest shackles cleared off, besides more comfort than the city air only. I have told Mr. Meautys how I could wish your Lordship to make an end of it. From him I beseech you take it, and from me only the advice to perform it. If you part not speedily with it, you may defer the good which is approaching near you, and disappointing other aims (which must shortly receive content or never), perhaps anew yield matter of discontent, though you may indeed be as innocent as before." Mr. Meautys (a creditor of Bacon's, and who used him "coarsely," and meant, as the philosopher said in a moment of bitterness, "to saw him asunder,") writing to support Sir Edward's advice, said, "The great Lords long to be in York House. I know your Lordship cannot forget they have such a savage word among them as *fleecing*." An Act of Parliament was passed on the 19th of May, 1624, whereby York House and estate were "assured" to the king, and they were then granted to Buckingham, the man by whose influence chiefly they were wrested from Lord Bacon. Buckingham employed Inigo Jones to rebuild a great part of it in a style of much magnificence.

The York Stairs or Water Gate, at the bottom of Buckingham Street, will give some idea of the beauty of the building, of which this is now the sole remnant. This gate has been universally admired and pronounced to be the most perfect piece of building that does honour to the name of Inigo Jones. "It is planned," says the

author of the "Critical Review of Public Buildings," "in so exquisite a taste, formed of such equal and harmonious parts, and adorned with such proper and elegant decorations, that nothing can be censured or added." The Duke lived here in the most expensive manner till his unhappy assassination by Felton, when it became the property of his more celebrated or more notorious son—whichever the reader chooses to consider him. It was then leased to the Earl of Northumberland, (whose son Algernon had not yet married the Heiress of Suffolk, and received a town house with her,) together with its goods, furniture, and pictures, for the small sum of 350*l.* During the usurpation of Cromwell and the Parliament, York House was considered public property, and as such bestowed as a reward for his services on General Lord Fairfax. The heiress of that nobleman married the Duke of Buckingham, and the house again reverted to its legal owner, who resided in it for many years after the Restoration, being extravagant enough to maintain two first-rate houses within a few yards of each other for his own occupation. He, however, preferred Wallingford House on the other side of Charing Cross, of which we have already made mention; and being in want of money towards the close of his career, he sold the whole estate of York House for building on. Several streets were laid out upon its site, which went generally by the name of York Buildings; but are now distinguished each by its separate appellation, containing a word of the name or title of the last owner. Thus we have to this day George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley, and Buckingham Street.

Of Villiers Street the following notice occurs in the "Memoirs of Evelyn," vol. I. p. 530: "17th Nov., 1683. I took a house in Villiers Streete, York Buildings, for the winter, having many important concernes to dispatch, and for the education of my daughters."

York Stairs are approached from a small inclosed terrace, planted with lime-trees, used as a promenade by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who maintain the fabric and terrace from the proceeds of a rate levied on their houses for that purpose. On the river-front is a large archway opening upon steps that lead down to the water, with a window on each side. These, conjointly with four rusticated columns, support an entablature, crowned by an arched pediment and two couchant lions holding shields. In the middle of the pediment, within a scroll, are the arms of the Villiers' family. On the street side are three arches flanked by pilasters, supporting an entablature, on which are four balls. Above the key-stones of the arches are ornamental shields with anchors, that in the centre bearing the Villiers' arms impaling those of Manners. The Villiers' motto, *Fidei coticula crux*, is inscribed upon the freize.

Peter the Great, on his visit to this country, had lodgings in York Buildings, in a house overlooking the river, supposed to be that on the left-hand corner of Buckingham Street. Here, after rowing about on the Thames between Deptford and London, he used often to retire and spend his evenings with Lord Caermarthen, drinking hot brandy with pepper in it—a fiery beverage, of which he was fond, and which served to digest the raw viands and the train-oil of his ordinary diet.

Passing Coutts's celebrated bank,—a gloomy-looking house, No. 58 in the Strand, and more like a prison or a mad-house than the temple of Mammon, which it is,—we stand upon the site of the ancient pile, called Durham House or Palace, famous in the history of England as the place where Lady Jane Grey was married, and for other events of historical interest. It is now covered by several streets, bearing the general name of the Adelphi; so called from the Greek word, signifying "brothers," because it was built and planned by four brothers of the name of Adam. Durham Place, the mansion itself, stood on the spot now occupied by John Street, extending to the river, with offices and outbuildings, extending to the Strand. It was erected, according to Stow, by Thomas de Hatfield, bishop of Durham, between the years 1345 and 1381, and continued to be inhabited by his successors until the 26th of Henry VIII., when Tonstal, the then bishop, exchanged it with the king for another mansion in Thames Street. On his marriage with Ann of Cleves, Henry held a great tournament in the Tilt Yard at Westminster, and each day after the jousting the challengers invited the Court to a sumptuous repast in Durham Place. The sports lasted six days, and at the conclusion, in addition to the king, queen, the Court, the foreign ambassadors, the nobility, and principal knights, the givers of the feast invited the members of the House of Commons, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, with their wives, and many other persons. The king rewarded the challengers for their feast and their prowess by a yearly pension of one hundred marks each, to them and their heirs for ever, payable out of the revenues of

the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. He might have found a better appropriation for the church property.

Under the administration of the affairs of England by the ambitious family of the Seymours, during the minority of Edward VI., a mint was established in Durham Place, under the management of Sir William Sherington. The money coined was to have been used in corrupting the army and people, and generally to aid the Lord Admiral, Thomas Seymour, in his designs upon the throne. His practices were discovered, and he suffered death. Sir William Sherington was also condemned, but he escaped punishment, and was employed by the next possessor of Durham Place in a similar occupation. As ambitious as the Seymours, Dudley, earl of Northumberland, appeared at one time more successful, and his liberality and magnificence were the universal theme of the populace. The marriage of Lady Jane Grey with his son, Lord Guildford Dudley, was celebrated with much splendour within these walls, simultaneously with the marriage of two other members of his aspiring family: Lord Herbert with the Lady Catherine Grey, sister of the Lady Jane, and Lord Hastings, heir of the Earl of Huntingdon, with the Lady Catherine Dudley, the duke's youngest daughter. When the unfortunate Lady Jane was brought from Sion House by her father-in-law to assume the crown, bequeathed to her as if it had been of the goods and chattels of King Edward VI., she was lodged in Durham Place, and from thence escorted, with all the pride, pomp, and paraphernalia of royalty, to the Tower,—the luckless queen of a few days. Queen Mary granted Durham Place to the see to which it originally belonged; but

Elizabeth, on her accession, claimed it as one of the royal palaces, and granted the use of it to Sir Walter Raleigh, who continued to inhabit it till a short time after her death. It was one of the charges brought against Raleigh under James I., that he received Lord Cobham at his apartments in Durham Place, and there conspired with him and others how to advance the Lady Arabella Stuart to the throne. In Aubrey's "Letters," vol. III., p. 513, there is the following description of Sir Walter's lodgings: "Durham House was a noble palace; after he came to his greatness he lived there, or in some apartment of it. I well remember his study, which was on a little turret, that looked into and over the Thames, and had the prospect, which is as pleasant, perhaps, as any in the world, and which not only refreshes the eie-sight, but cheers the spirits, and (to speake my mind) I believe enlarges an ingeniose man's thoughts."

On Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower, Durham Place was granted by the King to Toby Matthew, bishop of Durham, and afterwards archbishop of York. The stables at this time were in a very ruinous condition. Strype says, "ready to fall, and very unsightly in so public a passage to the Court and Westminster." The Earl of Salisbury, to whom they belonged, granted the site to build an exchange for the sale of millinery. It was built upon the plan of the Royal Exchange, and was solely occupied by sempstresses and milliners. King James and his Queen attended the opening of it, and it was named by the Queen, "the Burse of Britain." It was afterwards called the New Exchange. In 1640, Durham Place was purchased of the See of Durham by

Philip, earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, who pulled it down, and converted the site into streets. In 1737, the Exchange was also pulled down, and a frontage of dwelling houses and shops made to the Strand. Two romantic stories are related of the Exchange, which stood almost directly opposite to the site of the present Adelphi Theatre. In the year 1653, one Don Pantaleon de Saa, brother of the Portuguese ambassador to the court of Oliver Cromwell, quarrelled with a gentleman named Geraud in the public walk of the Exchange, whither they had both come, as was the fashion with the young gallants of the day, to ogle and flirt with the milliners. Some opprobrious expressions escaped Mr. Geraud, and the Portuguese determined on vengeance after the manner of his own country. He hired some bravos to come with him to the Exchange on the following day. They waited a short time, and saw a gentleman, whom they mistook for Mr. Geraud, walking with a lady, when they rushed upon him, and stabbed him to death with their poniards. They were immediately seized, and Don Pantaleon being tried, was found guilty and sentenced to death. By a strange coincidence, Mr. Geraud, whom he had intended to make his victim, was executed on the very same scaffold, on the very same day, for being condemned in a plot against the life of Oliver Cromwell.

The other story relating to the Exchange is of the days of William III. A sempstress, whose face nobody had ever seen, was observed day after day to take her station at her stall dressed in white, and wearing a white mask. She excited great curiosity, and carried on in consequence a more profitable trade than any of her

companions. All the fashionable world of London went to visit her, and she became known by the name of the "White Milliner." It was at length discovered that this mysterious lady was no other than the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the widow of Richard Talbot, lord-deputy of Ireland under James II., and who was reduced to such extremity of distress that she would have starved if it had not been for the little trade she then carried on. Her relatives, ignorant of her extremity, provided for her immediately the story became known.

The estate of Durham Place was purchased, about the year 1760, of the Earl of Pembroke by the Messrs. Adam, brothers and architects, who built the stately terrace overlooking the river, named after them, the Adelphi. Durham Yard is a narrow passage, running right under this pile to the coal-wharves on the banks of the river. Mr. Malton says, the project of clearing away the small houses upon this uneven spot of ground, and building so magnificent a terrace upon their site, was "a project that excited very much attention at the time. The extreme depth of the foundations, the massy piers of brick work, and the spacious subterranean vaults and arches, excited the wonder of the ignorant and the applause of the skilful; while the regularity of the street in the superstructure, and the elegance and novelty of the decorations equally delighted all descriptions of people." Soon after the terrace was built, the centre house was purchased by Garrick, whose widow continued to inhabit it till her death.

Boswell relates that he and Johnson visited Mrs. Garrick here the first day her house was opened after her

husband's death, and that they met Sir Joshua Reynolds there, with Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Boscawen, and others. "She looked well," says Boswell, "talked of her husband with complacency; and while she cast her eyes at his portrait which hung over the chimney-piece, said, that 'death was now the most agreeable object to her.'" The old lady lived to be ninety years of age. As Johnson and Boswell came away from Mrs. Garrick's, Johnson remembered that his friend Beauclerck had died in one of the houses of the same terrace. The two stopped for awhile, leaned on the rails, and looked into the Thames. "I said to him," says Boswell, with some emotion, "that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us." "Ay, sir," replied Johnson, tenderly, "and two such friends as cannot be supplied."

While we are upon the subject of this terrace, we must not forget the joke recorded against a late worthy alderman of London. The healths of the Prince Regent and the Duke of York being proposed at a public dinner, where they were present, as the "Adelphi," the alderman drank the toast, and proposed another directly afterwards—"While we are toasting the streets," said he, "I don't see why we shouldn't toast Finsbury Square. I propose Finsbury Square with three times three!"

Robert, John, George, and James Streets, in the Adelphi, are so called from the names of the brothers Adam. In John Street, at Osborn's Hotel, resided the King of the Sandwich Islands, on his visit to this country in the reign of George IV. His Otaheitan Majesty stands a fair chance of being long remembered in England, from

the well-known song made about him, called "The King of the Cannibal Islands," which has been popular ever since. It is probable, however, that the song will outlive his memory, having found its way to, and become a favourite in the new world of North America and Australia, where the circumstances that gave rise to it were never known.

In John Street is the building designed by the Messrs. Adam, for "The Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce;" "a building," says Mr. Malton, "simple without meanness, and grand without exaggeration." The interior, besides the various offices of the Society, contains appropriate apartments for depositing the models which have obtained prizes. The "Great Room" is a noble apartment, forty-seven feet in length, forty-two in breadth, and forty in height, illuminated through a dome. The sides are ornamented by six large pictures, painted by James Barry, so connected in a series as to illustrate the maxim, "that the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation, and perfection of the human faculties, physical and moral, which are so well calculated to lead human nature to its true rank, and the glorious designation assigned for it by Providence." The first picture exhibits mankind in a savage state, exposed to all the inconvenience and misery of neglected culture; the second represents a harvest-home, or thanksgiving to Ceres and Bacchus; the third, the victors at the Olympic games; the fourth, Navigation, or the triumphs of the Thames; the fifth, the distribution of rewards by the Society; and the sixth, Elysium,

or the state of final retribution. The pictures are all of the same height, viz., eleven feet ten inches. The first, second, fourth, and fifth are fifteen feet two inches long; the third and sixth, which occupy the whole breadth of the room at the north and south ends are each forty-two feet long. Besides these, the room contains whole-length portraits of the various Presidents of the Society, since its establishment in 1753; a bust of Franklin, who was one of the most active members of the Society, and other busts, statues, and pictures of ingenious and illustrious men.

Mr. Robert Adam, the eldest of these brothers, died in March, 1792; he was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the south aisle; his pall was supported by the Duke of Buccleuch, the Earl of Coventry, the Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Stormont, Lord Frederick Campbell, and Mr. Pulteney. The brothers were the sons of William Adam, himself an architect of some eminence in Scotland. They were born at Kirkaldy, and educated at the University of Edinburgh.

Again returning to the Strand, we arrive at Salisbury Street, which, with Cecil Street, stands upon the site of Salisbury House, the residence of Sir Robert Cecil, second son of the wise Burleigh, the minister of Elizabeth. Salisbury Street was the residence of the famous Partridge, the cobbler and almanack-maker, whose death, as alleged by Swift, under the name of Bickerstaff, kept the town in good humour for a month. Partridge, in a great rage, knocked a man down opposite his own door, for crying about the town an account of his death, an incident which kept up the laugh against him when it

was dying away; the joke, however, ruined his almanack, and Partridge never was himself again.

Salisbury House was a large structure, surmounted by turrets, fronting the river, and having a wall to the Strand, which thoroughfare the Earl caused to be levelled, and substantially paved the whole way before it. His successor, the second Earl of Salisbury of this family, divided the mansion into two, the one going by the name of Great, and the other of Little Salisbury House, the Earl himself inhabiting the former and letting out the latter, as the old book says, "to persons of quality." Little Salisbury House was afterwards pulled down, and a rather mean-looking street built on its site, which in its turn was pulled down, and the present handsomer street erected under the superintendence of James Paine, the architect. Between this and Great Salisbury House, which occupied the site of Cecil Street, an exchange was built, upon the plan of the Burse of Britain, further up the Strand; it was called the Middle Exchange, and consited of one long covered room, leading from the Strand to the Thames, with shops and stalls on each side, and a flight of steps at the end to the river, where boats could be hired. The place became the resort of abandoned women; no respectable persons would take stalls in it, and it soon went to decay. It was ultimately pulled down in 1696 by the Earl, along with Great Salisbury House, when Cecil Street was first built.

A little beyond this was Ivy Bridge, under which there was a narrow passage to the Thames, that formed the boundary line between the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster and the City of Westminster. "Near this bridge,"

says Pennant, "the Earl of Rutland had a house, in which several of that noble family breathed their last." In the Strand, exactly opposite Ivy Bridge, Thomas Parr, the "olde olde man," as he was called, had lodgings when he came to London, to be shown as a curiosity to Charles I. The authority for this fact is a Mr. Greening, who, in the year 1814, being then about ninety years of age, mentioned it to Mr. J. T. Smith, saying, that he perfectly well remembered when a boy, having been shown the house by his grandfather, then eighty-eight years of age. The house, which stood at the commencement of the present century, had been known for more than fifty years as the "Queen's Head," public house.

On the other side of the Strand stood, up to a very late period, Exeter Change, famous, among other matters, for its wild beasts. This place, which is almost within the recollection of the young generation, was erected on the grounds of Exeter House, the residence of Lord Burleigh. The first house built upon the spot appears to have been the parsonage-house of the parish of St. Clement Danes, but the ground having come into the possession of the Crown, it was granted to various persons until the reign of Elizabeth, when again reverting to the Crown, it was bestowed by that sovereign upon her wise minister, then Sir William Cecil. The house which he built was then called Cecil House, but on his being ennobled, it took its designation from his title. The gardens extended, on the west to a green lane, the site of the present Southampton Street, and on the east to the spot where the Lyceum is built. The Queen once paid him a visit in this house when he was very ill with the gout.

The Queen, it appears, wore a very high pyramidical head-dress upon this occasion, so high that the master of the household to Burleigh desired Her Majesty to stoop, or she could not enter the door. "For your master's sake I will stoop," replied the Queen, "but not for the King of Spain."

Seeing, on her entrance, that Burleigh could not comfortably stand, she insisted that he should sit in her presence. The minister began to apologize for the badness of his legs, but was stopped with that very civil and very sensible speech which has been so often quoted. "My Lord, we do not make use of you for the badness of your legs, but for the goodness of your head."

Burleigh usually maintained a household of about eighty persons here, and was very charitable to the poor of his own and the adjoining parishes. It is a pity for his memory that he had so little appreciation of merit, and that he poisoned the Queen's ear against the illustrious and amiable author of the "Fairie Queene," and withheld from him, in his distress, the relief that his royal mistress was willing to afford him. Burleigh died in this house in the year 1598, when it became the property of his eldest son Thomas, afterwards Earl of Exeter. For many years the two sons of this nobleman had mansions opposite to each other in the Strand, Salisbury House, already mentioned, being the abode of Robert, the second son of Burleigh. After the great fire of London, Burleigh, or, as it was generally called, Exeter House, was granted to the doctors of the ecclesiastical law, and here the various Courts of Arches, Surro-

gates, Admiralty, and the Prerogative Court were kept until new places were found for them in Doctors' Commons. The lower part was then converted into an Exchange for the sale of cutlery and fancy goods, and continued in existence until the year 1828 or 1829, when it was removed, and the Strand widened.

Exeter Hall was erected upon part of the site of the Exchange, as a place where the various charitable and religious societies of the metropolis might hold their meetings, the inconvenience of hiring accommodation in taverns or theatres having been long complained of. It was built in 1830, from the design of Mr. G. Deering. The only part it presents towards the street is a portico of two pillars and two pilastres, over which is the Greek inscription, "Philadelphia." The building comprises several apartments used as the offices and committee-rooms of various societies, besides two halls, one accommodating about eight hundred persons, and the other, on the upper floor, spacious enough to hold three thousand. It is a noble apartment, 136 feet long by 76 wide, and adorned with the most magnificent organ in London, made expressly for the use of the Sacred Harmonic Society, whose concerts take place in it.

Running west and north of this edifice is Exeter Street, a mean place, with no pretensions to beauty, cleanliness, or good character. It was in this street that Samuel Johnson had his first lodgings in London, at the house of a milliner or stay-maker, and where he was often reduced to great straits for a subsistence.

A little to the east, on the river side of the Strand,

and adjoining the ancient palace of the Savoy, stood a large mansion, which also boasted of many noble occupants. In the time of Henry VIII. it belonged to the see of Carlisle, and was known by the name of Carlisle House, but being exchanged with the King for Rochester Place at Lambeth, it was granted by Henry to the founder of the ducal family of Bedford, and became their first town residence, being known by the names of Bedford House and Russell House. In the reign of James I. it was the property of the Earls of Worcester, and had altered its name accordingly. The last earl of that family dying in 1627, it descended to his son, who was created Duke of Beaufort, and once more its designation was exchanged. While the Lord Chancellor Clarendon's great house was building in Piccadilly, he hired this mansion of the Duke, paying him a rental of 500*l.* a-year for it.

Worcester House being at length in a very dilapidated state, was pulled down by the Duke of Beaufort, who purchased another for himself at Chelsea, and built a smaller house in the Strand. In the year 1695 this was accidentally burned down, as appears from the following notice in No. 80 of the "Postman."

"On Saturday, in the evening, about five o'clock, a violent fire broke out in Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, in the house of John Knight, Esq., Treasurer of the Custom-house, which, in less than two hours, burnt that house down to the ground, and also consumed the Duke of Beaufort's house and another."

The grounds were shortly afterwards cleared, and

some handsome houses, the present Beaufort Buildings, were erected on the site.

The Palace of the Savoy, within the ancient precincts of which we have now arrived, was formerly one of the most magnificent buildings upon the banks of the Thames. The chapel attached to it, and which is not the original edifice, but one rebuilt by George I., is the only remains of this once venerable and historical pile. It obtained its name from Peter de Savoy, uncle of Eleanor, queen of Henry III., who, being on a visit to his niece in the year 1245, obtained, by means of her influence over the king, not only titles but possessions in England. He was created Earl of Savoy and Richmond, and had a grant of this piece of ground between the Strand and the Thames. It appears from the following extract,* there were houses standing upon it at the time, which must have been pulled down when he built his palace:—"In 30 Henry III. the king granted to Peter de Savoy the inheritance of those houses in the street called the *Strand*, in the suburbs of London, and adjoining to the river of Thames, formerly belonging to Brian de Lisle, paying yearly to the king's exchequer, at the Feast of St. Michael, three barbed arrows for all services." Peter de Savoy not choosing to end his days in England, transferred his mansion to the provost and chapter of Montjoy, of whom it was purchased after the death of Henry III. by the queen, as a residence for her son Edmund, afterwards Earl of Lancaster. Henry, duke of Lancas-

* a. "Cart 30 Hen. 3. p. 1. m. 11. in Cedula—
b. c. d. Ex magno Registro Ducatûs Lanc.' titulo Midx̄."

ter, his son, repaired and partly rebuilt the palace, which still retained its original name, at an expense of upwards of 50,000 marks. From this powerful noble it descended to one still more powerful, the famous John of Gaunt, who lived here in almost royal state, and where—which is a fact more interesting than his magnificence,—Geoffrey Chaucer was his frequent guest.

Here, under the protection of the Duke and his amiable duchess Blanche, Chaucer passed the happiest hours of his life, and here also he found a wife in the person of Philippa, a lady of the Duchess's household, and sister to the Lady Catharine Swynford. Some of his happiest poems were composed in the Savoy, and were on the subject of its inmates; among which must be especially noticed the one entitled "Chaucer's Dream," which is an allegorical history of the loves of John of Gaunt and Blanche of Lancaster, and of his own marriage with the Lady Philippa. Whether the poet were married in the Savoy, or in the neighbouring church, does not appear. The lines in reference to the ceremony and the place of it are—

"On the morrow,
When every thought and every sorrow
Dislodg'd was out of mine heart,
With every woe and every smart;
Unto a tent, prince, and princess,
Methought brought me and my mistress;
And said we weren at full age,
There to conclude our marriage,
With ladies, knighten, and squiers,
And a great host of ministers:
Which tent was *Church parochial*,
Ordained was, in especial,

For the feast and for the sacre,
Where archbishop and archdiacre
Ysungen full out the service,
After the custom and the guise
Of holy Church's ordinance;
And after that to dine and dance
Brought were we, and to divers plays."

During John of Gaunt's occupancy, the Savoy was twice pillaged by a mob. The first occasion was in the year 1376, when the Duke had made himself unpopular by his bold speech to the Bishop of London in St. Paul's church at the citation of Wickliffe. Lord Percy, the friend of John of Gaunt, had requested that Wickliffe might be allowed to sit; but the Bishop of London replied, that he must stand up and remain uncovered, for he appeared there as a criminal, and no criminal could be allowed to sit in the presence of his judges. John of Gaunt in great anger turned to the Bishop, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the whole assembly, "that he would humble his pride, and the pride of every arrogant bishop in the kingdom." The prelate made some reply, which increased the anger of the Duke of Lancaster so much, that he turned pale in the face, and whispered in the ear of the Bishop, that rather than sit there and be insulted by a priest, he would drag him out of the church by the hair of his head. The threat was heard by the nearest bystander, and was soon whispered from one to another till every body in the church was aware of it. It then became rumoured among the populace, who, anxious for the condemnation of Wickliffe, had assembled in great multitudes in the churchyard. A cry immediately arose among them, and it was pro-

posed to break into the church, and pull John of Gaunt from the judgment-seat. At his departure he was received with yells by the mob, who ran after and pelted him with dirt. He was so exasperated against them, that he proceeded immediately to Westminster, where the Parliament was sitting, and introduced a motion that from that day forth all the privileges of the citizens of London should be annulled; that there should be no longer a lord mayor, sheriff, or other popular magistrates, and that the entire jurisdiction within the city should be vested in Lord Percy, the chief Marshal of England. When news of this proposal reached the citizens on the following day, they assembled in great numbers, swearing to have the life of the duke. After pillaging the Marshalsea, where Lord Percy resided, they proceeded to the Savoy, and killed a priest whom they found in the house, and thought to be Lord Percy in disguise. They then broke all the valuable furniture, and threw the fragments into the Thames, and left little more standing than the bare walls of the palace. John of Gaunt and Lord Percy were dining at the house of a wealthy merchant in the city when this news reached them, and from thence they escaped in disguise by rowing up the river in an open boat, passing the Savoy at the very moment while the mob were throwing the magnificent furniture from the windows.

Five years afterwards a still more serious attack was made upon the Savoy. John of Gaunt being particularly obnoxious to the rebels under Wat Tyler, the whole body of the insurgents, under the guidance of that chief, marched to the Savoy with the intention of burning it to the

ground. Proclamation, says Stow, was previously made by the leaders that, as their object was not plunder, all the rich jewels, furniture, pictures, plate, and other articles, should be burned or thrown into the Thames, and that any one appropriating the property to his own uses should suffer death. The Duke of Lancaster was then absent pursuing the war in Scotland, and the attack being sudden, no means of defence were taken by those in possession of the palace. It is not true, as stated in "Harding's Chronicle," and copied by other writers, that the Duke was in the Savoy at the time, and fled into Scotland in consequence. John of Gaunt was no such craven; and if he had been in London, and had fled, he would not have fled to such a distance. No royal palace in Christendom at that time contained greater wealth than the palace of the Savoy; and the greater portion of it was destroyed. The rebels broke the vessels of gold and silver into small pieces, and threw them into the Thames; tore the rich hangings of velvet silk and embroidered drapery, together with an immense quantity of linen and wearing-apparel into shreds, or burned it; and the rings or jewels were bruised in mortars, and the fragments thrown into the flames, or into the river. It is said, that one of the insurgents being seen to hide a valuable piece of plate in his bosom, was thrust into the fire with his booty and burned to death, amid the shouts of his fellows, who exclaimed that they were freemen and lovers of justice, not thieves and robbers. In the matter of wine they were less scrupulous, and hundreds of them, breaking into the cellars, were soon in a state of utter drunkenness. Thirty-two of them were

accidentally inclosed in a cellar, by masses of falling stones and rubbish from the burning palace, where they died of suffocation. Some of the rioters found a number of barrels which they thought to contain gold and silver, and flung them into the flames. They contained gunpowder; an awful explosion was the consequence, which blew up the great hall, completely destroyed several houses, and reduced the palace to a heap of ruins.

It does not appear that it was ever rebuilt. One of the scenes in Shakspeare's affecting play of "Richard II." is supposed to pass in a room of the Savoy, though at the date it was nothing but a ruin. The Duke of Lancaster must, however, have had some residence in London, though historians have forgotten to mention where it was. Throughout the dismal civil strife of the red and white roses, this house of the great ancestor of the Lancastrian line remained a mournful spectacle to the Londoners of the ravages of domestic warfare. In the reign of Henry VII. the ground was cleared, and that prince founded an hospital on its site, for the reception of one hundred poor people. The building was begun by Henry VII., and completed by his son in the fifteenth year of his reign. The building was in the form of a cross, and over the entrance gate, opposite the Strand, was the following inscription:—

"Hospitium hoc inopi turba Savoia vocatum,
Septimus Henricus fundavit ab imo Solo."

The hospital, which was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, consisted of a master and four brethren, who were to be in priests' orders, and officiate in their turns. They were to stand alternately by day and night at the

gate, and if they saw any poor distressed persons they were to ask them in and feed them. If such persons were travellers, they were to be lodged for the night and dismissed on the following morning, with a letter of recommendation to the next hospital, and as much money as would defray their expenses on the road thither.

In the reign of Edward VI., part of the revenues of the hospital were bestowed on the more recent institutions of Bridewell and Christ Church. The motive for this seems to have been the abuses which had crept into the administration of its affairs. Stow, in speaking of its condition at that time, says, that instead of being a lodging for pilgrims and strangers, it became a refuge for loiterers, vagabonds, and disreputable women; that they lay all day in the field, and were harboured there at night, so that the hospital was rather a maintenance of beggary, than any relief to the poor.

Queen Mary, shortly after her accession, endowed it with other lands in lieu of those of which it had been dispossessed, and refurnished it with beds and bedding; but its affairs continued to be sadly mismanaged, and, in the twelfth year of Elizabeth, it was found necessary to deprive Thomas Thurland, then master, of his office for corruption and embezzlement of the hospital estates.

The mastership of the Savoy was an office promised to the poet Cowley by Charles I., and afterwards by Charles II., neither very remarkable for keeping their promises. Wood says, he lost it through certain persons, enemies of the Muses, but who these persons were we are not informed. When the office was finally bestowed upon another by Charles II., Cowley's disappointment was

great, and to add to his chagrin, his play, the "Cutter of Coleman Street" was unsuccessful at the same time. In his despondency, and with a view perhaps to shame the Court for its base ingratitude to a man of genius, who had besides served the Stuarts long and faithfully, he wrote his well-known "Complaint," a poem which Johnson says excited more contempt than pity, probably because it was a confession of weakness, which in illustrious men the envious and ill-natured are but too happy to see. By such, and such only, could Cowley have been looked on with contempt. In an anonymous satire published at the time, he is represented as the "Savoy-missing Cowley, making apologies for his bad play." He shortly afterwards withdrew from courtly life, in which he had been fed for so many years on the poisonous aliment of "hope deferred," to the retirement of the country, where he died.

The Savoy, which as a charity appears never to have answered the purposes of its founders, continuing to be ill-governed by men who dissipated its revenues, was finally suppressed in the reign of Queen Anne.

It was used as a barracks for five hundred soldiers, and as a prison for deserters during the remaining part of the eighteenth century, and until the approaches to the New Waterloo, or as it was originally called the Strand, Bridge in 1814, rendered its removal necessary.

The church of St. John the Baptist, or of St. Mary, by which it is commonly, though erroneously, designated, and the flight of steps leading from the Strand, are the only remains of the ancient hospital. The church was repaired and partially rebuilt in the reign of George I.

Savoy Street, leading down to the German Church, occupies the site of the Middle Savoy Gate, above which were the arms of Henry VII., and the inscription setting forth that he was the founder. The coal-wharves on the Thames occupy the site of the ancient river-front of the hospital, and the houses in Lancaster Place, leading to Waterloo Bridge, occupy the site of another portion of the edifice.

In the church are several monuments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and here, says Aubrey, in his "Letters," vol. iii. p. 537, is buried George Wither, the poet. He died on the 2nd of May, 1667, in his eightieth year, and the exact place of his interment, according to Aubrey, was within the east door of the church. There is no stone to mark the spot where sleeps the author of the beautiful song—

> "Shall I, wasting in despair,
> Die, because a woman's fair."

and of many others as beautiful.

In this chapel was buried another poet—venerable Gawain Douglas, rightly named the Chaucer of Scotland, and Anne Killigrew, celebrated by Dryden.

At the time when Fleet and May Fair marriages were so notorious in London, it appears that the priest of the Savoy Chapel carried on the same trade. The following advertisement is taken from the "Public Advertiser" of the 2nd January, 1754 :—

"By Authority.—Marriages performed with the utmost privacy, decency, and regularity, at the Ancient Royal Chapel of St. John the Baptist, in the Savoy, where regular and authentic registers have been kept from the time of the Reformation (being two hundred

years and upwards) to this day. The expense not more than one guinea, the five-shilling stamp included. There are five private ways by land to this chapel, and two by water."

The chapel also possessed the privilege of Sanctuary, as appears from the following extract from No. 180 of "the Postman" for July, 1696 :—

"On Tuesday a person going into the Savoy to demand a debt due from a person who had taken sanctuary there, the inhabitants seized him, and after some consultation agreed, according to their usual custom, to dip him in tar and roll him in feathers, after which they carried him in a wheelbarrow into the Strand, and bound him fast to the May-pole, but several constables and others coming in, dispersed the rabble, and rescued the person from their abuses."

We have now arrived at the great theatrical district of London, and must forsake for awhile the straight paths of the Strand, to wander in the crooked and mazy thoroughfares of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, conjuring up at every step some reminiscence of poets and players, and wits and artists, with whose names in these purlieus the very air is thick.

Proceeding up Bedford Street, so named from the noble owner of the district, we arrive within the area of Covent Garden Market. This name, as is well known, is a corruption of Convent Garden, so called from its having originally been the garden of the convent belonging to the Abbots of Westminster. At the dissolution of the religious houses, the estate was granted to John, earl of Bedford, with an adjoining field called the Seven Acres, afterwards formed into a street, and now called Long Acre.

In our account of this neighbourhood, we must proceed, if we can, not only with a due regard to time, but of proper topographical order. Beginning with Covent Garden Market and Theatre, we shall take each of the streets in regular succession, and when we have got through them all, proceed to Drury Lane Theatre, and treat it and its neighbourhood after a similar fashion—from thence proceeding to Long Acre and Great Queen Street to Lincoln's Inn Fields, we will make a circuit, and return again into the Strand, to take our walk down it from the Savoy, where we quitted it, to Temple Bar.

This little spot of ground will detain us long. Within its small area all the wits, since the days of Charles II., were accustomed to meet; and leaving the public career of the players for the moment out of the question, we shall make acquaintance with them in the comfortable arm-chairs and places of honour in tavern parlours,—we shall discourse upon the literary reminiscences of Wills' and Button's—visit the place where Boswell was first introduced to Johnson—look into the house where Dryden spent his evenings—visit the burial-place of the author of Hudibras—stand upon the doorway of the house of Sir Peter Lely—and take a peep at the place where Voltaire had lodgings when he visited England.

We shall begin, then, with the area which gave name to the whole neighbourhood. Covent Garden has been a market for fruit and vegetables, and the finest in England, ever since the year 1634, when Francis, earl of Bedford, cleared away the old buildings and began the formation of a new and handsome square. Inigo Jones was the architect he employed. The portico, or piazzas,

of the north-eastern side, which still remain, were built by him; and the original intention was to have carried them all round the square, after the model of the celebrated square in Arras. There was a continuation of the piazzas on the south-east, which was accidentally burnt down, and never rebuilt. The church was also erected from the design of the same great architect. In Walpole's "Anecdotes of Art," there is a story about this building which deserves repetition, whether true or false. The Earl is said to have told Inigo, that he wished to have as plain and convenient a structure as possible,—something, in short, a little better than a barn. The architect replied that he would build a barn, but it should be the handsomest in England. For this barn the Earl paid 4,500*l.* Many doubt the truth of the story altogether. It was related to Walpole by the Speaker Onslow. Of this church, which some have admired as one of the master-pieces of Inigo Jones, Walpole said he could not see any beauty in it. "The barn-roof over the portico," says he, in his "Anecdotes of Art," "strikes my eye with as little idea of dignity or beauty as it could do if it covered nothing but a barn." He adds in a note that, in justice to its great architect, it must be confessed that the defect is not in the architect, but in the order. Ralph, himself an architect, is as loud in its praise in his "Critical Review of Public Buildings." He says, "The church of St. Paul, Covent Garden, is one of the most perfect pieces of architecture that the art of man can produce. Nothing can be possibly imagined more simple, and yet magnificence itself can hardly give greater pleasure." The edifice was completely repaired

in the year 1788, at an expense of 11,000*l.*, and the exterior walls, which were formerly of brick, substantially cased with Portland stone. Eleven years after, the church was accidentally reduced to a shell by a fire that broke out in consequence of the negligence of some plumbers who were employed to repair the lead on the roof. The parishioners, notwithstanding the great expense of the recent repairs, determined to restore it to its original state, and Mr. Hardwick, the architect previously employed, was entrusted with the work.

Several celebrated personages are buried in the church and church-yard. First, in point of date, though he is more notorious than celebrated, is Carr, earl of Somerset, the favourite of James I., and the poisoner of Sir Thomas Overbury. His daughter, sprung of an obscure stock, both by the father's and mother's side, was a virtuous and noble-minded woman, and, marrying the Earl of Bedford, became herself the mother of one of the brightest names in English history—Lord William Russell, the martyr in the cause of freedom, and companion in death with the noble Algernon Sydney. It was the connexion of the infamous Carr with this family that led to his burial in this church.

The next in point of date is the author of Hudibras. Mr. Longueville, of the Temple, the steady friend of Butler, and who mainly supported him in his latter years, when the ungrateful Stuart upon the throne, whose cause he had so greatly served, had deserted him, was anxious to have buried the poet in Westminster Abbey. He solicited for that purpose the contributions of those wealthy persons, his friends, whom he had heard speak

in terms of admiration of Butler's genius and of respect for his character, but none of them would contribute, although he offered to head the list with a considerable sum. Mr. Longueville then buried his friend at his own expense in this church, with the greatest privacy, but very decently, himself and seven other persons following to the grave. The exact place of sepulture is described by his editor, Dr. Zachariah Grey, as being "at the west end of the churchyard, on the north side, under the wall of the said church, and under that wall which parts the yard from the common highway." A monument was erected in Westminster Abbey to Butler's memory forty-one years after his death, by Mr. John Barber, a citizen of London. Another monument has more recently been erected to mark the spot where his remains are moldering, with the following inscription—

"A few plain men, to pomp and pride unknown,
O'er a poor bard have raised this humble stone;
Whose wants alone his genius could surpass,
Victim of zeal, the matchless Hudibras!
What, though fair Freedom suffer'd in his page?
Reader! forgive the author—for the age.
How few, alas, disdain to cringe and cant,
When 'tis the mode to play the sycophant.
But oh! let all be taught from Butler's fate,
Who hope to make their fortune by the great,
That wit and pride are always dangerous things,
And little faith is due to courts and kings."

Sir Peter Lely is also buried in this church. He had a house in the square, where he lived in great magnificence. The original name of the family was Vandervaes; but Sir Peter's father, a gallant fellow and an

officer in the army, having been born at a perfumer's shop, the sign of the lily, was commonly known by the name of Captain Lily, a name which his son thought to be more euphonious to English ears than Vandervaes, and which he retained when he settled here, with the slight alteration in the spelling. After Sir Peter's death, his valuable collection of prints was sold by auction at his house in Covent Garden, as appears by the following advertisement from the "London Gazette," of the 16th February, 1687:—

"Upon Monday in Easter week will be exposed by public auction, a most curious and valuable collection of drawings and prints, made with great expense and care, by Sir Peter Lely, painter to His Majesty. The drawings are all of the most eminent masters of Italy, &c., being originals, and most curiously preserved. The prints are all the works of Mark Antoine, after Rafael, and the other best Italian Masters; and of the best impressions and proof-prints, in good condition and curiously preserved; some are double and treble. The sale will be in the house in Covent Garden, where Sir Peter Lely lived."

Wycherley and Southerne, the dramatists, are also buried in the church. The latter died at his lodgings somewhere in Covent Garden. He was the friend of Dryden, Pope, and Gray, and died in 1746, at the age of eighty-five. He is described by Oldys "as a venerable old gentleman, who used to attend the evening prayers at the church of St. Paul, Covent Garden. He was always neat and decently dressed; commonly in black, with his silver sword and silver locks."

Among other persons interred here are Joe Haines, Macklin, and Estcourt, the comedians; Closterman, the

artist; Dr. Arne, the musician; Sir Robert Strange, the engraver; and Dr. Walcot, better known as Peter Pindar.

In the open space opposite to the church, are erected the hustings on occasions of a parliamentary election for Westminster; where the wit sometimes flies about, and sometimes the cabbage-stalks and turnips. We once heard of a foreigner who came over to England expressly to witness a contested election for Westminster, and the scene in Covent Garden Market at the nomination and polling. He had been informed that the scene was peculiarly English, and that he could have no opportunity so favourable to obtain an insight into the character of our countrymen. Certainly all Europe could not offer a parallel exhibition; and so far the stranger was right. Whether he came in the now-distant times of Sheridan and Fox, or the more recent times of Burdett and Evans, he would no doubt have been equally surprised at what he saw. This piece of ground is also the scene of Hogarth's well-known picture of the "Frosty Morning."

We learn from the following passage of Gay's "Trivia" that this was a famous place in his day for the game of foot-ball, which has now fallen into disuse in London, and a revival of which the police are strictly forbidden to allow.

"Where Covent Garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands,
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square.
Here oft my course I bend, when lo! from far,
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war.

The 'prentice quits his shop to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue;
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dex'trous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes in his penthouse sound."

To recount the various reminiscences of all the taverns and coffee-houses around Covent Garden would require a volume. From the days when this place was first built on until our own, these taverns have been the chief resort of the "men about town;" of playwrights, tragedians, comedians, painters, clowns, dashing wits, and men of pleasure. The reminiscences of the landlord of one of them, "The Bedford," as they have never before been published, will be found of interest, from the celebrity of the names to which they refer. Mr. Stacie, who had kept the "Bedford Arms," or been connected with it, for more than fifty years, related to Mr. J. T. Smith, in 1812, many anecdotes of the illustrious visitors of his parlour during that period; but unfortunately Mr. Smith made no note of the conversation until some time afterwards, when he had forgotten many of the circumstances. This much he remembered, however, that John and Henry Fielding, Hogarth, Churchill, Lloyd, and Oliver Goldsmith, held a gossipping shilling-rubber club in the parlour of the "Bedford" when Mr. Stacie kept it. Henry Fielding was described by Stacie as "a very merry fellow indeed," and Churchill as "a stupid-looking man." The latter was doubtless true enough, for Churchill had by this time become a confirmed rake and drunkard,

which no man can be long, without bearing the mark of the beast upon his face. It was at one of these whist meetings that Churchill quarrelled with Hogarth, and used very insulting language towards him. Churchill, swollen with pride, (for his foolish admirers had told him that he excelled Pope in poetry, though Johnson, more just in his estimate of his powers, publicly called him a "very shallow fellow,") perpetuated the quarrel by publishing some foolish verses, (there are no less than 654 of them,) called an "Epistle to Hogarth," in which the great artist was accused of every crime, and of all dulness; and represented as a man to whom in others

> "Genius and merit were a sure offence,
> And whose soul sicken'd at the name of sense."

Hogarth had his revenge; and the stolid sensual face of the rhymester has been handed down to posterity in "*Bruin.*"

Among other frequenters of the "Bedford" was Shuter, the comedian, but he came less often than those above-named. He preferred low ale-houses. In the early part of Mr. Stacie's career there was a tavern in Covent Garden, kept by a woman called Moll King. She was very witty, and her house was much frequented, though it was little better than a shed. "Noblemen and the first beaux," said garrulous Mr. Stacie, "after leaving Court, would go to her house in full dress, with swords and bags, and in rich brocaded silk coats, and walked and conversed with persons of every description. Moll would serve chimney-sweepers, gardeners, and the market-people, in common with her lords of the highest

rank. Mr. Apreece, a tall thin man in rich dress, was her constant customer. He was called Cadwallader by the frequenters of Moll's."

But the taverns and old houses of Great Russell Street and Bow Street claim more attention. For who can forget that in the former were Tom's and Button's? and that Boswell first made the acquaintance of Samuel Johnson in Russell Street? and that in Bow Street was Will's, the grand resort of Dryden and the wits of his day? Many will be pleased to learn that these celebrated houses are still in existence, though they are no longer used for the same purposes as before; the Clubs of St. James's Street having long since extinguished, if we may use such a word in reference to them, the coffee-houses of our ancestors. The house No. 17, Great Russell Street, is the identical Tom's.

In the preface to a recent publication of Mr. Till's, "Descriptive Particulars of English Coronation Medals," that gentleman gives the following account of No. 17. "I cannot let slip the present opportunity in mentioning that the house in which I reside, (17, Great Russell Street, Covent Garden,) was the famous Tom's Coffee-house, memorable in the reign of Queen Anne, and for more than half a century afterwards: the room in which I conduct my business, as a coin dealer, is that which, in 1764, by a guinea subscription among nearly seven hundred of the nobility, foreign ministers, gentry, and geniuses of the age, became the card-room and place of meeting for many of the now illustrious dead, till 1768, when a voluntary subscription among

its members induced Mr. Haines, the then proprietor, (and the father of the present occupier of the house,) to take in the next room westward, as a coffee-room; and the whole floor *en suite* was constructed into card and conversation rooms. Here assembled Dr. Johnson, Garrick, Murphy, Dr. Dodd, Dr. Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Foote, Moody, Beard, Count Bruhl, Dr. MacNamara, Sir Philip Francis, (the supposed author of "Junius,") George Colman the elder, the Dukes of Northumberland and Montague, the Marquises of Granby and Monthermor, Admiral Lord Rodney, Henry Brougham, Esq., (the father of the present Lord Brougham,) Dr. Kennedy, (a distinguished Numismatist,) George Steevens, Warner, and other Shakespearean commentators, with a bevy and host of talent, of great and distinguished names, the representatives of foreign courts to England, and many others, all of whom have long since passed to that bourne from which no traveller returns."

Button's Coffee House is spoken of in the "Guardian" as "over against Tom's, in Covent Garden." Addison was the great patron of this house, and by his influence it became the chief resort of the literary Whigs of that day, as Will's was of the literary Tories. Button was once servant to Lady Warwick, with whom Addison contracted so dignified but uncomfortable a marriage, and though at first but a waiter in the house, it was always known by his name. In the 114th number of the "Guardian" it is mentioned that a lion's head was set up at Button's, "a proper emblem of knowledge and action, being all head and paws," for the reception of the

"Guardian's" correspondence. After Addison's death the prosperity of Button began to wane, and a few years afterwards his name appeared in the books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, as receiving an allowance from the parish. Mr. Till, in his work already quoted, gives us the following account of the after-fate of the lion's head, from which it appears that it is still in existence, and preserved as a relic by the house of Russell:—

"Addison's lion's head, reckoned the best head in England, after having become a receptacle of papers, and a spy for the 'Guardian,' was moved to the 'Shakespeare's Head Tavern,' under the Piazza in Covent Garden, kept by a person named Tomkyns; and, in 1751, was, for a short time placed in the 'Bedford Coffee House,' immediately adjoining the 'Shakespeare Tavern,' and there employed as a medium of literary communication by Dr. John Hill, author of the 'Inspector.' In 1769, Tomkyns was succeeded by his waiter, named Campbell, as proprietor of the tavern and lion's head, and by him the latter was retained till 1804, when it was purchased by the late Charles Richardson, after whose death, in 1827, it devolved to his son, and has since become the property of his grace the Duke of Bedford."

Addison was considered a sort of demi-god at Button's, where he generally spent his evenings. "Addison," says Pope, as we are informed by Spence, "usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's, dined there, and stayed for five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me. It hurt my health, and so I quitted it." But this was not the only reason;

—a coolness grew up between these illustrious men: Pope confessed that he always found in Addison something more pleasing than he found in other men; but Addison appears to have been envious and jealous; and to have grown less fond of the society of Pope, as the latter became more celebrated. The favourable reception his proposals met with for translating the "Iliad," was not pleasing to the "Spectator;" and Johnson says, that from that moment his kindness to Pope seems to have abated. When, finally, the "Iliad" was published, the Addison party at Button's spoke of it with disrespect, and lauded the rival version of "Tickell" as by far the most faithful and elegant. "But I," said Pope, "have the town on my side. But it is not uncommon for the smaller party to supply by industry what it wants in numbers. I appeal to the people as the rightful judges, and while they are not inclined to condemn me, I shall not fear the high-fliers at Button's." Many of these high-fliers at Button's he afterwards damned to eternal fame in the "Dunciad," and Ambrose Phillips one of them, known in his day as "Namby Pamby," celebrated as "slow and creeping," is said to have hung up a rod at Button's, as an intimation of what Pope might expect if he showed his face there. Colley Cibber, who had much greater provocation than Phillips, is said to have done the same. Phillips was known for his courage and for his superior dexterity with the sword, and Pope prudently kept out of his way. Phillips, who became afterwards a justice of the peace, never forgave the satirist; and used to mention him, whenever he could get a man in

authority to listen to him, as an enemy to the Government.

Among other well-known wits who made Button's their head-quarters, must be mentioned Swift, Steele, Arbuthnot, Savage, Eustace Budgell, Martin Folkes, and Drs. Garth and Armstrong—both able physicians and pleasing poets.

We shall have more to say of the coffee-houses of the last century when we arrive at Will's, and discourse upon Dryden, the tutelary divinity of the place. In the meantime, before we leave Great Russell Street, we must remember that at No. 8, James Boswell was first introduced to Samuel Johnson, to the very great delight of the former, and to the no small entertainment of all lovers of *light* literature ever since. The house was then kept by Davies, the bookseller, whose character cannot be better described than in the words of Boswell himself. "Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor," says he, "who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him; but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. Mr. Davies was a man of good understanding and talents, with the advantage of a liberal education. He was a friendly and very hospitable man. Both he and his wife, who had been celebrated for her beauty, though upon the stage for many years, maintained an uniform decency of character; and Johnson esteemed them, and lived in as easy an intimacy with

them as any family which he used to visit. Mr. Davies recollected several of Johnson's remarkable sayings, and was one of the best of the many imitators of his voice and manner while relating them. He increased my impatience more and more to see the extraordinary man whose works I highly valued, and whose conversation was reported to be so peculiarly excellent. At last, on the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies' back parlour, after having drank tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies, having perceived him through the glass-door in the room we were sitting in, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach, somewhat as an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost—'Look, my Lord, it comes.' Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated, and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, 'Don't tell him where I come from.' 'From Scotland,' cried Davies, roguishly. 'Mr. Johnson,' said I, 'I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it.' I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as a light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as a humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky, for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, 'come from Scotland!' which I used in the sense of being of that country; and as if I had come away from it, or left it, he retorted, 'That, Sir, I find is what a great many of your countrymen cannot help.' This stroke stunned me a

good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next." Boswell then goes very minutely through their conversation; and having presumed to differ with this great bear, with regard to the liberality of Garrick, he got such a rebuff, that he began to fear that the hope he had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. "And in truth," continued Bozzy, "had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited."

They got on better together at a later hour, and Davies having left them alone for a short time, the Doctor having no one to exhibit his pomposity to, answered the timid remarks of his humble and zealous admirer with more civility. "In short," adds Boswell, "I was satisfied that though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door; and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, 'Don't be uneasy; I can see he likes you very well.'"

Turning from Great Russell Street into Bow Street, we arrive at the head-quarters of the poets in the days of Dryden, and of the metropolitan police in our own. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Life of Dryden," furnishes us with much interesting gossip relative to the poet laureate, from which, and from various contemporary passages in plays and poems, it would appear that Bow

Street was then the most fashionable part of London,—famous as Bond Street and Regent Street have since become as the walk or lounge of the exquisites and fine gentlemen about town. In the epilogue to one of Dryden's plays, spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle, is this passage:—

"I've had to-day a dozen billet-doux,
From fops, and wits, and cits, and Bow Street beaux."

Sir Walter Scott remarks on this, that with merely a slight alteration in the spelling, a modern poet would have written Bond Street beaux. A billet-doux from Bow Street, he adds justly, would now be more alarming than flattering.

Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, had a house in Bow Street, in which he drove some of his hardest bargains with the poet. The bookseller was a Whig, the poet a Tory, and it suited the pecuniary interests of the former, that Dryden's forthcoming translation of Virgil should be dedicated to King William. Dryden would not consent, although Tonson, in furtherance of his own views, had directed the engraver employed upon the illustrations of the work, "to aggravate," as Sir Walter Scott pleasantly expresses it, "the nose of Æneas in the plates into a sufficient resemblance to the hooked promontory on the king's countenance." Dryden still held out,—for though in want of money he had a conscience. Tonson considering, like other tradesmen, that this was very presumptuous in a man who lacked ten guineas, stopped the supplies to bring him to reason. Still the poet remained conscientious; and, failing to induce Tonson to accommodate him by fair means with the money he

needed, he sent him the following verses to his house in Bow Street, as a poetical portrait of a shabby bookseller:—

> "With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
> With two left legs and Judas-coloured hair,
> And frouzy pores that taint the ambient air."

"And tell the dog when you deliver it," said Dryden to his messenger, "that the man who wrote these lines can write more!" The money was paid immediately.

The gallant and handsome Wycherley, the dandy and dramatist, had lodgings in Bow Street, where Charles II. once paid him a visit, when he was ill. So generous was the prince upon this occasion, when his generosity was not needed, that he gave Wycherley 500*l.* to pay the expenses of a journey to the south of France, which he recommended for the benefit of his health. On his return, Wycherley stayed some time at Tunbridge Wells, where he made the acquaintance of the Countess of Drogheda, whom he afterwards married.

Their courtship thus happened:—As Wycherley and his friend, a Mr. Fairburn, were passing a bookseller's shop, they saw a young and very beautiful lady stop and inquire for the "Plain Dealer," of which Wycherley was the author. "Madam," said Mr. Fairburn, (we quote Cibber's Life of the Poet,) "since you are for the 'Plain Dealer,' there he is for you," putting Mr. Wycherley towards her. "Yes," says Mr. Wycherley, "this lady can bear plain dealing, for she appears to be so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to others would, when said to her, be plain dealing." "No, truly sir," said the lady, "I am not without my faults any

more than the rest of my sex; and yet, notwithstanding all my faults, I love plain dealing, and am never more fond of it than when it tells me of a fault." "Then, madam," says Mr. Fairburn, "you and the Plain Dealer seem by heaven designed for each other." This lady was the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, as rich as she was beautiful; and this was the beginning of an acquaintance which ended in their marriage. The King was much displeased at the match, and would not receive Wycherley afterwards. They resided at the bachelor-lodgings of the dramatist in Bow Street. The lady was very fond but very jealous; and when Wycherley occasionally went to the "Cock Tavern," which was exactly opposite his door, he was obliged to prevail upon the drawer to open the windows, while his lady did the same at home, that she might convince herself there was no woman in the company.

The "Cock Tavern" was the resort of the rakes and Mohocks of that day. An infamous frolic is related of Sir Charles Sedley and others at this house, which is thus told by Johnson, in his "Life of Sackville, lord Dorset:"—"Sackville, who was then Lord Buckhurst, with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the "Cock" in Bow Street, by Covent Garden, and going into the balcony exposed themselves to the public in very indecent postures. At last, as they grew warmer, Sedley stood forth naked, and harangued the populace in such profane language, that the public indignation was awakened. The crowd attempted to force the door, and being repulsed, drove in the performers with stones, and broke the windows of the house. For this misdemeanour they

were indicted, and Sedley was fined five hundred pounds. What was the sentence of the others is not known. Sedley employed Killigrew and another to procure a remission of the King, but (mark the friendship of the dissolute!) they begged the fine for themselves, and exacted it to the last groat."

Bow Street being the resort of such gentry as these, it is not to be wondered at if it became the resort of the vicious in a humbler sphere. In the time of Gay, the pickpockets were abundant, and a description of thieves, now extinct—the wig and sword stealers—were not unfrequent both here and in other districts:—

> "Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
> Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng;
> Lured by the silver hilt amid the swarm,
> The subtile artist will thy side disarm;
> Nor is thy flaxen wig with safety worn:
> High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
> Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
> Plucks off the curling honours of thy head."

Wigs in those days were worth stealing, being sometimes of the value of forty or fifty pounds, and in most cases worth from ten to fifteen. A hat was never worn over them, but carried under the arm. Dryden speaks of the periwig of a Bow Street dandy as one that "the touch of hat never profaned." Thus the theft was not only profitable, but comparatively easy; and the method of performing it, as described by Gay, was certainly ingenious. No modern improvements in the art of thieving can stand in competition with it.

Will's Coffee-house, the predecessor of Button's, and even more celebrated in its time than that, stood in Bow

Street. It is an error to suppose, as many do, that the site of it is in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where there is at present a coffee-house of the same name. It was originally called the "Red Cow," and then the "Rose," and stood near the corner of Rose Street, now called Rose Alley, to which it gave name. The room in which Dryden was accustomed to sit, was on the first floor, and his place was the place of honour by the fireside in winter, and at the corner of the balcony overlooking the street in the fine weather. It appears from Malcolm, in his "Londinium Redivivum," quoting from Spence, that the company did not sit in separate boxes, after the unsocial fashion of taverns and public-houses at the present day, but at open tables in various parts of the room, as at the clubs in England, and common taverns on the Continent. The appeal was made to Dryden upon any literary dispute, and here, as in other similar places of meeting, the visitors divided themselves into parties; and we are told by Ward, that the young beaux and wits, who seldom approached the principal table, thought it a great honour to have a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box. We also learn, from the following anecdote, preserved by Spence, some particulars of Dryden's conversation at this place:—Dean Lockyer says, "I was about seventeen when I first came up to town, and was an odd-looking boy, with short rough hair, and that sort of awkwardness which one always brings up at first out of the country with one. However, in spite of my bashfulness and appearance, I used now and then to thrust myself into Will's, to have the pleasure of seeing the most celebrated wits of that time who then resorted thither. The second

time that ever I was there, Mr. Dryden was speaking of his own things, as he frequently did, especially of such as had been lately published. 'If anything of mine is good,' says he, 'it is Mac Flecnoe; and I value myself the more upon it, as it is the first piece of ridicule written in heroics.' On hearing this, I plucked up my spirit so far as to say, in a voice but just loud enough to be heard, 'that Mac Flecnoe was a very fine poem, but that I had not imagined it to be the first that was ever writ that way.' On this Dryden turned short upon me, as surprised at my interposing; asked me how long I had been a dealer in poetry; and added, with a smile, 'Pray, sir, what is that you did imagine to have been writ so before?' I named Boileau's 'Lutrin' and Tassoni's 'Secchia Rapita,' which I had read, and knew Dryden had borrowed some strokes from each. ''Tis true,' said Dryden; 'I had forgotten them.' A little after, Dryden went out, and in going spoke to me again, and desired me to come and see him the next day. I was highly delighted with the invitation, went to see him accordingly, and was well acquainted with him ever after as long as he lived." In the paucity of materials relating to the manners and conversation of Dryden this anecdote is not a little valuable. The poet appears in an amiable light in it; and a man of less kindness of heart and good sense would have been for ever offended at being thus corrected by a raw lad in the presence of strangers. It bears out the character given him by his most intimate and attached friend. "He was," says Congreve, "of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, ready to forgive injuries, and capable of a

sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. His friendship, where he professed it, went beyond his profession. He was of a very easy and very pleasing access, but somewhat slow, and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others. He had that in his nature which abhorred intrusion into any society whatever He was extremely ready and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer who thought fit to consult him, and full as ready and patient to admit the reprehensions of others, in respect of his own oversights or mistakes."

Prior, in his "Town and Country Mouse," gives us a little additional insight into these nights at Will's, when Dryden was present. The lines are complimentary to Dryden, though it is evident the writer did not intend them to be so.

"As I remember, said the sober mouse,
I've heard much talk of the wit's coffee-house;
Thither, says Brindle, shalt thou go, and see
Priests sipping coffee, sparks and poets, tea.
Here rugged frieze, there quality well drest,
These baffling the Grand Seignor, those the test;
And there shrewd guesses made, and reasons given,
That human laws were never made in heaven.
But, above all, what shall oblige thy sight,
And fill thy eye-balls with a vast delight,
Is the poetic judge of sacred wit,
Who does i' th' vastness of his glory sit;
And as the moon, who first receives the light
With which she makes these nether regions bright,
So does he shine, reflecting from afar
The rays he borrowed from a better star.
For rules which from Corneille and Rapin flow,
Admired by all the scribbling herd below;
From French tradition, while he does dispense
Unerring truths, 'tis schism,—a damned offence,
To question his, or trust your private sense."

Pope, before he was twelve years of age, conceived that admiration for Dryden, which he encouraged for the remainder of his life. Dryden's versification he even then considered his model, and he was impressed with such veneration, that he persuaded some friends to take him to Will's Coffee House, and was delighted that he could say he had seen Dryden. Pope afterwards described him as a "plump man with a down look, and not very conversible." Who will not join with Dr. Johnson, in the wish, that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the future greatness of his young admirer?

Will's Coffee House being the grand resort of wits and critics, it is not surprising that it should become also the head-quarters of envy, slander, and detraction. Where personal malice against a successful, or jealousy of a rival author, could not vent themselves in print for want of those vehicles which are so abundant in our own day, they were vented, *vivâ voce*, in the coffee-room. Here lampoons were read in manuscript, and he who brought most of them was the best companion, and most entertaining fellow. Here new jokes were first put into circulation; here was the heart of wit, whence the streams were distributed through their several channels to the furthest extremities of the town; here was the vestibule to the temple of literary renown, thronged with aspirants who could get no further, and who showed but little mercy to those who could, unless, perchance, they hoped to advance themselves under cover of their wing, and gain renown as the mere adjunct to a greater man than themselves. Dryden, though emphatically the great man

at Will's, was not allowed to escape the shafts of envy or ill-nature, which were continually shot at all reputations by the inferior frequenters of the place. In the course of time one man became the general mouth-piece of all the libellers and satirists. Whenever a new lampoon was made, the author brought it to him, and he read it aloud at Will's, or distributed copies of it in manuscript to all who applied for it. This fellow's name was Julian, and Dryden, who had suffered from his slander, addressed an epistle to him, in which his resentment betrayed him into a coarseness of invective only worthy of the subject of his satires.

Sir Walter Scott, in his edition of Dryden's works, has collected the following particulars of this fellow and his vocation, which are interesting, though the subject be worthless, inasmuch as they show the manners of the age. He says, "the extremity of license in manners necessarily leads to equal license in personal satire, and there never was an age in which both were carried to such an excess as in that of Charles II. These personal and scandalous libels acquired the name of lampoons from the established burden formerly sung to them,—

"Lampone, lampone, camerada; lampone!"

Dryden suffered under these violent and invisible assaults as much as any man of his age, to which his own words, in several places of his writings, and also the existence of many of the pasquinades themselves in the Luttrel Collection, bear ample witness. In many of his Prologues and Epilogues he alludes to this rage for personal satire,

and the employment which it found for the half and three-quarter wits and courtiers of the time. Upon the general practice of writing lampoons, and the necessity of finding some mode of dispersing them, which should diffuse the scandal widely while the authors remained concealed, was founded the self-created office of Julian, "Secretary," as he called himself, "to the Muses." This person attended Will's, the "Wits' Coffee House," as it was called, and dispensed among the crowds who frequented that place of gay resort, copies of the lampoons which had been privately communicated to him by their authors. "He is described," says Mr. Malone, "as a very drunken fellow, and at one time was confined for a libel." From a passage in one of the letters from the "Dead to the Living," we learn that after Julian's death, and the madness of his successor, Summerton, "lampoon felt a sensible decay, and there was no more that brisk spirit of verse that used to watch the follies and vices of the men and women of figure, that they could not start new ones, faster than lampoon exposed them."

It would be well for our age if it could boast that these men had left no successors. We have, it is true, no Julians and Summertons to stand in a coffee-house, and spurt out their own slander and other people's, but we have weekly prints that perform an equivalent office, and disperse the slander even more effectually. No doubt these men got well cudgelled sometimes, though there is no record of the fact.

Unluckily for himself, Dryden was suspected to be the author of a lampoon, though he had nothing in the world

to do with it, and was waylaid and beaten on his way from Will's to his own house in Gerrard Street. The real libeller was Lord Mulgrave, and the libellee Lord Rochester; and the latter believing the common report of the town, that Dryden was concerned in it from some praises in it bestowed upon his patron, Lord Mulgrave, hired three bravoes to beat him in Rose Alley, on his way home from Will's. A reward of 50*l.* was offered in the "Gazette" for the discovery of the perpetrators of this outrage, but they remained concealed.

"The town," says Sir Walter Scott, "was, however, at no loss to pitch upon Rochester as the employer of the bravoes, with whom the public suspicion joined the Duchess of Portsmouth, equally concerned in the supposed affront thus avenged."

After Dryden's death in 1701, Will's continued for about ten years to be still the Wits' Coffee House, when Addison, as already stated, transferred all the patronage to Button's.

There was no theatre in Bow Street at this time, though one had been in existence in Drury Lane for about a century. The only rival to Drury Lane Theatre in the days of Dryden, was Davenant's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of which we shall have to speak hereafter.

Covent Garden Theatre was first built in 1733, and opened by Rich, the harlequin, under the patent of Davenant. After various alterations in the course of years, it was almost wholly rebuilt in 1787. It had no front in Bow Street at that time, being surrounded by private houses and shops. It was again enlarged in 1792.

On the 20th of September, 1808, about four o'clock in the morning, the theatre was discovered to be on fire, and in less than three hours, though the greatest exertions were made to save it, the whole of the interior was destroyed, together with the library, most of the scenery, and seven of the adjoining houses, fronting to Bow Street. The value of the property destroyed was upwards of 107,000*l.*, of which the insurances only covered about 50,000*l.* By the falling in of the roof, several firemen and other persons, in all nineteen, lost their lives, and many others were seriously injured.

The theatre was at that time under the direction of Messrs. Harris and J. P. Kemble, and great efforts were made by them, in which they were cordially aided by the public, to build a new theatre within the following year. The architect employed was Mr. Smirke; the houses in Bow Street were all cleared away, and in less than twelve months after the foundation was laid, the present building was completed. It is an elegant structure of the Doric order, built on the model of the Temple of Minerva at Athens.

The night of its opening, September 18, 1809, will be ever memorable in the annals of the stage, as then began the famous, long-contested, bitter, but happily unsanguinary wars, which are immortalized under the name of O.P. There is nothing cabalistic in these letters, although these dissensions, of which they are the name, were doubtless in the first place the work of a cabal, which soon extended itself over the town, and drove it at last from its propriety.

In consequence of the great expense of the new build-

ing, it was deemed advisable by the managers to raise the prices of admission from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings for the pit, and from six shillings to seven shillings for the boxes. This announcement, which was made some weeks previous, excited much angry comment in the newspapers, and as soon as the curtain drew up on the night of opening, the people in the pit made such an uproar, that not a word was audible the whole evening. Their cry was "Old Prices," which they kept up without intermission for hours, when some magistrates, who happened to be present, read the Riot Act from the stage, and some of the most noisy were taken into custody.

On the next night the riot was still more violent, and placards bearing the words "Old Prices" were introduced into the pit. For six nights in succession every variety of noise was made, by trumpets, cat-calls, watchmen's rattles, hooting, hissing, groaning, and the imitation of the barking of dogs, the mewing of cats, the braying of asses, and the lowing of bulls, till at last the actors made no efforts to proceed with their parts, but merely walked on the stage to see how the row went on, and then walked off again. At last it was found necessary to shut up the house. A statement of the affairs of the theatre was drawn up, and submitted to the arbitration of a committee of gentlemen, who decided, after a few days, that the average profits of the six preceding years had been but $6\frac{3}{8}$ per cent., and that, even under the advanced prices of the then season, owing to the great expense of rebuilding so magnificent a theatre, the profits would be but $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. upon the capital expended, while a

return to the Old Prices could only be effected at the ruinous loss of 15*s.* per cent. It was hoped that this statement would satisfy the play-goers, who by this time had assumed the name of O.P.s, but they were of opinion that this was not a true statement, and that inordinate salaries, which might advantageously be retrenched, were given to Madame Catalini, and other performers. The consequences were, that on the night of re-opening, the same system was recommenced. Plays were announced, but never performed. Kemble, formerly so great a favourite, was assailed with every opprobrious epithet; placards were stuck up in every quarter of the pit, and affixed on the top of poles, to be thrust into the faces of the actors when they appeared on the stage. Besides cat-calls, trumpets, French bugles, and watchmen's rattles, dustmen's bells were introduced into the pit and galleries to increase the uproar, until at last no person who valued his tympanum would venture into the house. The town seemed to have lost its senses on this subject, and O.P. handkerchiefs and O.P. waistcoats became all the rage; the latter, which were only worn in the theatre, had an O embroidered upon one flap, and a P on the other. O.P. hats, adorned with the same letters, were also worn; and even ladies sported O.P. bonnets. O.P. toothpicks and O.P. seals were also manufactured, and had a great sale. The O.P. handkerchiefs led to O.P. flags, which were brought into the galleries, and unfurled at intervals amid great applause. The attempts of the constables, and boxers in the manager's pay, to capture the bearers of flags and placards, led to constant fights, and although many were apprehended every evening, and held to bail at Bow

Street Police Office, new men were constantly found to keep up the same system.

After some weeks, it was thought that the crowd, who paid to join in the disturbance, were, notwithstanding all the uproar they created, filling the manager's pockets, and it was thereupon determined by the O.P.s that they would not, in future, favour him with their company till the half-price began. Thus, frequently, the first part of the night's performances passed off with comparative quiet, but the O.P. had the remainder to themselves. The curtain generally fell at an early hour, when the O.P.s, after singing "God save the King" in full chorus, got up sham fights in the pit, scrambled over the benches into the boxes, and invaded the stage, concluding the whole by dancing the famous O.P. dance. This was done by a number of fellows forming into a ring, and stamping alternately with the right and left foot, calling out "O.P." at intervals of a minute or so, with a drawling and monotonous sound, sometimes loud enough to be heard in the street.

Several lawsuits and prosecutions were the result, the most important of which were those brought by or against a barrister of the name of Clifford, who had, somehow or other, become the acknowledged leader of the O.P.s. Clifford brought an action for false imprisonment against Brandon, the box-keeper, for giving him into custody as a ringleader in these disturbances, and he gained his cause, with 5*l.* damages. This victory increased the numbers and pertinacity of the O.P.s, and the placards introduced into the pit bore the words "A

British jury for ever," in addition to the letters "O.P." For sixty-six nights, in all, these riots continued, when they were suddenly brought to a close by a concession on the part of Mr. Kemble.

On the occasion of a grand public dinner, given at the "Crown and Anchor Tavern" to Mr. Clifford, to celebrate his victory over the box-keeper, Mr. Kemble made his appearance among the bacchanalians, to their no little surprise, and a conference being held in an adjoining room, a treaty was ultimately agreed upon, by Mr. Kemble as captain of the defensive, and by Mr. Clifford as generalissimo of the offensive belligerents. The terms were, that the boxes should remain at the advanced price, that the pit admissions should be reduced to 3*s.* 6*d.*, and that all prosecutions and actions on both sides should be immediately stayed. This compromise was announced the same night at the theatre, where its reception was not very cordial, the inveterate O.P. insisting that Brandon, the box-keeper, should be instantly dismissed. To this the managers could not consent, as the man's only fault was his zeal in the service of his employers, and the pit, offended at the refusal, once more danced the O.P. dance. On the following night it was announced that Brandon had resigned, and good humour was thus finally restored. Mr. Kemble was greeted, on his appearance, with the most rapturous applause; the various actors were severally called upon to receive congratulations; and a large placard, the last of its race, was exhibited in front of the pit, bearing in letters a foot long, the welcome

words, "WE ARE SATISFIED." And thus ended the O.P. riots, which for months had kept the metropolis in an uproar.

We might linger long on the reminiscences of the various actors who have figured upon the boards of this theatre, but must close our account of it with this sketch of the most remarkable event in its history, as we have yet to make the circuit of the whole district of Covent Garden. From Bow Street, the entrance to which has been lately widened, we shall pass into Long Acre, and notice the various streets in the neighbourhood, of which there is not anything to be said, and then through Great Queen Street, into Lincoln's Inn Fields. From thence we shall make our way through Clare Market and its purlieus to Drury Lane and its theatre, and then again by Catherine Street into the Strand.

Long Acre, now inhabited chiefly by coach-makers and the subordinate trades of painters, varnishers, wheel-makers, saddlers, and such like, was, in the reign of Henry VIII., an open field, called the Elms, from a row of those trees that grew upon it. The next name it acquired was the "Seven Acres," which was in the reign of Charles I., when it was first laid out into streets, changed into the Long Acre. In this street, as we learn from the Notes to the "Dunciad," the well-known Edward Ward kept a public-house. Taylor, the "Water-Poet," as he was called, also kept a public-house in it. The following notice of him appears in "Lord Somers's Tracts," vol. III., p. 43:—

"John Taylor, well known by the title of the Water-Poet. He retained his veneration for the Stuart family

long after their more courtly panegyrists had found other subjects of flattery; and when, in his old age, he kept an ale-house in Long Acre, he ventured to set up the sign of the 'Mourning Crown;' but as this gave offence to the saints of the commonwealth, he was forced to substitute his own head, with this motto—

> 'There's many a head stands for a sign;
> Then, gentle reader, why not mine?'"

In "Chalmer's Apology" it is said, "Taylor was born in 1584, and was, of course, the contemporary of Shakespeare, though twenty years younger. The waterman must often have called on Shakespeare, who is said to have lived on Bankside. They must have chopp'd verses together." The Notes to the "Dunciad" give the following account of him: "John Taylor, the water-poet, an honest man, who owns he had not learned so much as the accidence; a rare example of modesty in a poet—

> 'I must confess I do want eloquence,
> And never scarce did learn my accidence;
> For having got from possum to posset,
> I there was gravelled, and could no further get.'"

"He wrote four-score books in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and afterwards, like Edward Ward, kept an ale-house in Long Acre. He died in 1654."

Long Acre enjoys the pre-eminence of having possessed the first Mug-house in London. The Tory riots led to the Mug-house Clubs, in the days of the first George, and will be noticed more particularly when we get to Fleet Street, but the original house, which does not seem to have been at all political, claims some notice. The following account of it appears in the "Journey through

England," and is quoted by Malcolm in his "Anecdotes of London."

"But the most diverting or amusing of all, is the 'Mug House Club,' in Long Acre, where, every Wednesday and Saturday, a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen, meet in a great room, and are seldom under a hundred. They have a grave old gentleman, in his own gray hairs, now within a few months of ninety years old, who is their president, and sits in an armed chair, some steps higher than the rest of the company, to keep the whole room in order. A harp always plays all the time at the lower end of the room, and every now and then one or other of the company rises and entertains the rest with a song, and (by-the-bye) some are good masters. Here is nothing drank but ale, and every gentleman hath his separate mug, which he chalks on the table where he sits as it is brought in; and every one retires when he pleases, as from a coffee-house. The room is always so diverted with songs, and drinking from one table to another to one another's healths, that there is no room for politics, or anything that can sour conversation. One must be up by seven to get room, and after ten the company are, for the most part, gone. This is a winter's amusement that is agreeable enough to a stranger for once or twice, and he is well diverted with the different humours when the mugs overflow.

"On King George's accession to the throne, the Tories had so much the better of their friends to the Protestant succession, that they gained the mobs on all public days to their side. This induced a set of gentlemen to establish Mug Houses in all the corners of this great city,

for well-affected tradesmen to meet and keep up the spirit of loyalty to the Protestant succession, and to be ready, upon all tumults, to join their forces for the suppression of the Tory mobs."

It is alleged of Prior, the poet, that after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, he would go and smoke a pipe and drink a bottle of ale with a common soldier and his wife, in Long Acre, before he went to bed. This woman, the soldier's wife,—some say a cobbler's and some an ale-keeper's wife,—was the beauty whom he celebrates under the name of Chloe. One of his poems to her begins thus,—

> "When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown,
> Surprised, the goddess took it for her own."

And another ends with the following, of which the English is not very choice, or the rhyme very euphonious,—

> "Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
> And let us, like Horace and Lydia, agree;
> For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
> As he was a poet sublimer than me."

Pope says, every body knew what a wretch this woman was, and adds, on another occasion, "Prior was not a right good man; he used to bury himself for whole days and nights together with this poor mean creature, and often drank hard."

In Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, so named from Henrietta, Queen of James I., died Paul Whitehead, the Poet, on the 30th of December, 1774. He was buried at Teddington, with the exception of his heart, which was taken out as he requested in his will, enclosed in an urn, and deposited in a mausoleum on the grounds of his

patron, the Lord Le Despencer, at High Wycombe. Paul bequeathed 50*l.* by his will to defray the expenses of this ceremony.

Mrs. Clive, the actress, also resided in this street, before she retired to her cottage, near Strawberry Hill, given to her by Horace Walpole. Partridge, the Almanack-maker, had also a shop here before he removed to better lodgings in Salisbury Street, where he told fortunes, and called himself "Student in Physic and Astrology."

In James Street, Garrick had lodgings in 1747, as appears from the following advertisement in the "General Advertiser" for the 7th of April in that year. "Mr. Garrick hopes the gentlemen and ladies who had taken places for his benefit the 16th of last month, will excuse his deferring it to the 30th of this, his illness not permitting him to have it sooner. Tickets and places to be had at Mr. Garrick's lodgings, in James Street, Covent Garden, and of Mr. Page, at the stage-door of the theatre."

Some years previously, a mysterious lady resided in James Street, who created much interest and curiosity in the neighbourhood, and in other parts of the town. In Malcolm's "Anecdotes of London, during the eighteenth century," there is the following account of her. "In the month of March, 1720, an unknown lady died at her lodgings in James Street, Covent Garden. She is represented to have been a middle-sized person, with dark brown hair and very beautiful features, and mistress of every accomplishment peculiar to ladies of the first fashion and respectability. Her age appeared to be

between thirty and forty. Her circumstances were affluent, and she possessed the richest trinkets of her sex, generally set with diamonds. A John Ward, Esq., of Hackney, published many particulars relating to her in the papers, and amongst others, that a servant had been directed by her to deliver him a letter after her death, but as no servant appeared, he felt himself required to notice those circumstances, in order to acquaint her relatives of her decease, which occurred suddenly after a masquerade, where she declared she had conversed with the king, and it was remembered that she had been seen in the private apartments of Queen Anne, though after that queen's demise she lived in obscurity. This unknown arrived in London from Mansfield in 1714, drawn by six horses. She frequently said that her father was a nobleman, but that, her elder brother dying unmarried, the title was extinct, adding, that she had an uncle then living, whose title was his least recommendation. It was conjectured that she might be the daughter of a Roman Catholic, who had consigned her to a convent, whence a brother had released her and supported her in privacy." It seems likely enough that she was connected in some way with the Stuart family, and with their pretensions to the throne.

Dr. Arne, the celebrated composer, was born in King Street, where his father kept an upholsterer's shop. His sister, Mrs. Cibber, was born in the same house. Arne, the father, is said to have been the original of the upholsterer in Murphy's farce of that name. He did not encourage the early taste manifested by his son for the study of music; and the future composer, when a boy,

was obliged to steal time from the night to devote himself to his darling science, and practise in a garret on a muffled spinet when all the family were asleep. It is related of the old upholsterer, that going one night to a concert, he saw his son officiating as the leader of the orchestra, and that this was the first intimation he received of his musical proficiency. His house was the sign of the "Two Crowns and Cushions." There was at the same time a tavern in Great Russell Street called the "Crown and Cushion."

Voltaire in his young days, after his release from the Bastille, where he had suffered imprisonment for libel, came over to England, and took lodgings in Maiden Lane, at a perruquier's, whose house bore the sign of the White Peruke. He made acquaintance with the principal men of letters of that day; and some of his correspondence with Swift is dated from this house.

Voltaire in his personal appearance corresponded perfectly with the English popular notion of a Frenchman; "he looked so witty, profligate, and thin," was so polite, satirical, and well dressed, and seemed so thoroughly in his leanness to convey the notion of a man who fed on frogs and soupe-maigre, that the mob often taunted him as he passed. One day he was beset by so great a crowd, that he was forced to shelter himself against a door-way, where, mounting the steps, he made a flaming speech in English, which he spoke with tolerable correctness, in praise of the magnanimity of the English nation, and their love of freedom; with which the people were so delighted, that their jeers were turned into applauses,

and he was carried in triumph to Maiden Lane upon the shoulders of the mob.

Returning again into Covent Garden and Long Acre, we pass into Lincoln's Inn Fields, by Great Queen Street. The latter was one of the most fashionable streets in London in the time of the Stuarts. "It was then inhabited," says Pennant, "by many people of rank. Among others was Conway House, the residence of the noble family of that name; Paulet House, belonging to the Marquis of Winchester; and the house in which Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, finished his romantic life. The fronts of certain houses, possibly of those or others of the nobility, are distinguished by brick pilasters and rich capitals."

In his house in this street, Lord Herbert appears to have written the greater part of his treatise "De Veritate," of the publication of which he himself relates so singular a story. He says the book began by him, and formed in all its principal parts in England, was finished in France. "The work was no sooner perfected," says Lord Herbert, "than I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, who having escaped his prison in the Low Countries, came into France, and was much welcomed by me and Monsieur Tieleners, also one of the greatest scholars of the time, who, after they had perused it, and given it more commendation than it is proper for me to repeat, exhorted me earnestly to print and publish it. Howbeit, the frame of my whole work was so different from anything that had been written before, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that

had been written formerly concerning the method of finding out truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure concerning the whole argument of my book. I must confess it did not a little animate me, that the two great persons above mentioned did so highly value it, yet as I knew it would meet with much opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me for awhile to suppress it.

"Being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book "De Veritate" in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words, 'Oh thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book "De Veritate." If it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it!' I had no sooner spoken these words but a loud though gentle noise came from the heavens, (for it was like nothing on earth,) which did so comfort and cheer me that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This (how strange soever it may seem) I protest before the Eternal God is true. Neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came."

It should be stated that Lord Herbert disbelieved the

truth of revelation, and that his book was written to disprove it. What weak points there are in the strongest minds; and how just, as far as they go, are the remarks of Horace Walpole upon this subject: "How could a man," said he, "who doubted of general, believe in individual, revelation? What vanity, to think his book of such importance to the cause of truth, that it could extort a declaration of the divine will, when the interest of half mankind could not!" It was not only most egregious vanity, but vanity with a touch of madness in it. Indeed, the whole story of this man's life shows him to have been a crack-brained enthusiast, madder in his own way than ever Don Quixote was in his.

Besides the houses of the nobility in Great Queen Street enumerated by Pennant, was the Earl of Bristol's. The following passage occurs in the "Memoirs of Evelyn," vol. I., page 414: "May 26th, 1671. The Earl of Bristol's house, in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, was taken for the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, and furnished with rich hangings of the king's. It consisted of seven rooms on a floor, with a long gallery, gardens, &c."

Sir Godfrey Kneller resided in this street. He and Radcliffe, the physician, were next-door neighbours. Horace Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," relates a story of them. "Kneller," says he, "was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As there was great intimacy between him and the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Radcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him word he must shut up the door. Radcliffe

replied peevishly, "Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it." "And I," answered Godfrey, "can take anything from him but his physic."

Pope and Gay often visited the painter in his studio. The following anecdote of Kneller, whose vanity is well known, was related by Pope to Spence. "As I was sitting by Sir Godfrey Kneller one day," said the poet, "while he was drawing a picture, he stopped, and said, 'I can't do as well as I should do, unless you flatter me a little, Mr. Pope; you know I love to be flattered.' I was, for once, willing," continued Pope, "to try how far this vanity would carry him, and after considering a picture which he had just finished, for some while very attentively, I said to him in French (for he had been talking some time before in that language), 'We read in the Holy Scriptures that God made man after his own image, but I think, if He had man to make again, he would make him after the image on that canvas.' Sir Godfrey Kneller turned round, and said, very gravely, 'You are quite right, Mr. Pope—*par Dieu*, I think so too!'"

At Coachmaker's Hall, in Great Queen Street, was held the remarkable meeting of the Protestant Association which led to the riots under Lord George Gordon in 1780. The house of Mr. Justice Cox, in this street, was one of those destroyed by the rioters a few days afterwards.

At present, the most remarkable building in Great Queen Street, is the Freemason's Tavern. The foundation-stone of this edifice was laid on the 1st of May, 1775, by Lord Petre, attended by all the great officers

of the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. The great hall is both spacious and handsome, and contains several good portraits of illustrious Masons, among whom most conspicuous are the Duke of Sussex, in his once-favourite Highland costume, and his brother, the Duke of York.

We now arrive in Lincoln's Inn Square. The house No. 4 deserves especial notice as having been the chambers of the Literary Fund Society, established for the relief of distressed and meritorious authors, and liberally supported by the public. George IV. and William IV. annually contributed one hundred guineas to its funds, and this liberal subscription is continued by her present most gracious Majesty. A few doors further on is the house of the late Sir John Soane, the architect, a neat edifice built by himself in 1792. Since his death, his valuable museum has been opened to the public once a week, with certain restrictions. It contains a collection of antiquities, besides books, manuscripts, and pictures, which he bequeathed to the nation, with the sum of 30,000*l.*, the interest of which is to be applied in maintaining it. The museum consists of the rooms on two floors of the house. The lower floor is named the sarcophagus room, from the large sarcophagus brought by Belzoni, the Egyptian traveller, from a cave at Gornou, on the Nile, and bought of him by Sir John Soane for 2000*l.* The room is fitted up in the form of a Roman cemetery, with apertures in the walls containing funereal urns, busts, candelabra, and fragments of sculpture. Besides this room are the Picture Cabinets and the Monk's Parlour, the latter fitted up in the style of the 16th century, and

containing a spacious window, richly painted with twenty subjects in chiar'-oscuro, in compartments.

Behind this side of the square was one of the worst neighbourhoods in London in the reign of Charles II. It was called Whetstone Park, and was the great resort of thieves and lewd women. In the "State Poems" there is a set of verses entitled, "On the three Dukes killing the Beadle on Sunday morning, February 26, 1671." The three dukes were the three sons of Charles II., who, in a drunken frolic in this place, had assaulted the beadle, who unfortunately lost his life in consequence, though that consummation of the frolic was never intended by its perpetrators. It does not appear that the young men were ever called to account for what they had done. The doggrel rhyme mentions that a ball at the palace was put off in consequence.

"See what mishaps dare e'en invade Whitehall;
This silly fellow's death puts off the ball,
And disappoints the Queen—poor little chuck!"

This part of Lincoln's Inn Square long preserved its bad character. The following lines from the third book of the "Trivia" describe its frequenters in the time of Gay:—

"Where Lincoln's Inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous steps;—there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the daylight shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone;
That crutch, which late compassion moved, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the linkman's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall:
In the midway he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band."

We shall have further occasion to speak of the London thieves and beggars when we arrive in Dyot Street, St. Giles's, and that neighbourhood; but the one sort that made Lincoln's Inn Fields their head-quarters we had better describe at once. Malcolm, in his "Manners and Customs of London," gives an account of the Lincoln's Inn Field rufflers, from materials supplied by the second edition of the "Canting Academy," published in 1674. The ruffler was a wretch who assumed the character of a maimed soldier, and begged from the claims of Naseby, Edgehill, Newbury, and Marston Moor. Those who were stationed in the city of London were generally found in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden, and their prey was people of fashion, whose coaches were attacked boldly, and, if denied, their owners were told boldly,—"'Tis a sad thing that an old crippled cavalier should be suffered to beg for a maintenance, and a young cavalier that never heard the whistle of a bullet should ride in his coach."

Lincoln's Inn Fields form part of the ancient Ticket Fields, which extended from hence past the spot where St. Giles's Church is now built. Queen Elizabeth, afraid that London would become too large, issued more than one proclamation against the increase of building. James I. was smitten with the same fear, and in a royal mandate, dated the 4th of September, 1612, and addressed to certain justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex, he states it to be his express pleasure and commandment that the erection of new buildings in Lincoln's Inn Fields should be restrained, and requires the said justices to apprehend and commit to prison any

one who should be found so offending, or to take sureties of him or them to appear before the Privy Council to answer the charge. This measure, it appears, was adopted at the request of the benchers and students of the Inn. It was found unavailing. Buildings continued to be erected, and six years afterwards it was thought a wiser course of policy, to prevent the building of small mean houses by various projectors, to lay out the whole space in a regular plan. A commission was accordingly granted in 1618, intrusted to the care of Lord Chancellor Bacon, the Earls of Worcester, Pembroke, Arundel, and others, for the better disposition of these grounds. Inigo Jones was employed to draw up a plan. The commission alleged in their report that more public works had been undertaken near and about the city of London within the sixteen previous years than in ages before. That the grounds called Lincoln's Inn Fields were much planted round with dwellings and lodgings of noblemen and gentlemen of quality, but at the same time were much deformed by cottages and mean buildings, encroachments on the Fields, and nuisances to the neighbourhood. The commissioners, desirous to reform those grievances, had determined "to frame and reduce those fields both for sweetness, uniformity, and comeliness into such walks, partitions, or other plots, and in such sort, manner, and form, both for public health and pleasure, as by Mr. Inigo Jones should be accordingly drawn by way of map."

Inigo Jones proposed to build the square on a uniform plan, and a specimen of what it would have been, had his suggestions been carried into effect, may be seen, from

the centre house on the west, now divided into two, which was formerly inhabited by the Earls of Lindsay and their descendants the Dukes of Ancaster. The plan was considered too costly, and therefore remained unaccomplished, but noblemen and others, desirous of inhabiting the square, were allowed to build for themselves; and in the course of time many handsome buildings arose, although the uniformity of the square was not preserved. The north side was called Newman's Row, the west, Arch Row, the south, Portugal Row, and the east, Lincoln's Inn Wall.

By the plan of Inigo Jones, the area of the square was to have been made of the exact dimensions of the base of the largest of the Egyptian pyramids.

The large house at the north-west corner, now divided into two, and partly occupied by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge, and with a passage under it to Great Queen Street, formerly belonged to the Duke of Newcastle, minister of George II., and is still occasionally called Newcastle House. It was built about the year 1686, by the Marquis of Powis, and called Powis House. On the abdication of James II., Lord Powis followed him to France, where he was created Duke of Powis,—a barren honour, but all that the ex-monarch had it in his power to bestow.

There is a story abroad, that at the wall on this side Ben Jonson worked when he was a bricklayer. The authority for the story is Aubrey, whose words are:—"His mother after his father's death married a bricklayer; and 'tis generally said that he wrought for some time with his father-in-law, and particularly on the

garden wall of Lincoln's Inn, next to Chancery Lane. A knight or bencher walking through, and hearing him repeat some Greek names out of Homer, discoursed with him, and finding him to have a wit extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at Trinity College, Cambridge." Honest old Fuller also tells this story:— "He helped," says he, "in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, where, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket." Mr. Gifford, in his edition of the works of Ben Jonson, denies that the poet ever worked as a bricklayer, and treats this story as a "figment."

The entrance to Lincoln's Inn is not from the square, but from Chancery Lane. The gate was built by Sir Thomas Lovel, once a member of this inn, and afterwards treasurer of the household to Henry VII. The other parts were rebuilt at different times, but much about the same period. The inn itself was established at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, by Henry Lacy, earl of Lincoln, whose name it still bears, and who died in it in 1312. The ground originally belonged to the Bishops of Chichester; "one of whom," says Pennant, "in after times granted leases of the building to certain students of the law, reserving to themselves a rent, and lodgings for themselves, whenever they came to London." This seems to have taken place about the time of Henry VII. In the great hall of this inn the Lord Chancellor holds his sittings.

On the south side of the square, various eminent lawyers have in their time resided, including the Lord Chancellors Camden, Loughborough, and Erskine, and the

Lords Chief Justices Kenyon and Mansfield. The large centre house was built for the Royal College of Surgeons, incorporated in 1800, when they were first separated from the more ancient corporation of the Barber-Surgeons. Their spacious hall was rebuilt in 1837 as it now stands. In the museum is the extensive anatomical collection of the celebrated John Hunter.

A narrow, dingy, street behind this side of the square, is still called Portugal Street. A good half of it is occupied by a squalid-looking burial-ground belonging to the church of St. Clement Danes, in which the remains of Joe Miller, "the father of jokes," are interred. Nothing in the streets of London strikes the continental stranger with more disgust than the burial-grounds which are so frequent. In a well-ordered metropolis, cemeteries would never be suffered in the midst of the habitations of the living, and public attention, lately directed to the subject, has devised a partial remedy, in the establishment of cemeteries at Highgate, Hampstead, Kensal-Green, and other spots, at a short distance from London. It is to be hoped that the time will come when no parish shall be allowed a burial-ground to its church, but shall be compelled to inter its dead at a distance from the living. The recent revelations of Mr. Walker on the churchyards of London, are enough to make the blood curdle, and have done much to call attention to the enormous evil.

Portugal Street was so named in compliment to the Queen of Charles II., and is celebrated as the site of Sir William Davenant's theatre. Though it is the general opinion that there was but one theatre in this quarter,

there appear to have been two; but it is not a little difficult to determine the exact site of each, and the exact periods when they were opened. Killigrew, in the year 1661, had a theatre in the Tennis Court, Vere Street, Clare Market, but he and his company removing to Drury Lane, in 1663, there was an end for the time of this first of the Lincoln's Inn Fields' theatres. In 1662, while Killigrew was still in his old quarters, Sir William Davenant's, or the "Duke's" company, as they were called, to distinguish them from Killigrew's, or the "King's" company, removed from Salisbury Court to a new theatre in Portugal Street. Davenant's company performed here until 1671, when for some reason or other, which does not appear, they returned to Salisbury Court. In 1694, Betterton and Congreve re-opened the theatre in Portugal Street, under a licence from King William III., and Betterton continued to manage its affairs until 1704, when the neighbours complained of it as a nuisance. He then assigned his patent to Sir John Vanbrugh, who, finding the premises too small, erected a theatre in the Haymarket. The Portugal Street theatre being thus abandoned, remained empty for about ten years, when it was re-opened by Mr. Rich. "The performers," says the author of the introduction to Baker's "Biographia Dramatica," "were so much inferior to those at Drury Lane, that the latter carried away all the applause and favour of the town. In this distress the genius of Rich suggested to him a species of entertainment which, at the same time that it hath been deemed contemptible, has ever been followed and encouraged. Harlequin, Pantaloon, and all the host of pantomimic pageantry were

brought forward, and sound and show obtained a victory over sense and reason. The fertility of Mr. Rich's invention in these entertainments, and the excellence of his own performance, must at the same time be acknowledged. By means of these only he kept the managers of the other house at all times from relaxing their diligence, and to the disgrace of public taste, frequently obtained more money by ridiculous and paltry performances, than all the sterling merit of the other theatre was able to acquire." . . . Rich and his company removed, in 1733, to the then newly-erected theatre of Covent Garden, and the old one was shut up for about two years. It was then taken by a Mr. Giffard, from Goodman's Fields, who not finding his speculation answer, gave it up in 1737, when it ceased to be a theatre. It was afterwards occupied as a pottery warehouse, and has now disappeared altogether. It stood nearly opposite to the burial-ground.

Many curious particulars relative to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields are to be found in Pepys's "Diary." We cannot follow him through his minutiæ, but one circumstance connected with them deserves mention. He says, that at the theatre in Vere Street, he first saw a woman on the stage.

It appears from the researches of Malone and others, that Desdemona was the first character ever performed by a female in this country, and that this very necessary reform was first introduced at this theatre on the 8th of December, 1660. The prologue on this occasion was written by Thomas Jordan, and contained, among other passages, the following apologies for the innovation :—

"I come, unknown to any of the rest,
To tell the news: I saw the lady dress'd!
The woman plays to-day! Mistake me not,
No man in gown, or page in petticoat;
A woman to my knowledge—yet I can't,
If I should die, make affidavit on't.
Do you not twitter, gentlemen? I know
You will be censuring. Do it fairly though.
'Tis possible a virtuous woman may
Abhor all sorts of lewdness, and yet play—
Play on the stage, where all eyes are upon her.
Shall we count that a crime, France counts an honour?
In other kingdoms husbands safely trust 'em;
The difference lies only in the custom.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

But, to the point: in this reforming age,
We have intents to civilize the stage;
Our women are defective, and so sized,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguised.
For to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bone so large, and nerve so incompliant,
When you call Desdemona—enter, Giant!
We shall purge everything that is unclean,
Lascivious, scurrilous, impious, or obscene;
And when we've put all things in this fair way,
Barebones himself may come to see a play."

Although the introduction of women on the stage was as successful as it deserved to be, there was for a long time some difficulty in procuring the requisite numbers to fill the parts.

"There was still," says Cibber, "a necessity now and then to put the handsomest young man into petticoats." Kynaston, an actor, was very often chosen; "and he was," adds Cibber, "so beautiful a youth, that the ladies of quality prided themselves on taking him with them in

their coaches to Hyde Park in his theatrical habit, after the play, which in those days they might have time to do, as plays were then used to begin at four o'clock." Kynaston's chief female character was Evadne, in the Maid's Tragedy; and Cibber tells an amusing story which he heard from Kynaston's own mouth of the shifts the stage was then put to:—

"The King (Charles II.) coming a little before his usual time to a tragedy, found the actors not ready to begin, when his Majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent to them to know the meaning of it, upon which the master of the company came to the box, and rightly judging that the best excuse for their default would be the true one, fairly told his Majesty that *the Queen was not shaved yet.* The King, whose good humour loved to laugh at a jest, as well as to make one, accepted the excuse, which served to divert him till the male queen (Kynaston) could be effeminated."

Before quitting Lincoln's Inn Fields, we must not forget to mention the most remarkable incident in its history, the execution of the patriot, Lord William Russell. The circumstances of his trial, and the heroic conduct of his wife, Lady Rachel, are too well known. They are too much of the History of England, to be part of the history of a street, and we need not dwell upon them. The reason of his execution in this spot, says Pennant, was, that it was the nearest open space from Newgate, where he was confined. It was thought more advisable to convey him through the comparatively quiet line of Holborn, than through the crowded city to Tower Hill,

for rumours of an intention to rescue him had been circulated.

Burnet says that the Duke of York, the bitter enemy of Lord Russell, moved the King that he might be executed in front of his own door in Southampton Square, but the King rejected this as indecent, and the middle of Lincoln's Inn Fields was fixed upon. On his way from Newgate, on turning into Little Queen Street, he shed a tear at the remembrance of his wife, for he turned to the Dean of Canterbury, and said, "I have often turned to the other hand (towards his own house) with great comfort, but now I turn to this with greater."

"Tillotson and I," says Dr. Burnet, "went with him in the coach to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted. He was touched by the tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at all provoked by the other. He was singing psalms a great part of the way, and said he hoped to sing better soon. As he observed the great crowds of people all the way, he said to us, 'I hope I shall quickly see a much better assembly.' When he came to the scaffold he walked about it four or five times. Then he turned to the sheriffs and delivered his paper. He protested that he had always been far from any designs against the king's life or Government. He prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion. He wished all Protestants might love one another, and not make way for Popery by their animosities. The substance of the paper he delivered to the sheriffs was, first, a profession of his religion and his sincerity in it; that he was of the Church of England, but wished all

would unite together against the common enemy; that churchmen would be less severe, and dissenters less scrupulous. He owned he had a great zeal against Popery, which he looked on as an idolatrous and bloody religion, but that, although he was at all times ready to venture his life for his religion or his country, yet this would never have carried him to any black or wicked design. No man ever had the impudence to move to him anything with relation to the king's life. He prayed heartily for him, that in his person and Government he might be happy, both in this world and the next. He protested, that in the prosecution of the popish plot he had gone on in the sincerity of his heart, and that he never knew of any practice with the witnesses. He owned he had been earnest in the matter of the exclusion, as the best way in his opinion to secure both the king's life and the Protestant religion; and to that he imputed his present sufferings; but he forgave all concerned in them, and charged his friends to think of no revenge. He thought his sentence was hard, upon which he gave an account of all that had passed at Shepherd's. From the heats that were in choosing the sheriffs, he concluded that matter would end as it now did, and he was not much surprised to find it fall upon himself. He wished it might end in him: killing by law was the worst form of murder. He concluded with some very devout ejaculations. After he had delivered this paper, he prayed by himself; then Tillotson prayed with him. After that, he prayed again by himself, and then undressed himself, and laid his head on the block, without the least change of countenance; and it was cut off at two strokes."

Does it not seem strange that no memorial has been placed upon the spot of this tragedy? The flowers grow upon the death-scene of the martyr of civil and religious freedom; but a monument ought to have been erected upon it. James II., in the extremity of the misfortune that deservedly fell upon him, applied to the heart-broken father of Lord William Russell to aid him. "My Lord," said he, "you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service." "Ah sire," replied the Earl, "I am old and feeble, but I once had a son!" James was so struck with the solemn answer, that he walked about the room, and could not speak for some minutes.

Some writers have mistakenly repeated that Algernon Sydney, another victim in the same cause, was also executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It will be found, however, that the place of his execution was Tower Hill.

Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, contains a Roman Catholic chapel, the same that was formerly attached to the Sardinian Embassy, and which was nearly destroyed in the "No Popery" riots of 1780.

This street is ever memorable as the scene of the early life of Benjamin Franklin. His lodgings were in Duke Street, and he worked as a journeyman printer in the office of Mr. Watts, in Great Wyld Street, adjoining. He first of all worked for a twelvemonth at a printer's, named Palmer, in Bartholomew Close; but he worked for Mr. Watts during the remainder of his stay in England. It was in 1725 that he took his lodgings, consisting of one room, at the house of a widow lady opposite the Catholic chapel, for which he paid at the rate of three-and-sixpence a week. His landlady was a clergy-

man's daughter, who, marrying a Catholic, had abjured Protestantism, and became acquainted with several distinguished families of that persuasion. She and Franklin found mutual pleasure in each other's society. He kept good hours, and she, being too lame with the gout to leave her room, their evenings were generally passed together. "Our supper," says Franklin, in his "Memoirs," "was only half an anchovy each, on a very little slice of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between us; but the entertainment was her conversation." In the garret of the same house lodged a maiden catholic lady of great piety, but not without eccentricity. She had been sent to the Continent, when a girl, to take the veil; but the climate not agreeing with her, she returned to England, and lived for the remainder of her life even more strictly than if she had still inhabited a nunnery. She had a small estate, out of which she reserved the sum of 12*l.* a year for her own wants, devoting the rest to charitable purposes, and living almost entirely upon water-gruel. Her presence was thought a blessing to the house, and the occupants refused to take any rent from her. "I was once," says Franklin, "permitted to visit her. She was cheerful and polite, and conversed pleasantly. The room was clean, but had no other furniture than a mattrass, with a table, a crucifix, a book, a stool, which she gave me to sit on, and a picture over the chimney, of St. Veronica displaying her handkerchief, with the miraculous figure of Christ's bleeding face on it, which she explained to me with great seriousness. She looked pale, but was never sick; and I give it as another instance on how small an income life may be supported."

Franklin, while here, was the great reformer of the workmen in Great Wyld Street. "On my entrance," says he, "I worked at first as a pressman, conceiving that I had need of bodily exercise, to which I had been accustomed in America, where the printers work alternately as compositors and at the press. I drank nothing but water; the other workmen, to the number of fifty, were great drinkers of beer. I carried, occasionally, a large form of letters in each hand, up and down stairs, while the rest employed both hands to carry one. They were surprised to see by this, and many other examples, that the 'American Aquatic,' as they used to call me, was stronger than those that drank porter. The beer-boy had sufficient employment during the whole day in serving that house alone. . . . . My example prevailed with several of them to renounce their abominable practice of bread and cheese, with beer, and they procured, like me, from a neighbouring house, a good basin of warm gruel, in which was a small slice of butter, with toasted bread and nutmeg. This was a much better breakfast, which did not cost more than a pint of beer, namely, three half-pence, and at the same time preserved the head clearer. Those who continued to gorge themselves with beer, often lost their credit with the publican, from neglecting to pay their score. They had then recourse to me to become security for them, 'their light,' as they used to call it, 'being out.' I attended at the table every Saturday evening, to take up the little sums which I had made myself answerable for, and which sometimes amounted to near thirty shillings a week. This circumstance, added to the reputation of my being a tolerably

good 'gabber,' or, in other words, skilful in the art of burlesque, kept up my importance among them. I had, besides, recommended myself to the esteem of my master by my assiduous application to business, never observing Saint Monday. My extraordinary quickness in composing always procured me such work as was most urgent and which is commonly best paid."

Forty years afterwards, when he came to England as the agent of Massachusetts, Franklin went to visit his old office, and the old press where the days of his youth had passed. He went to the two pressmen who were working at it, and inviting them to drink, told them of the circumstances of his early life. This press was long preserved by Messrs. Cox, the printers of Great Queen Street; but a few years since, it was disposed of to Mr. Harrild, who raised a considerable sum by its exhibition, for the benefit of decayed printers; after which it was bought by some American gentlemen, with the intention of having it carefully preserved in Franklin's native city.

We pass from this street into Clare Market, so called from the Earls of Clare, to whom the ground belonged, and one of whom built the market about the year 1657. This now filthy and almost putrid neighbourhood was the scene where "Orator Henley" held forth in the days of Pope, who has damned him to everlasting fame in the "Dunciad." Some describe his oratory as having been in Newport Market; but it would appear from Henley's own advertisements, that it was first in Newport Market, and afterwards in Clare Market, or that Newport and Clare Market must have been one and the same. The price of admission to the lectures of this half-crazed mounte-

bank was one shilling. Pope, in the "Dunciad," speaks of his pulpit as a "gilt tub," but in a note to the passage it is stated, "the pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a tub," but that of Mr. Orator. Henley was covered with velvet and adorned with gold. He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, "The Primitive Eucharist." He had, in early life, been a candidate for the lectureship of Bloomsbury parish, but was rejected by the congregation because he threw himself about too much in the pulpit. Rushing into a room where the principal parishioners were assembled, he thus addressed them, "Blockheads! are you qualified to judge of the degree of action necessary for a preacher of God's word? Were you able to read, or had you sufficient sense, you sorry knaves, to understand the renowned orator of antiquity, he would tell you, almost the only requisite of a public speaker was 'action! action! action!' But I despise and defy you—*provoco ad populum*—the public shall decide between us." He therefore published his "Sermon," to show their ill-taste in rejecting him; and when he held forth in Clare Market, if any of his Bloomsbury friends ventured into the room, he could not resist the opportunity of having a fling at him. With a triumphant look at the crowds by whom he was surrounded, he would fix his eyes upon him and exclaim, "You see, sir, all mankind are not of your opinion! There are, you perceive, a few sensible people in the world, who consider me not wholly unqualified for the office I have undertaken." Pope says of him "that he would have been worthy of ancient Egypt—a decent priest where monkeys were the gods!" He lectured upon

Divinity on Sundays and *de omnibus rebus* on Wednesdays and Fridays.

The following are specimens of his advertisements, issued during the year 1729: "At the Oratory, in Newport Market, to-morrow, at half an hour after ten, the sermon will be on the Witch of Endor. At half an hour after five, the theological lecture will be on the conversion and original of the Scottish nation, and of the Picts and Caledonians, St. Andrew's relics and panegyric, and the character and mission of the Apostles. On Wednesday, at six, or near the matter, take your chance, will be a medley oration on the history, merits, and praise of confusion, and of confounders, in the road, and out of the way. On Friday will be that of Dr. Faustus and Fortunatus, and conjuration. After each, the 'Chimes of the Times,' No. 23 and 24."

The following advertisement was issued for Sunday, September 28th, 1729: "At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, near Clare Market, to-morrow, at half an hour after ten; 1st. The postil will be on the turning of Lot's wife into a pillar of salt. 2nd. The sermon will be on the necessary power and attractive force which religion gives the spirit of a man with God and good spirits. At five o'clock; 1st. The postil will be on this point—in what language our Saviour will speak the last sentence on mankind. 2nd. The lecture will be on Jesus Christ's sitting at the right hand of God, and where that is: the honours and lustre of his inauguration: the learning, piety, and criticism of that glorious article.

"The Monday's orations will shortly be resumed. On Wednesday the oration will be on the skits of the

fashions, or a live gallery of flaming pictures in all ages, ruffs, muffs, puffs manifold; shoes, wedding-shoes, two-shoes, slip-shoes, heels, clocks, pantofles, buskins, pantaloons, garters, shoulder-knots, periwigs, head-dresses, modesties, tuckers, farthingales, corkins, minnikins, slammakins, ruffles, round-robins, toilet-fans, patches; dame, forsooth, madam, my lady—the wit and beauty of my grannum: Winnifred, Joan, Bridget, compared with our Winny, Jenny, and Biddy; fine ladies and pretty gentlewomen; being a general view of the *beau monde*, from before Noah's flood to the year 1729. On Friday will be something better than last Tuesday. After each, a bob at the times."

It would appear that Henley continued to lecture at the same place for nearly twenty years. In one of his lectures during the year of the rebellion in Scotland, he uttered some expressions which were thought seditious, and he was cited before the Privy Council. He was asked why he turned the exertions of good citizens into ridicule, when they were endeavouring to preserve the peace of the empire, and especially why he tried to inflame the minds of the people, by his satires against Archbishop Herring? It should be remembered that the Archbishop, in his zeal for the House of Hanover, had proposed, or actually commenced, arming the clergy, and Henley's reply excited great laughter: "I thought there was no great harm, my Lords," said he, "in cracking a joke on a red Herring!"

In reply to several other questions, and why he meddled with affairs of state at all, he replied to the Earl of Chesterfield, "My Lords, I must live." The Earl of

Chesterfield rejoined, "I see no kind of reason for that;" at which the other Lords were observed to laugh. Henley appeared irritated, and then said—"That is a very good thing, my Lord, but it has been said before." He was detained in custody for a few days, and then dismissed as an impudent fellow, without sufficient reason in him to be dangerous.

It is not exactly known at what period his lectures in Clare Market were discontinued. His eccentricity became more decided as he grew older, and he appears finally to have gone quite mad. He died in 1756, in the 54th year of his age.

From Clare Market we pass into Drury Lane, still bearing the same character as when Gay thus apostrophized, more than a century ago, the walks of London streets:—

> "O may thy virtue guard thee thro' the roads
> Of Drury's mazy courts and dark abodes,
> The harlot's guileful paths."

Drury Lane derives its name from the town house of the noble family of Drury, built by Sir William Drury, in the reign of Elizabeth, and which stood on the ground now occupied by Craven Buildings, and the Olympic Theatre.

Sir William was Lord Deputy of Ireland, and died at Waterford in 1579—some say, in a duel about precedency, but this is not clear. His son, Sir Robert Drury, was the true friend of Dr. John Donne, that rugged satirist—the "greatest wit, but not the best poet of our nation," as Dryden characterized him.

When Dr. Donne and his wife were in great distress for a subsistence, owing to the enmity of the lady's

father, Sir George More, who was exceeding wroth at her secret marriage with Donne, they were invited by Sir Robert Drury to live in his house, until better fortune smiled upon them. A curious story is related of them here by Isaac Walton, in his "Life of Dr. Donne," which we shall repeat, leaving the reader, if he be incredulous, to his incredulity, and if he be, like old Isaac, of abundant faith, to a belief which is not without its comforts, to those who can bring themselves to it.

Sir Robert Drury being sent on an embassy to Henry IV. of France, resolved to take Donne with him; but Mrs. Donne being then far advanced in her pregnancy, and in ill health besides, solicited her husband not to leave her, telling him that her "divining soul boded her some ill in his absence." Donne immediately determined that he would not go, but Sir Robert Drury treated the refusal as a mere piece of folly, and finally persuaded Donne to accompany him. A few days after their arrival in Paris, Sir Robert, Donne, and some other persons having dined together, Donne was left alone in the dining-room, where he remained by himself for about half an hour. Sir Robert Drury, on re-entering the room, was surprised to find Donne with a pale and haggard face, and a wildness and ecstasy in his eye, and earnestly asked him what was the matter? Donne for some moments could make no reply; but at last he said, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you. I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me in this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you." Sir Robert told him that he must have been taking an after-dinner

nap in his chair, but Donne protested that he had not slept, and added, that the second time his wife appeared, she stopped before him, looked mournfully in his face, and vanished. Sir Robert still treated the matter as a dream, and Donne still persisted that the apparition was real, and became in consequence so melancholy, that Sir Robert's doubts were shaken, and he despatched a messenger expressly to Drury House, to learn how Mrs. Donne was. The man went and returned to Paris in twelve days, and brought back, says Walton, this account, —"that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed, and that after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child." And upon examination, the abortion proved to have been the same day, and about the very hour that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

"This is a relation," continues Isaac, "that will beget some wonder; and well it may, for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that visions and miracles are ceased. And though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then played upon, the other that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a distance, will, like an echo to a trumpet, warble a faint audible harmony, in answer to the same tune, yet many will not believe that there is any such thing as the sympathy of souls, and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion."

Walton's illustration is poetical, and not ill expressed, and he might have left it there without much imputation upon his credulity; but he goes on to prove the reality of the vision by many arguments, into which we shall not

follow him, thinking that the story ends much better with his own words in the quotation above.

After the death of Sir Robert Drury, this house became the property of Lord Craven, the hero of Creutznach, so well known for his bravery in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, and for his romantic attachment to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of James I. He was the eldest son of Sir William Craven, Lord Mayor of London in 1611, and passed the greater part of his life on the Continent, whither he had proceeded before the Civil Wars to join the forces of Gustavus Adolphus, until the Restoration, when Charles II. conferred upon him the titles of Viscount and Earl Craven. He rebuilt Drury Place, and erected on part of the site of the old buildings a large brick house, four stories high, which ever after continued to be called by his name, and where Craven Street now stands. In this house the Queen of Bohemia would appear from some accounts to have resided, but the truth is, she resided in the adjoining house, probably built for her by Lord Craven, and called, for many years afterwards, Bohemia House, and finally turned into a public house, which bore her head for its sign. Mr. Moser, in his "Vestiges," is of opinion that there was a subterranean communication between the two buildings, and he had seen some vaults accidentally broken into, that tended to confirm him in that belief. The Earl was thought to have been privately married to the queen,—a woman of great sweetness of temper and amiability of manners, an universal favourite both in this country and Bohemia, where her gentleness acquired her the title of "The Queen of Hearts."

By right of their descent from her the House of Hanover ascended the throne of this kingdom. It was upon her, in her young days, that Sir Henry Wotton wrote his well-known lines, beginning,

> "Ye meaner beauties of the night,
> That poorly satisfy our eyes,
> More by your number than your light;
> Ye common people of the skies,
> What are ye, when the moon shall rise?"

Lord Craven often accompanied her to the play, and other public resorts, and at her death she left him her books, pictures, and papers. There is a likeness of her at Hampton Court.

Lord Craven was a bustling active man, fond of war, and strange to say, fond of gardening, and divided his time between both, or at least such imitations of war as he could find in the streets of London. He was colonel of a regiment of guards, and kept the soldiers in continual bustle. Lord Dorset, in a song in praise of his mistress, says,—

> "The people's hearts leap wherever she comes,
> And beat night and day, like my Lord Craven's drums."

Whenever there was a fire in London, Lord Craven was sure to be seen riding about to give orders to the soldiers, who were generally called out to preserve order, and it became a common saying, that "his very horse smelt the fire at a distance." In the reign of William III., when he was upwards of eighty years of age, but still a hale old fellow, there was some talk of giving his regiment to a younger man, when he exclaimed, "They may as well take away my life as my regiment, for I have

nothing else to divert myself with." The regiment was, however, given to a younger man, and the old warrior of Gustavus, corresponding to the very beau-ideal of a soldier, and from whose character Sterne might have conceived his first notion of Uncle Toby, was left without his hobby. But war was still the subject of his talk, although he devoted himself more to his garden than he had previously done. This garden extended a considerable distance in a parallel line with Drury Lane, where Evelyn sometimes visited him. What a pity that there is no record of their conversation left! We know what the man of peace might have said about his beloved trees and flowers, but the answers of the man of war, bound to him by this one congenial sentiment, are more difficult to imagine. The old soldier died in 1697, in his eighty-fifth year, hale, cheerful, and bustling to the last.

The following is the advertisement of his death, copied from No. 301 of the "Post Boy," for the 10th of April, 1697,—

"Yesterday, 9th, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Right Honourable the Earl of Craven departed this life at his house in Drury Lane, in the 85th year of his age. He was an excellent soldier, and served in the wars under Palsgrave of the Rhine, and also under the great Gustaphus Adolphus, where he performed sundry warlike exploits to admiration; and, in a word, he was then in great renowne. He is succeeded in estate and honour, as Baron Craven, as Hampstead Marshal, by the Hon. William Craven, son to Sir William Craven of Combe Abbey."

Craven Buildings were erected on part of the grounds of this mansion about the year 1723. Bohemia House was converted into a tavern, the sign of the "Queen of

Bohemia," which it retained till the year 1790 or 1791, when several adjoining houses were accidentally burned down, and itself so much injured as to be rendered uninhabitable. It remained in this state for ten or twelve years, when it was pulled down, and the materials sold. In 1803, Mr. Philip Astley, the celebrated equestrian, took a lease of the ground for sixty-three years, and erected the Olympic Pavilion, the present Olympic Theatre, upon its site, from his own designs, and for equestrian performances exclusively. It was opened by him for that purpose on the 18th of September, 1806. Mr. Elliston, who became the lessee in 1813, changed its name from the Olympic Pavilion to the Royal Olympic Theatre; and the horses being removed to the other side of the Thames, burlettas and other similar entertainments were provided. In 1826, the property was sold by auction, and again in 1828 or 1829. Madame Vestris then became the lessee, and conducted for many years the affairs of this elegant little theatre with some advantage to her interest, and much credit to her taste and judgment, and very much gratification to the town. On her removal to Covent Garden in 1839, the Olympic was taken by Mr. Butler, who provided the same species of entertainment for playgoers as his predecessor, though scarcely with as much success.

Among the residents in Craven Buildings may be mentioned Hayman the painter, Elliston the actor, and three favourite actresses from the time of Dryden to our own —namely, Mrs. Bracegirdle, Mrs. Pritchard, and Madame Vestris.

Craven House, which existed in the time of Pennant,

is described by him as "a large brick pile, concealed by other buildings." The last vestiges of the building finally disappeared about 1809, when the site was included in the buildings for the Olympic Theatre.

Drury Lane is celebrated as having been the residence of the famous Nan Clarges, duchess of Albemarle. Her father was a blacksmith in the Savoy.

The following quotation relating to her is originally from a MS. of Mr. Aubrey, in Ashmole's Museum, and has been reprinted in Granger's "Biographical History." "When he (Monck) was prisoner in the Tower, his semstress, Nan Clarges, a blacksmith's daughter, atteuded upon him. It must be remembered that he was then in want, and that she assisted him. She was not at all handsome nor cleanly. Her mother was one of the five women-barbers, and a woman of bad character. A ballad was made on her and the other four; the burden of it was—

"Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the same,
Of five women-barbers,
That lived in Drury Lane?"

Nan Clarges was much abused by her contemporaries for the vulgarity of her manners. Even in that age, when refinement of conversation was not very common, she was considered coarse. Monk had a great opinion of her understanding, and often consulted her in the greatest emergencies, and it is said that he was very much afraid of her; "that he did not like to offend her, as she presently took fire, and her anger knew no bounds." Pepys, who had no respect for the Duchess, relates the

following, under date of the 4th of November, 1666:—"Mr. Cooling tells me the Duke of Albemarle is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with, of whom he told me this story, that once the Duke of Albemarle, in his drink, taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hide should ever come to be Duchess of York, 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'ne'er wonder at that, for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not a greater miracle. And what was that, but that our dirty Bess (meaning his Duchess) should ever come to be Duchess of Albemarle.'" In other parts of his "Memoirs," Pepys describes the Duchess as a "plain homely dowdy," and "a very ill-looked woman." She died the 23rd of January, 1670, after a long and tedious indisposition, surviving her husband but twenty days.

Nell Gwynne resided in Drury Lane, before she removed, in the plenitude of royal favour, to more sumptuous apartments in Pall Mall. It should be, however, remembered that Drury Lane was then a fashionable street. It is the minute Pepys, who had an eye for everything and for every body, who records the fact. He says, under date of May 1st, 1667, "To Westminster, in the way meeting many milkmaids, with garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them, and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodging-door in Drury Lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking at them. She seemed a mighty pretty creature."

We learn from this extract another circumstance pending the fact of Nell Gwynne's residence in Drury Lane, namely, that before the sweeps took to celebrating

May Day, that duty was performed by the milk-maids. There is a tradition, but resting upon no good authority, that Nell Gwynne, before she went on the stage, used to sell oranges in Drury Lane.

Pope speaks of Drury Lane as being the residence of poor authors:—

> "Keep your piece nine years—
> 'Nine years!' cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
> Lulled by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
> Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
> Obliged by hunger and request of friends."

According to the minute details given by Defoe, in his "Journal of the Plague Year," that awful visitation first showed itself in Drury Lane. His words are,—"At the latter end of November, or the beginning of December, 1664, two men, said to be Frenchmen, died of the plague in Long Acre, or rather, at the upper end of Drury Lane. The family they were in, endeavoured to conceal it as much as possible, but as it had gotten some vent in the discourse of the neighbourhood, the Secretaries of State got knowledge of it; and concerning themselves to inquire about it, in order to be certain of the truth, two physicians and a surgeon were ordered to go to the house and make inspection. This they did, and finding evident tokens of the sickness upon both the bodies that were dead, they gave their opinions publicly that they died of the plague; whereupon it was given in to the parish clerk, and he also returned them to the Hall, and it was printed in the weekly bill of mortality in the usual manner. The people showed a great concern at this, and began to be alarmed all over the town."

We have now to speak of Drury Lane Theatre, and so

end our reminiscenses of this street. Even so early as the time of Shakspeare there was a theatre here, which had formerly been a cock-pit, and was called sometimes by that name, and sometimes the Phœnix. Mr. Malone says it was built or rebuilt not very long before the year 1617, in which year, on the 4th of March, we learn from "Camden's Annals of King James I.," it was pulled down by the mob. It was called the Phœnix from its having that fabulous bird for its sign, and is described as having been opposite the "Castle" tavern in Drury Lane.

There are still two alleys in existence which are named after this theatre,—Cock-pit Alley, in Great Wyld Street, and Phœnix Alley, leading from Hart Street into Long Acre.

The players here were denominated the Queen's servants until the death of Anne, queen of James I., which title they resumed when Charles I. ascended the throne. The first play in print, expressly said to have been acted at Drury Lane, is the "Wedding," by Shirley, printed in 1629.

Among other plays acted at this primitive house may be mentioned "The Jew of Malta," by Marlowe; "Woman Killed with Kindness," by Heywood; "The Witch of Edmonton," by Ford; the "White Devil," by Webster; and the "New Way to Pay old Debts," by Massinger; the only one among them all that still retains its place upon the stage. None of Shakspeare's plays were acted in Drury Lane at this period.

During the gloomy times of the fanatics of the Commonwealth, this theatre was shut up with the rest, and some say, turned into a conventicle, but of this there is

no evidence. It was re-opened by Sir Wm. Davenant in 1658, who had it for a year or two, until he removed to the more commodious building in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of which we have already spoken. Killigrew then performed with a small company at the Phœnix for a short time; when, finding it inconvenient, he pulled it down, and erected a larger edifice on part of its site, and it thus extended to very nearly the same spot on which the present theatre stands. The new house was opened on the 8th of April, 1662, and the company were called the King's servants. Shakspeare's plays now took possession of the boards of Drury, and were occasionally performed with those of Shirley, Massinger, Ford, Beaumont and Fletcher, and the newer ones of Dryden, and Sir Charles Sedley. Pepys, an inveterate play-goer of that day, relates in his "Diary" some curious particulars of the manners of the theatres; but his own opinions as to the merits of the plays,—if they may in any way be looked upon as expressive of the popular opinion of the times—are more curious. They show how slow was the reputation of Shakspeare. Like the sturdy oak that is to last a thousand years, it was long in growing. Other reputations sprang up in a day, and died in another; but his—like the acorn—at first brought forth but a small plant, which only rose to be a tree in the course of many weary years, but still kept on increasing until its branches spread and overshadowed the land. Pepys talks of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," as "the most insipid, ridiculous play, that ever he saw in his life;" of the "Taming of the Shrew," as "a mean play, and a silly play, and an old one;" and of the "Merry Wives of

Windsor," as "a play that did not please him at all, in no part of it;" and of "Henry the Fourth" as a play that pleased him only in one part, where Falstaff says "What is honour?" When he saw "Othello," he was so ill-pleased with the actors, that he does not tell us his opinion of the play itself. While Pepys thus speaks of the plays of Shakspeare, he is loud in praise of others, which have long since disappeared from the stage, never more to be revived. "The Indian Queen," by Sir Robert Howard and Dryden, he thought a "most pleasant show, and beyond his expectation, good." "Bartholomew Fair," by Ben Jonson, he calls "the best comedy in the world." The "Rival Ladies," by Dryden, "a very innocent and most pretty, witty, play." "Volpone," by Ben Jonson, "a most excellent play: the best he ever saw." The "Change of Crowns," by Ned Howard, "the best he ever saw at this house, (Drury Lane,) being a great play, and serious;" and the "Silent Woman," by Ben Jonson, "the best comedy that ever was wrote."

"The King's Theatre," as it was then called, did not last long, being burned down within ten years of its erection, together with upwards of fifty of the adjoining houses. It was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, and opened again on the 26th of March, 1674; on which occasion a prologue from the pen of Dryden was spoken. It would appear that the new building was not so magnificent as the town had been led to believe it would be: Dryden says,—

> "A plain-built house, after so long a stay,
> Will send you half unsatisfy'd away;
> When fall'n from your expected pomp, you find
> A bare convenience only is designed.

You, who each day can theatres behold,
Like Nero's palace, shining all with gold,
Our mean ungilded stage will scorn, we fear,
And for the homely room disdain the cheer.
* * * * * *
They who are by your favours wealthy made,
With mighty sums may carry on the trade;
We, broken bankers, half-destroyed by fire,
With our small stocks to humble roofs retire:
For fame and honour we no longer strive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live."

In 1686 it was agreed by the patentees of this theatre and of the Duke's Company, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that as there was not sufficient encouragement on the part of the public to support the theatres, they should unite and perform only at Drury Lane, and upon this occasion also, a play called the "King and Queen" being performed, a prologue was written by Dryden. Rich and Sir Richard Steele were successively patentees; by a license granted to the latter in the first year of George I., he continued, with the assistance of Wilks, Booth, and Cibber, to carry on its affairs with considerable success, until the year 1733, when the rival theatre of Covent Garden was built, since which time, in spite of the increase of the town, there has never been sufficient encouragement of the drama to maintain these two large theatres together in that degree of prosperity which their managers ought reasonably to look forward to. The next two patentees after Sir Richard Steele, namely, Highmone and Fleetwood, were both ruined.

In the year 1741, the building having become ruinous, (which shows, by the way, that Dryden's prologue but spoke the truth as to the meanness of the edifice and the

poverty of its builders,) it was greatly altered and enlarged, and almost rebuilt. Garrick became the manager in 1747, when the well-known address of Dr. Johnson was spoken, beginning—

> "When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
> First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose."

Garrick continued to be almost its sole support until his death, when the property changed. The new proprietors having also purchased the dormant patent of Killigrew, rebuilt the theatre on a more magnificent scale than before. The architect was Mr. Henry Holland, and the new theatre was opened in 1794, after the sum of 200,000*l.* had been expended upon it. The stage was 75 feet wide, and the interior was calculated to hold upwards of 3,600 persons. The exterior was never completed. This unlucky building scarcely lasted above fifteen years.

On the 24th of February, 1809, a fire broke out, which totally destroyed it with all its scenery, dresses, and appurtenances. Sheridan, whose fortune was involved in it, was at the time in the House of Commons, and a sudden blaze being observed from the windows, several members rushed out to ascertain where the fire was raging. They soon returned with the information, mournful to all, but especially so to Sheridan, that Drury Lane theatre was on fire. The House was occupied in discussing the question of the Spanish war, on which Sheridan had expressed his intention of speaking, and so much sympathy was felt for him that a motion was made to adjourn the debate, but Sheridan replied, with much presence of mind and calmness under

misfortune, "that whatever might be the extent of the private calamity, he hoped it would not interfere with the public business of the country." With these words he retired from the House, and arrived in Drury Lane just in time to ascertain that he was a ruined man, and that there was no hope of saving any portion of the building. It is said of him, we know not with what truth, that he afterwards went into a tavern on the other side of the street, where he was found by a friend, drinking a bottle of wine. His friend wondered, which Sheridan observing, asked "If a man might not be allowed to enjoy a glass at his own fire-side?" Thus is wit superior to misfortune; a man will joke in the jaws of ruin, and some have had their jest, though they knew they must die the next minute.

Great exertions were made to rebuild the theatre; and the requisite funds having been subscribed, the plan of Mr. Benjamin Wyatt was adopted, and the building commenced in 1811. It proceeded with great rapidity, and was opened for the first time on the 10th of October, 1812, the performances being "Hamlet" and "The Devil to Pay." The house is not so capacious as its predecessor, holding about 800 persons less.

The beautiful address of Dr. Johnson for the opening of the former theatre being remembered, the proprietors, anxious to have another as good for their opening night, inserted the following advertisement in the newspapers:—

"Rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre.—The committee are desirous of promoting a fair and free COMPETITION for an ADDRESS, to be spoken upon the opening of the Theatre, which will take place on

the 10th of October next; they have therefore thought fit to announce to the public, that they will be glad to receive any such compositions, addressed to their secretary, at the Treasury-Office, in Drury Lane, on or before the last day of August, sealed up, with a distinguishing word, number, or motto, in the corner, corresponding with the inscription on a separate sealed paper, containing the name of the author, which will not be opened unless containing the name of the successful candidate.—Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Augt. 6th, 1812."

Other advertisements afterwards appeared, offering twenty guineas as the prize, and extending the time for the sending in of the address to the 10th of September. The result was, that their desks were covered with poetical contributions; but not one of them was of more than mediocre merit—that species of merit, detested, as the wit said, "both by gods and men." They were in sad despair, as we learn from the notes to the collected works of Lord Byron, when Lord Holland interfered, and, not without difficulty, prevailed on Lord Byron to write an address for the occasion, "at the risk," the poet feared, "of offending a hundred rival scribblers and a discerning public." Lord Byron's address was accepted, and delivered on the night of opening by Mr. Elliston, who performed the part of Hamlet. The following passage, giving a short history of the former edifice was much applauded, though the address was generally voted tame by the diurnal critics—perhaps because it was not well spoken:—

"As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh, might we draw our omens from the past!
Some hour, propitious to our prayers, may boast,
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury, first your Siddons' thrilling art,
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart;

On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew,
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu.

The admirable *jeu d'ésprit* of James and Horace Smith, entitled "The Rejected Addresses," will long preserve the memory of the burning of Old Drury.

This theatre has scarcely ever prospered since it was built. It was conducted, after the retirement of Mr. T. Sheridan, by a committee of proprietors, but with such small success, that they became involved in debt and unable to pay the performers. In 1814 it was let for fourteen years to the highest bidder, which happened to be Mr. Elliston, who therefore took it at the yearly rental of 10,200*l.*, and to expend 15,000*l.* in repairs. Captain Polhill afterwards became the lessee, and lost large sums of money. The two last lessees, Messrs. Bunn and Hammond, were made bankrupts by their speculation. Towards the middle of the year 1840 it was re-opened, after being prematurely closed for some months, for the new entertainment of promenade concerts.

Passing through Brydges Street and Catherine Street we arrive once more in the Strand, and resume our walk down that ancient thoroughfare towards St. Paul's.

PART IV.

FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE TO TEMPLE BAR.

RETURNING from Drury Lane, we pass by Catherine Street, which bore rather a questionable character when Gay wrote his "Trivia." It has improved its morals since his time, and is now the head-quarters of newsmen and newspapers. Here are published the "Morning Herald," the "Court Journal," the "Naval and Military Gazette," the "Gardeners' Gazette," the "Court Gazette, &c." The Sans Pareil, a small theatre in this street, which has been closed for many years, is now turned into a shop. It was taken about thirty years ago, by a Mr. Scott, who obtained a license from the Lord Chamberlain for the performance of operettas with the addition of dancing and pantomimes.

Wellington Street, a short distance westward, is a modern street, forming one of the approaches to Waterloo Bridge. At the corner is D'Oyley's warehouse, where there was a fashionable shop of the same name, for the same articles of manufacture, in the days of Addison. This house, which was rebuilt in 1838, stands, as we learn from Pennant, upon the site of Wimbledon House, built by Sir Edward Cecil, son to the first Earl of Exeter, and created Viscount Wimbledon by Charles I.

In this street is the elegant theatre known by the names of the English Opera House and the Lyceum. The original Lyceum, built by Mr. James Payne, the architect, in 1765, fronted towards the Strand, and was occupied for a short period as an academy for the Society of Artists, for the exhibition of their pictures. When they quitted it, the place was let out to various persons, sometimes being occupied by painters, and sometimes by conjurors. In the year 1807 it was opened by Mr. Arnold, for regular theatrical performances, principally operas; and when Drury Lane Theatre was burned down in 1808, it was taken by the latter company until their own house was rebuilt. The old house was taken down in 1815, and a new edifice erected, from the design of Mr. Beazley, the architect and dramatic author. This building was unfortunately destroyed by fire in March, 1830. Preparations were immediately made to construct a still more elegant edifice than that destroyed, and a new site, after some delay, having been fixed upon, the present theatre was built, and opened in 1834.

We are now within sight of Waterloo Bridge, the finest structure of its kind in Europe, not even excepting the New London Bridge. A great portion of the precincts of the old palace of the Savoy was pulled down, as we have already mentioned, to make room for it, and the foundation stone was laid in September, 1811. The original name given to it was the Strand Bridge*, but before its completion the glorious battle of Waterloo was

* There was a little bridge in the Strand at a very early period, over a small stream that ran down Catherine Street into the Thames, which went by the same name. There is an amusing paper in the

fought, and it was determined to give that name to the new structure. The architect was the late Mr. John Rennie, and the bridge was finished within the short space of six years. It was opened with great pomp on the 18th of June, 1817, the second anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, in presence of the Duke of Wellington, the Prince Regent, the Duke of York, and other illustrious personages.

Canova said of this bridge, that it was "worth a visit from the remotest corner of the earth." It consists of nine elliptical arches, of one hundred and twenty feet span, and thirty-five feet elevation, and from shore to shore measures twelve hundred and forty-two feet. The view from the bridge is particularly fine, and affords a complete panorama of London, Westminster, Southwark, and Lambeth.

Somerset House, the river front of which is by far the most prominent object in the view, stands upon ground of historical importance. According to Stow, the Bishops of Worcester had their town residence here in the thirteenth century, and the Bishops of Lichfield and Coventry, theirs. The latter building, says this author, was called Chester's Inn, as the Bishoprick of Chester was at that time annexed to the see of Lichfield and Coventry. The Bishops of Landaff had also their inn within the same precincts; and close by stood the Strand Inn, an inn of Chancery, belonging to the Temple, in

"Spectator," No. 454, for the 11th of August, 1712, by Sir Richard Steele, in which he describes the landing of the market-girls at Strand Bridge from Richmond and its vicinity to Covent Garden.

which Occleve the poet, the contemporary of Gower and Chaucer, is said to have studied the law. All these houses were pulled down by the powerful Protector Somerset, to make room for his palace, which he intended to make more magnificent than any that had ever before been seen in England, not even excepting the splendid, and at that time recent, erection of Hampton Court. Sir William Dugdale, in his "Baronetage," vol. ii. p. 363, speaking of this nobleman, says—

"Many well-disposed mindes conceived a very hard opinion of him, for causing a *church near Strand Bridge*, and *two bishops' houses* to be pulled down, to make a seat for his new building, (called *Somerset House*); in digging the foundation whereof, the bones of many who had been there buried, were cast up and carried into the fields. And because the stones of that church and those houses were not sufficient for that work, *the steeple* and *most part of the church of St. John of Hierusalem near Smithfield* were mined and overthrown with powder, and the stones carried thereto. So likewise the *cloister* on the *north side of St. Paul's Cathedral*, and the *charnel-house* on the *south side thereof*, with the *chapel*; the tombes and monuments therein being all beaten down, the bones of the dead carried into Finsbury Fields, and the stones converted to this building. And it was confidently affirmed, that, for the same purpose, he intended to have pulled down *St. Margaret's Church at Westminster*, but that the *standing* thereof was preserved by *his fall*."

After his execution the palace became the property of the Crown, and the use of it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to her cousin, by the mother's side, Lord Hunsdon, and here she frequently visited him. Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I., kept her court here; and, during her lifetime, it was known by the name of Denmark House. Wilson, in his "Life of James I.," says, "The Queen kept a continual mascarado in it; she and

her ladies, like so many sea-nymphs or Nereides, appearing in various dresses, to the ravishment of the beholders."

From this time the palace appears to have been considered the appanage of the Queen Consort of England. Queen Henrietta Maria resided in it with her extravagant French household, and the too open encouragement which she gave to Catholics and foreigners, was the occasion of many disputes between her and her husband, and of no little ill-will towards her on the part of the nation. The following particulars, extracted from L'Estrange's "Life of Charles I." and quoted by D'Israeli in his "Commentaries" on the life and reign of that monarch, afford an interesting specimen of court manners. After having endured repeated annoyance from the Queen's French household, Charles determined at last, by one bold effort to get rid of them altogether, and having summoned them all together, says L'Estrange, he addressed them in the following speech :—

"Gentlemen and ladies,

"I am driven to that extremity, as I am personally come to acquaint you, that I very earnestly desire your return into France. True it is, the deportment of some amongst you hath been very inoffensive to me; but others again have so dallied with my patience, and so highly affronted me, as I cannot, and will not, longer endure it."

"The king's address implicating no one," says D'Israeli, "was immediately followed by a volley of protestations of innocence. An hour after he had delivered his commands, Lord Conway announced to the foreigners, that early in the morning carriages and carts and horses would be ready for them and their baggage. Amidst a scene

of confusion, the young bishop (he was scarcely of age) protested that this was impossible; that they owed debts in London, and that much was due to them. On the following day, the Procureur-General of the queen flew to the Keeper of the Great Seal at the Privy Council, requiring an admission to address his Majesty, then present at his Council, on matters important to himself and the queen. This being denied, he exhorted them to maintain the queen in all her royal prerogatives; and he was answered, 'So we do.' Their prayers and disputes served to postpone their departure. Their conduct during this time was not very decorous. It appears, by a contemporary letter-writer, that they flew to take possession of the queen's wardrobe and jewels. They did not leave her a change of linen, since it was with difficulty her Majesty procured one. Every one now looked to lay his hand on what he might call his own. Everything he could touch was a perquisite. One extraordinary expedient, was that of inventing bills to the amount of 10,000*l.* for articles and other engagements in which they had entered for the service of the queen, which her Majesty acknowledged, but afterwards confessed that the debts were fictitious."

The king, after waiting a reasonable time for their departure, at last grew so indignant at the continual delays and obstacles which arose every day, that he sent the following letter to the Duke of Buckingham to make an end of it, in answer to one from the duke:—

"Steenie,

"I have received your letter by Dic Greame (Sir Richard Grahame). This is my answer: I command you to send all the French

away to-morrow out of the towne, if you can by fair meanes, (but stike not long in disputing), otherways force them away, dryving them away lyke so manie wilde beastes, until ye have shipped them, and so the devil goe with them. Let me heare no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest

"Your faithful, constant, loving friend,

"C. R."

"Oaking,

"The Seventh of August, 1626."

"This order," says Mr. D'Israeli, "put an end to the delay, but the king paid the debts, the fictitious ones and all, —at the cost, as it appears, of 50,000*l.* Even the haughty beauty, Madame St. George, was presented by the king, on her dismission, with several thousand pounds and jewels.

"The French bishop and the whole party, having contrived all sorts of delays, to avoid the expulsion, the yeomen of the guard were sent to turn them out of Somerset House, whence the juvenile prelate, at the same time making his protest and mounting the steps of the coach, took his departure 'head and shoulders.' In a long procession of near forty coaches, after four days' tedious travelling, they reached Dover; but the spectacle of these impatient foreigners, so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows, or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision and stirred up the prejudices of the common people. As Madame St. George, whose vivacity is always described as extremely French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap. An English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot,

but no further notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of the English courtier."

The following extract from a tract, entitled "Certain information from several parts of the Kingdom," p. 87, No. 11, under date of Friday, March 31, 1643, shows the popular feeling against popery and the French at that time :—

"This day, the images and popish pictures that were found in Somerset House, and the chappell thereof, were all burnt and utterly destroyed, together with all the Jesuits' call-papers and bookes that could be found there; and the costly hangings in the chappell were also totally defaced and spoiled, to the end that no signe or character of popery might remain there."

In the year 1659 an Act was passed for the sale of the honours, manors, and lands belonging to King Charles, his consort, and son, for the payment of the army, and it would appear from Ludlow's "Memoirs," that Somerset House, with the exception of the chapel, was sold for 10,000*l.* The Restoration, however, intervened before the bargain was completed. Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," thus details the circumstances by which Somerset House escaped destruction during the period of the Revolution:—"An account of it," says he, "is preserved in a very scarce tract, intituled, 'An Essay on the Wonders of God in the times that preceded Christ, and how they meet in him; written in France, by John D'Espagne, Minister of the Gospel, who died in 1650, and now published in English, by his Executor, Henry Browne; London, 1662, 8vo.' In the preface, the Editor tells us that the author preached at the French Church in Durham House, where his sermons were attended by many of the nobility and gentry. That being demolished,

he says it pleased God to touch the hearts of the nobility to procure us an order of the House of Peers to exercise our devotions at Somerset House Chapel; which was the cause not only of the driving away of the Anabaptists, Quakers, and other sects that had got in there, but also of hindering the pulling down of Somerset House, there having been twice an order of the late usurped powers for selling the said house; but we prevailed so, that we still got an order to exempt the chapel from being sold, which broke the design of those who had bought the said house, who thought for their improvement to have made a street from the garden through the ground the chapel stands on, and so up the back yard to the great street of the Strand, by pulling down the said chapel."

Among other reminiscences of Somerset House at this period, it should not be forgotten that Inigo Jones, the architect of the building, and who had lodgings in it, died here on the 21st of July, 1651, and that the body of Cromwell was laid in state in the great hall. It was removed hither from Whitehall, where he died, and lay in state on the 1st of November, 1658, and following days. "He was represented," says Ludlow, in his "Memoirs," "in effigie, standing on a bed of crimson velvet, covered with a gown of the like coloured velvet, a sceptre in his hand and a crown upon his head." Ludlow adds, that upon the occasion of his funeral, the people were so provoked at the gorgeous and royal display, that they threw dirt in the night upon his escutcheon, which was placed over the great gate of Somerset House.

After the Restoration, Somerset House again became the residence of the widowed Henrietta Maria, who spent

considerable sums in beautifying and improving it. That bland old courtier Waller—for though only fifty-seven at this time, he was a veteran in courtly usages—wrote some verses to Her Majesty upon the occasion, beginning—

"Great Queen, that does our island bless
With princes and with palaces,
Treated so ill, chased from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town;
And with a brave revenge do show,
Their glory went and came with you."

And ending—

"The state and order does proclaim,
The genius of the royal dame.
Each part with just proportion graced,
And all to such advantage placed,
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields;
Entering, beneath us we descry,
And wonder how we came so high.
She needs no weary feet ascend,
All seems before her feet to bend;
And here, as she was born, she lies,
High, without taking pains to rise."

Cowley also wrote some verses upon the same occasion, filled with the grossest flattery, in which God and his godlike mistress are represented as thinking alike! Some of the verses may be quoted, as containing a description of the Strand and the river at that period. The palace itself is represented as speaking:—

"Before my gate a street's broad channel goes,
Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its western reach the London tide,
The spring-tides of the term—my front looks down
On all the pride and business of the town;

My other fair and more majestic face,
For ever gazes on itself below,
In the best mirror that the world can show.
And here, behold, in a long bending row,
How two joint cities make one glorious bow;
The midst, the noblest place, possessed by me,
Best to be seen by all, and all o'ersee.
Which way soe'er I turn my joyful eye,
Here the great court, there the rich town I spy.
On either side dwells Safety and Delight,
Wealth on the left, and Power sits on the right."

But Queen Henrietta Maria was not permitted to have all the palace to herself. It was by right the residence of the Queen Consort, and the unhappy and neglected Catharine of Portugal kept her Court in it, inferior however in splendour to that of Henrietta Maria. Pepys in his "Diary," gives a description of the sort of life that was led here at this period. "Meeting," says he, "Mr. Pierce, the chirurgeon, he took me into Somerset House, and there carried me into the Queen Mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own Queen, sitting on the left hand, whom I did never see before; and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good modest and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the King's bastard, a most pretty spark, of about fifteen years old; who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her, and I hear both the Queens are mighty kind to him. By-and-by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess (of York); so that they being all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark, and

then went away; the King and his Queen, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great stores of ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry, and he would have made the Queen Mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so, and the young Queen answered, 'You lie,' which was the first English word that ever I heard her say, which made the King good sport, and he would have made her say in English, 'confess and be hanged.'"

After the death of Monk, duke of Albemarle, which took place at his lodgings, in the Cock-pit, Whitehall, on the 4th of January, 1670, the king gave orders that his remains should be conveyed to Somerset House, to lay in state. The ceremony is described as being more magnificent than was ever known before in the case of a subject. He was afterwards buried with almost regal pomp in Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

It was long believed that Somerset House was the scene of the extraordinary and still mysterious murder of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey; but Pennant's reasons for supposing this opinion to be erroneous seem quite satisfactory. "The infamous witnesses," says he, "declared that he was waylaid, and inveigled into Somerset House, under pretence of keeping the peace between two servants who were fighting in the yard; that he was there strangled, his neck broken, and his own sword run through his body; that he was kept four days before they ventured to remove him. At length, his corpse was first carried in a sedan chair to Soho, and then on a horse to Primrose Hill, between Kilburn and Hampstead. * * * It

is not probable the murder was committed within these walls, for the assassins would never have hazarded a discovery by carrying the corpse three miles, when they could have so safely disposed of it in the Thames. The abandoned character of the witnesses Prance and Bedloe, together with the absurd and irreconcilable testimony which they gave on the trial, has made unprejudiced times doubt the whole story."

On the death of Charles II., Catharine of Braganza removed entirely to this palace, where she kept her court for nearly seven years. She quitted England for Portugal in 1692, leaving the care of the palace to the Earl of Faversham, who resided in it until after her death in 1705, when the place reverted to the Crown. It then became appropriated as the occasional lodgings of illustrious persons, or ambassadors, who visited England; and so continued until its demolition.

The following description of the old building is taken from Mr. Brayley's abridgment of an account by Mr. Moser in the "European Magazine."

"At the extremity of the royal apartments, which might be termed semi-modern, two large folding-doors connected the architecture of Inigo Jones with the ancient structure; these opened into a long gallery on the first floor of a building which occupied one side of the water garden; at the lower end of which was another gallery, or suite of apartments, which made an angle forming the original front towards the river, and extending to Strand Lane. This old part of the mansion had been long shut up, and reputed to be haunted. When opened by the direction of Sir William Chambers, the long gal-

lery was observed to be lined with oak in small panels; the heights of their mouldings had been touched with gold; it had an oaken floor, and stuccoed ceiling, from which still depended part of the chains, &c., to which had hung chandeliers. Against the sides some sconces still remained. From several circumstances, it was evident that this gallery had been used as a ball-room.

"The furniture which had decorated the royal apartments had, for the convenience of the Academy, and perhaps prior to that establishment, been removed to this and the adjoining suite of apartments. It was extremely curious to observe, thrown together in the utmost confusion, various articles the fashions and forms of which showed that they were the production of different periods. In one part, were the vestiges of a throne and a canopy of state; in another, curtains for the audience-chamber, which had once been crimson velvet, fringed with gold, but which, except in the deepest folds, had faded to an olive colour. All the fringe and lace, except a few threads and spangles, had been ripped off: the ornaments of the chairs of state demolished, and stools, couches, screens, and fire-dogs, broken and scattered about in a state of derangement, which might tempt a philosopher to moralize upon the transitory nature of sublunary splendour and human enjoyments.

"In the suite of apartments which formed the other side of the angle fronting the Thames, and which had been adorned in a style of splendour and magnificence creditable to the taste of the age of Edward VI., part of the ancient furniture remained; and indeed, from the stability of its materials and construction, might have

remained for centuries, had proper attention been paid to its preservation. The audience-chamber had been hung with silk, which was in tatters, as were the curtains, gilt leather covers, and painted screens. In this and a much longer room were various articles which had been confusedly removed from other apartments: some of the sconces, though reversed, were still against the hangings; and one of the brass gilt chandeliers still depended from the ceiling. Passing through these rooms, a pair of doors, with difficulty opened, gave access to an apartment upon the first floor of a small pile, which formed a kind of tower at the end of the old building; and the internal part of which was unquestionably the work of Inigo Jones. This had been used as a breakfast or dressing-room by Catharine, the queen of Charles II., and had more the appearance of a small temple than of a room. It was of an octagonal form, and the ceiling rose in a dome from a beautiful cornice. There appeared such an elegant simplicity in the architecture, and such a truly attic grace in the ornaments, that Sir William Chambers exceedingly regretted the necessity there was for its dilapidation. The figures painted upon the panels were in fresco; the ornaments under the surbase were in their heights touched with gold. The few articles of furniture that remained here were in the antique style, and there were several pictures upon the ground. From this room a small door opened upon the staircase; and on the ground-floor was an apartment of an octagonal form, lined entirely with marble, in the interior closets of which were a hot and a cold bath."

The general state of Somerset House—its mouldering

walls and decayed furniture, broken casements, falling roof, and the long range of its uninhabited and uninhabitable apartments—presented to the mind in strong, though gloomy colours, a correct picture of those dilapidated castles, the haunts of spectres and magicians, which have so highly distinguished the romances of recent times. The winding stairs, dark galleries, long arcades, cells and dungeons, as they might have been termed, impervious to the solar beam, in the ancient part of this building, were indeed most admirably adapted for scenes of a terrific and doleful character, in which ghosts and gleaming torches, banditti, murderers, cowled friars, and shrieking virgins might have threaded the mazes of its gloomy precincts in all the appalling grandeur of the creations of a Radcliffe—making night horrible.

In the year 1775, Somerset House, which had been settled on the Queen Consort in 1761, in the event of her surviving his Majesty, was again vested in the King, and Buckingham House or Palace settled upon the Queen instead. The object of this change was to enable the Government to demolish the old building, and erect a new one to be laid out for the various public offices. The Act to this effect was passed on the 26th of May, and the demolition shortly afterwards commenced. The designs of Sir William Chambers for the new edifice having been adopted, the works were commenced under the superintendance of that architect, and five years afterwards the Strand and river fronts were nearly completed. In a report made to the House of Commons on the 1st of May, 1780, relative to the progress of the works, Sir William Chambers thus describes the building:

—"The Strand front extends 135 feet, is 61 feet deep, and has two wings, each 46 feet wide and 42 feet in depth, the whole being seven story high. It is faced with Portland stone, built with hard greystock brick, Russian timber, and the best material of all kinds, and is covered partly with copper, and partly with lead and Westmoreland slate. All the fronts of this structure are decorated with a rustic arcade basement, a Corinthian order of columns and pilasters, enriched windows, balustrades, statues, masks, medallions, and various other ornamental works necessary to distinguish this principal and most conspicuous part of the design, which being in itself trifling, as compared with the whole, required not only particular forms and proportions, but likewise some profusion of ornaments to mark its superiority. Decorations, too, have been more frequently employed in the vestibule of entrance, and in all the public apartments of this building, than will be necessary in the remainder of the work, because the vestibule, opening to the most frequented street in London, is a general passage to the whole design, and the apartments are intended for the reception of useful learning and polite arts, where, it is humbly presumed, specimens of elegance should at least be attempted. The work just described forms the upper part or northern side of a large quadrangular court, being in width 210 feet, and in depth 296 feet, surrounded with buildings 54 feet deep and six stories high, containing the Navy, the Navy Pay, the Victualling, and the Sick and Hurt Offices, the Ordnance Office, the Stamp, Salt, and Tax Offices, the Surveyor-General of Crown Lands, and the offices of the Duchies of Lancaster

and Cornwall; also the offices of the two Auditors of Imprests and the Pipe, the Measurer's Remembrancer the Clerk of the Estreats, and Comptroller of the Pipe, with various apartments for secretaries and other persons whose residence in their several offices has been judged convenient for the public service. . . . . Besides the progress made in the extensive works already mentioned, the foundations are laid at a considerable space in the river for the embankment, to the extent of 438 feet, by a width of 46 feet, upon which is raised a rustic granite basement, 13 feet 7 inches high, with a range of arched stone galleries and apartments built thereon, all to the same extent." The architect calculated the total expense of the building at 250,000*l.*, but various applications to Parliament for further sums increased the cost of it to more than half a million sterling. Many of the public offices mentioned in the list above given are still kept here, besides various others since established; and there is still accommodation for such new departments as the exigencies of the public service require.

The Strand front of this fine edifice, though much admired, is not equal in beauty to that upon the river. The latter has a proud and commanding appearance; and were it not for the insignificant cupola upon the top of it, would be, St. Paul's excepted, the noblest edifice in London.

In Somerset House are the chambers of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. The Royal Society, established in the reign of Charles II., had its first location in Old Gresham College, Aldersgate Street, whence, after the great fire of London, it removed to Arundel

House, in the Strand. When its former premises were rebuilt, the Society returned to them. It then went to Crane Court, Fleet Street; but its various lodgings being all found inconvenient, apartments were allotted to it in Somerset House by George III., soon after the completion of the present edifice. Dr. Spratt ascribes the origin of this distinguished society to the Hon. Robert Boyle, Sir William Petty, and Dr. Wilkins, who, with the Bishop of Bristol, Drs. Wallis, Goddard, Willis, Bathurst, Christopher (afterwards Sir Christopher) Wren, and Messrs. Rook and Matthew Wren, were in the habit of meeting in the apartments of Dr. Wilkins, of Wadham College, Oxford. Their meetings were interrupted in 1658 by the breaking up of their company, owing to the necessary absence of various members to fulfil their duties in different parts of the country; but a few of them meeting again in London, once more became the focus of a new society. They at last excited the attention of Charles II., who, by letters patent of the 22nd of April, 1663, incorporated them under the appellation of "The President, Council, and Fellows of the Royal Society of London for improving Natural Knowledge." It is said that Charles frequently attended the meetings of the Society, and an amusing story is related of a hoax that he once played off upon the learned members, some of whom were continually flattering him for an extent of erudition and knowledge which he well knew he did not possess. No one presumed to doubt his word,—no one ventured to differ with him in opinion, however absurd it might be.

One day, says the story, the King entered the apart-

ments of the Society apparently lost in meditation, and advancing to the table, said, with a grave air and accent, "Mr. President, my lords, and gentlemen: What is the reason that, if I nearly fill two pails of equal dimensions with water, and then put into one of them a living fish weighing four pounds, that the one containing the fish will still not be heavier than the other?" An animated discussion immediately arose, and various opinions were stated with due gravity, and abundance of learned arguments and authorities in support of each. "The fish being buoyant, is the cause of no accession of weight," said one. "The momentum of life, and the *vis inertiæ* of the animal," said another, "prevent any pressure on the sides of the vessel, and an atmosphere existing around a living body, the fish is, as it were, suspended therein, so that the scale cannot be at all affected by its individual weight;" while a third advanced a proposition equally intelligible to others, but far more satisfactory to himself. "Please your Majesty," said an old member, at last, "I doubt the fact." "Ods bodikins, and so do I, honest man," exclaimed the King, bursting into laughter; "and I hope, for the future, before you reason upon alleged facts, you will first of all ascertain them to be so." This story, like most very good stories, has been most probably heightened, to produce an effect, by the various narrators whose mouths or books it has passed through; but if true, His Majesty, after all, had more sense than the world has given him credit for. However, it would be a pity that such a story should be lost; and it will serve as an admirable pendant to the as well-known story of Canute,

who took as effective but a more striking course to rebuke his flatterers.

The Society of Antiquaries, established in 1572, met for many years at the Heralds' College, Doctors' Commons, but took up its abode in Somerset House about the same time as its sister society already mentioned. Among the original members of the infant society were Camden, "the nourrice of antiquity," Archbishop Parker, honest John Stow, and Sir Robert Cotton. Application was made to Queen Elizabeth, in 1589, for a charter of incorporation, but was refused, upon various pretexts. James, to whom a similar application was made, also refused it, and the society became extinct. It was revived again under happier auspices in 1707; but a charter was not obtained until 1751. The preamble to the charter states that, "Whereas the study of antiquity and the history of former times has ever been esteemed highly commendable and useful, not only to improve the minds of men, but to incite them to virtuous and noble actions, and such as may hereafter render them famous and worthy examples to posterity; and whereas several of our loving subjects, who have for several years past met together for their mutual improvement in such studies and inquiries, have humbly besought us to grant unto them our Royal Charter of incorporation, for the better carrying on of the said purposes," &c. The charter then proceeds to set forth the arrangement and style of the society, which shall be called "The Society of the Antiquaries of London, of which we do hereby declare ourselves to be the founder and patron."

The first president was Martin Foulkes, and the present is the Earl of Aberdeen. The proceedings of the society are annually printed under the title of "Archæologia." Their library contains many valuable manuscripts, besides a choice and extensive collection of printed books.

The exhibitions of the Royal Academy of Arts have been removed from Somerset House, since the erection of the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square, where they are now held.

Opposite to Somerset House are the offices of the "Morning Chronicle," "Morning Post," "Weekly Chronicle," and "Satirist" newspapers.

In a lodging opposite to Somerset House, supposed to be in the house occupied at present by the "Morning Chronicle," died the once-celebrated Doctor William King, author of the "Art of Cookery," and other humorous poems. This author, with great natural powers, had no industry; he loved pleasure, and was careless of money, and with these various qualities it is not surprising, though he had many friends, that he should have died at last in comparative poverty. He had been living for some months with a friend in Lambeth, when the Earl of Clarendon, his relative, who had apartments in Somerset House, hearing of his distress, and that his health was rapidly failing, took lodgings for him opposite to his own windows, that he might render his last days comfortable. He was the friend of Swift and other leading politicians of that party, by whose influence he was more than once provided with a place, but he never kept one long, or saved any money while he had one. He died on Christmas-day, 1712.

Proceeding down the Strand we arrive at the handsome church of St. Clement Danes. Near this spot formerly stood the May-pole, alluded to by Gay, in his "Trivia," and by Pope in the "Dunciad." Originally there was a cross at this place,[1] of which Stow in his "Survey of London," says, that in the year 1294, and previously, the justices itinerant sat to administer justice without London. In place of this cross a May-pole was set up, some say by John Clarges, the blacksmith, the father of the famous Ann Clarges, first Duchess of Albemarle. It is probable, however, that a May-pole stood here long before his time, and it is not even sure whether the one which he erected stood in the Strand or in Drury Lane.

During the austere reign of the Puritans, when theatres were closed, and every sort of popular amusement was considered sinful, the May-poles fell into disrepute, and were pulled down in various parts of London. Among the rest, the famous May-pole in the Strand came to the ground. With the restoration of the monarchy, the people saw the restoration of their ancient sports; and on the very first May-day after the return of Charles II., the May-pole in the Strand was set up again, amid great popular rejoicing. The following account of the ceremony is taken from a rare tract of the times, entitled "The Citie's Loyaltie displayed. London, 4to., 1641," and quoted in the first volume of Hone's "Every-Day Book," page 557:—

"Let me declare to you the manner in general," says the loyal author, "of that stately cedar erected in the Strand, 134 feet high, commonly called the May-pole,

upon the cost of the parishioners there adjacent, and the gracious consent of His sacred Majesty, with the illustrious Prince the Duke of York. This tree was a most choice and remarkable piece; 'twas made below bridge, and brought in two parts up to Scotland Yard, near the King's Palace, and from thence it was conveyed, April 14th, to the Strand, to be erected. It was brought with a streamer flourishing before it, drums beating all the way, and other sort of musick. It was supposed to be so long that landsmen, as carpenters, could not possibly raise it. Prince James, the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, therefore commanded twelve seamen to come and officiate the business; whereupon they came, and brought their cables, pulleys, and other tackling, with six great anchors. After these were brought three crowns, borne by three men bareheaded, and a streamer displaying all the way before them, drums beating, and other music playing, numerous multitudes of people thronging the streets, with great shouts and acclamations all day long.

"The May-pole then being joined together, and hooped about with bands of iron, the crown and vane, with the King's arms, richly gilded, was placed on the head of it: a large top, like a balcony, was about the middle of it. This being done, the trumpets did sound, and in four hours' space it was advanced upright; after which being established fast in the ground, again great shouts and acclamations did the people give, that rang throughout all the Strand. After that came a morris-dance, finely decked with purple scarfs, in their half shirts, with a tabor and pipe, the ancient music, and danced round

about the May-pole, and after that danced the rounds of their liberty. Upon the top of this famous standard is likewise set up a royal purple streamer, about the middle of it are placed four crowns more, with the King's arms likewise. There is also a garland set upon it, of various colours, of delicate rich favours, under which are to be placed three great lanthorns, to remain for three honours, that is, one for Prince James, duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England; the other for the Vice-Admiral; the third for the Rear-Admiral. These are to give light on dark nights, and to continue so as long as the pole stands, which will be a perpetual honour for seamen. It is placed as near hand as they could guess in the very same pit where the former stood, but far more glorious, higher, and bigger than ever any one that stood before it; and the seamen themselves do confess that it could not be built higher, and there is not such an one in Europe besides, which doth highly please His Majesty and the illustrious Prince, Duke of York. Little children did much rejoice, and ancient people did clap their hands, saying that golden days began to appear. I question not but it will ring like melodious music throughout every county in England when they read this story exactly penned. Let this story satisfy for the glories of London, that other loyal subjects may read what we here do see."

In the year 1677, a fatal duel was fought under this May-pole. Early one morning, Mr. Robert Percival, second son of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Percival, was found dead under the May-pole, with a deep wound under his left breast. His sword, drawn and bloody, lay

beside him. This young man was the most notorious duellist of his time; and although but nineteen years of age, had fought as many duels as he numbered years. His antagonist was never discovered, although great rewards were offered for his apprehension. The only clue was a hat with a bunch of ribbons in it, suspected to belong to the celebrated Beau Fielding, but it was never traced home to him. Sir Philip Percival, the elder brother of this unhappy youth, made great efforts to discover the murderer; and it is related that he violently attacked a gentleman in the streets of Dublin, whom he accidentally met, whose name he did not know, and whom he had never seen before, declaring that he had killed his brother. They were parted by the spectators, and Sir Philip could only account for his conduct by saying, that as soon as he saw the gentleman, he was convinced that he was concerned in the death of his brother, though why such a belief had taken possession of him he could not tell.

The May-pole, having long been in a state of decay, was pulled down in 1713, and a new one, with two gilt balls and a vane on the top of it, was erected in its stead. This did not continue long in existence; for, being in 1718 judged an obstruction to the view of the church then building, orders were given by the parochial authorities for its removal. Sir Isaac Newton begged it of the parish, and it was conveyed to Wanstead Park, where it long supported the largest telescope in Europe, belonging to Sir Isaac Newton's friend, Mr. Pound, the rector of Wanstead. It was 125 feet long; and presented to Mr.

Pound by Mr. Huson, a French member of the Royal Society.

The church of St. Mary-le-Strand, built by Gibbs, the architect of St. Martin's in the Fields, is one of the fifty ordered to be built in the reign of Queen Anne. The old church of the same name stood considerably more to the south, and was pulled down by the Protector Somerset to make room for his new palace. The parish was without a church in consequence, from the reign of Edward VI. to that of Queen Anne. The first stone was laid by Mr. Gibbs, on the 25th of February, 1714, and the edifice was completed in three years and a half. It was not, however, consecrated until the 1st of January, 1723.

Architectural critics do not admire this church. Gwynn says, that it is "expensive and rich without the least appearance of grandeur;" that "it is divided into too many parts;" and that "the steeple is a confused jumble of rich parts piled one above another, without any regard to the shape of the whole; and has this additional fault, that it appears to stand upon the roof of the church." Ralph in his "Critical Review of Public Buildings," says, that this church "is one of the strongest instances in the world that it is not expense and decoration that are alone productive of harmony and taste. The architect appears to have set down with a resolution of making it as fine as possible, and, with this view, has crowded every inch of space about it with ornament; nay, he has even carried this humour so far that it appears nothing but a cluster of ornaments, without the proper vacuity to relieve the eye, and give a necessary contrast to the

whole. The steeple is liable to as many objections as the church. It is abundantly too high, and in the profile loses all kind of proportion, both with regard to itself and the structure it belongs to. In short, this church will always please the ignorant for the same reasons that it is sure to displease the judge."

Another critic, Mr. Malton, in his picturesque "Tour through London and Westminster," is more indulgent. He says, it has a pleasing and picturesque appearance, and that it has been more censured than it merits. The architect himself gives the following explanation of the disproportionate height of the steeple, and of other matters:—"The new church in the Strand," says he, "called St. Mary-le-Strand, was the first building I was employed in after my arrival from Italy, which being situated in a very public place, the Commissioners for building the fifty churches, of which this is one, spared no cost to beautify it. It consists of two orders, in the upper of which the lights are placed; the wall of the lower being solid to keep out noises from the street, is adorned with niches. There was at first no steeple designed for this church, only a small campanile or turret, for a bell was to have been over the west end of it; but at the distance of eighty feet from the west front there was a column 250 feet high, intended to be erected in honour of Queen Anne, on the top of which her statue was to be placed. My design for this column was approved by the Commissioners, and a great quantity of stone was brought to the place for laying the foundation of it; but the thoughts of erecting that monument being laid aside upon the queen's death, I was ordered to erect

a steeple, instead of the campanile first proposed. The building being then advanced twenty feet above ground; and therefore admitting of no alteration from east to west, I was obliged to spread it from north to south, which makes the plan oblong, which should otherwise have been square." But after all, says Leigh Hunt in the "London Journal," "he need not have made the steeple so high; but what was to be done with the stones? This, in the mouth of parish virtû, was a triumphant reply."

A serious accident, by which three lives were lost, happened at this church on the proclamation of peace in 1802. Just as the heralds came abreast of this place, a man on the roof of the church at the eastern end leaned too forcibly upon one of the stone urns, which ornament the stone railing that runs around the roof. The stone gave way, and the street below being crowded with people, three young men were killed by its fall. The one was struck upon the head, and killed on the spot; the second so much wounded that he died on his way to the hospital; and the third died two days afterwards. A young woman was seriously injured, and several others were more or less hurt. The urn, which weighed about two hundred pounds, struck against the cornice of the church in its descent, and carried part of it away. Such was the force of the fall, that the urn broke through a large flag-stone of the pavement below, and buried itself upwards of a foot in the ground. The man who had accidentally done all the mischief fell back on the roof and fainted away, in which state he was found by the persons who came to take him into custody. It appeared

that no blame was attributable to him, and he was discharged. The urn stood upon a socket, but instead of being secured by a strong iron spike running up the the centre, there was nothing but a wooden one, which was entirely decayed, and broke off by the pressure of the man's hand, as he was leaning forward to obtain a better view of the proceedings below.

The space to the west of St. Mary-le-Strand is thought to have been the first coach-stand in London. Coaches were first introduced into England from Hungary, in 1580, by Fitzallan, earl of Arundel; but it was not until nearly, if not more than half a century afterwards, that the luxury of riding in this manner descended to the people. In the year 1634, Captain Baily, who accompanied Sir Walter Raleigh in his famous expedition to Guiana, employed four hackney-coaches, with drivers in liveries, to ply at the May-pole, in the Strand, fixing his own rates. It is not very clear, however, that Captain Baily was the first who carried on this speculation in London, though his name is the earliest mentioned. In Hone's "Every Day Book," vol. I., p. 1300, it is mentioned that, in the year 1613, Stourbridge Fair had acquired such celebrity, that hackney-coaches attended it from London; and that subsequently not less than sixty coaches plied at this fair, which was then the largest in England.

In 1625, the number of coaches for the whole city amounted only to twenty. In the course of about thirty years the number of hackney-coaches in London had so prodigiously increased, that it was thought necessary to issue the following royal proclamation:—

"By the King.

"A PROCLAMATION

"To restrain the abuses of Hackney Coaches in the Cities of London and Westminster, and the Suburbs thereof.

"CHARLES R.

"Whereas the excessive number of hackney coaches, and coach horses, in and about the Cities of London and Westminster, and the Suburbs thereof, are found to be a common nuisance, to the publique dammage of Our people, by reason of their rude and disorderly standing, and passing to and fro, in and about our said Cities and Suburbs, the streets and highways being thereof pestered and made unpassable, the pavements broken up, and the common passages obstructed and become dangerous, Our peace violated, and sundry other mischiefs and evils occasioned:—

"We, taking into Our Princely consideration these apparent inconveniences, and resolving that a speedy remedy be applyed to meet with and redress them for the future, do by and with the advice of Our Privy Counsel, publish Our Royal will and pleasure to be, and we do by this Our Proclamation expressly charge and command, That no person or persons, of what estate, degree, or quality whatsoever, keeping or using any hackney coaches, or coach horses, do, from and after the first day of November next, permit or suffer the said coaches and horses, or any of them, to stand, or remain, in any of the streets or passages in or about Our said Cities, either of London or Westminster, or the Suburbs belonging to either of them, to be there hired; but that they and every of them keep their said coaches and horses within their respective coach-houses, stables, and yards, (whither such persons as desire to hire the same may resort for that purpose,) upon pain of Our high displeasure, and such forfeitures, pains, and penalties, as may be inflicted for the contempt of Our Royal commands in the premises, whereof we shall expect a strict accompt.

"And for the due execution of Our pleasure herein, We do further charge and command the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of Our City of London, That they in their several wards, and Our Justices of Peace within Our said Cities of London and Westminster, and the Liberties and Suburbs thereof; and all other Our Officers and Ministers of Justice, to whom it appertaineth, do take especial care in their respective limits, that this Our command be duly observed: And that they from time to time return the names of all those who

shall wilfully offend in the premises, to Our Privy Council, and to the end that they may be proceeded against by indictments and presentments, for the nuisance and otherwise, according to the severity of the law, and demerits of the offenders.

"Given at Our Court at Whitehall, the eighteenth day of October, in the twelfth year of our reign.

"God save the King.

"London: printed by John Bill and Christopher Barker, printers to the King's most Excellent Majesty. 1666."

Under the date of 1667, the following, with relation to hackney-coaches, appears in Pepys's "Diary:" "Nay, and he (Evelyn) tells me he met my Lord Oxford and the Duke of Monmouth in a hackney-coach with two footmen in the Park, with their robes on; which is a most scandalous thing, so as all gravity may be said to be lost amongst us."

To the southward of St. Mary-le-Strand, and parallel with the main street of the Strand, to the south of it, runs the ancient thoroughfare of Holywell Street, the resort of Jew clothes-dealers, and a rather dangerous street for quietly-disposed people of shabby gentility to pass through. It appears to have received its name from one of the numerous springs in this district, and which are described by Fitzstephen in his account of London, and translated by Stow, as "sweete, wholesome, and cleere, and much frequented by schollers and youth of the citie in summer evenings, when they walk forth to take the aire." Various other springs about London appear to have received at times the same name of Holywell, and, among others, may be mentioned Holywell, near Bishopsgate Street, and the more famous spring at Sadler's Wells, which, as may be seen in Strutt's inter-

esting volume on the "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," went by this name about the time of the Restoration.

Before turning down into the various memorable streets branching from the south of the Strand, and leading downwards to the Thames, we shall proceed eastward, as far as the church of St. Clement's Danes, passing, in our way, the office of the "Observer" and "Bell's Life in London," formerly the office of the "Morning Chronicle," when under the management of Mr. Perry. How different is the Strand now, to what it was when Gay wrote—

> "Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
> Whose straitened bounds encroach upon the Strand;
> Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
> And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
> Where not a post protects the narrow space,
> And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
> Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,
> Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware!
> Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
> Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
> Team follows team, crowds heaped on crowds appear,
> And wait impatient till the road grows clear."

The church, it is true, still encroaches too much upon the highway, and the coal-merchant's steeds yet draw the black load up steep Milford Lane; but the dangling combs have disappeared, and there is no necessity for such excessive caution as was then recommended.

The name of this church has given rise to much learned research and angry controversy. According to William of Malmesbury, the Danes burned down the

church that stood on this spot when the country was infested by those invaders. "Desirous at length to return to Denmark," says this old historian, "they were about to embark, when they were, by the judgment of God, all slain at London, in a place which has since been called the church of the Danes." In the account given by Mr. Recorder Fleetwood to Lord Burleigh, who lived in the parish, it is stated that when the Danes were driven out of England, a few who were married to English women were allowed to remain, upon condition that they should reside between Ludgate and Thorney Island, Westminster. Here they erected a church, which was called "Ecclesia Clementis Danorum." Mr. Moser, in his "Vestiges," is of opinion that the church was first dedicated to St. Clement in the reign of Richard I., to compliment Clement III., who then filled the papal chair. This, however, must be erroneous, as Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of Richard's father, speaks of the well adjoining, as St. Clement's well. It appears certain, however, that a church has stood on this site for upwards of eight hundred years. The present edifice was rebuilt in the year 1680 by Edward Pierce, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, as we learn from the following inscription on a marble stone on the north side of the chancel:—

"*To the Glory of God*

and for the solemn worship of his holy name. This old church being greatly decayed, was taken down in the year 1680, and rebuilt and finished in the year 1682 by the pious assistance of the Revd Dr. Gregory Hascara, rector, and the bountiful contributions of the inhabitants

of this parish, and some other noble benefactors, Sir Christopher Wren, his Majesty's surveyor, freely and generously bestowing his great care and skill towards the contriving and building of it; which good work was all along greatly promoted and encouraged by the zeal and diligence of the vestry."

St. Clement's Church was the one most frequented by Dr. Johnson. Sir John Falstaff and Justice Shallow, as the readers of Shakspeare will remember, make especial mention of the chimes, and Shallow studied the law in the neighbouring inn of the same name.

Shallow.—"Oh, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in St. George's Fields.

Fals.—"No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal.—"Hah, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fals.—"She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal.—"She never could away with me.

Fals.—"Never, never: she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal.—"By the mass I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bonaroba. Doth she hold her own well?—and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Silence.—"That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal.—"Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ah, Sir John, said I well?

Fal.—"We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal.—"That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was *Hem, boys!* Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner: O, the days that we have seen! Come, come."

The street has not mightily improved in its morals since Shakspeare wrote. St. Clement's is one of the very

few churches that still keeps up the old practice of the chimes. Hentzner, in his "Travels," speaking of the bells of London, says, page 89, "They (the English) are vastly fond of great noises, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells, so that it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their heads, to go up into some belfrey and ring the bells for hours together." The Londoners still encourage the same practice, to the great annoyance sometimes of quiet people.

To the left of us are three inns of the law—dark, dingy, dirty, desolate-looking places, which almost make one melancholy to go into them, and conjure up visions of bankruptcy, distress, starvation, and legal plunder, which it is difficult to repress. The Temple itself, the parent of them all, is gloomy enough, but there is an air of elegance, substantiality, and honourable antiquity about that, which is sadly wanting here. To call them antique would be to flatter them: they are frail, and squalid, and crazy to a degree; the bricks of each desolate house are black with age; the window-panes an inch thick with the dust of neglect; the stairs worn hollow by the repeated tread of clerks and clients, and as black as the walls without; while the passages and banisters are greasy with the marks of unclean fingers.

The first is Clement's, and is an Inn of Chancery. "It has been conjectured," says Mr. Moser, in his "Vestiges," "that near this spot stood an inn as far back as the time of King Ethelred, for the reception of the pilgrims who came to Clement's Well; that a religious house was in process of time established, and that the church arose in consequence. Be this as it may, the holy

brotherhood was probably removed to some other situation. The 'Holy Lamb,' an inn on the west side of the lane, received the guests; and the monastery was converted, or rather perverted, from the purposes of the gospel to those of the law."

In the garden of Clement's Inn is to be seen the figure of a naked negro, supporting a sun-dial. It was presented to the society by the ground-landlord, Holles, lord Clare, and was once thought a great ornament. Public opinion, however, is not now so favourable to it. The following epigram, alluding to the lawyers around, is said to have been stuck upon it:—

"In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear;
For thee in vain with pangs they flow;
For mercy dwells not here.
From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
Lawyers less quarter give;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive."

The next inn to be noticed is New Inn, which may boast of having educated the great Sir Thomas More, who here studied the law previously to his removal to Lincoln's Inn, of which he afterwards became a member. This inn, before it was appropriated to the lawyers, was a common hostelry, known by the sign of the "Blessed Virgin." It was procured, in 1485, from Sir John Finerx, some time chief justice of the King's Bench, for 6*l.* per annum. It is now an Inn of Chancery, and the only one belonging to the Middle Temple.

Lyon's Inn, the third to be noticed, is an appendage to the Inner Temple, and is the dirtiest and gloomiest-

looking of the three. It is an inn of considerable antiquity, entries having been made in the stewards' books as early as the time of Henry V.

On the same, or northern side of the Strand, a little further towards Temple Bar, and immediately beyond St. Clement's Church, is a row of houses named Pickett Street. This was formerly called Butcher Row, which, in 1790, is described by Mr. Malcolm in his "Londinium Redivivum" as a dirty place, composed of wretched fabrics and narrow passages, undeserving of the name of streets. The houses overhung their foundations, the receptacles of dirt and disease, and the bane of London. Alderman Pickett projected improvement, by which all these houses were removed, and the new street built upon their site was appropriately named after him. While this improvement was in progress in 1802, the workmen who were constructing the sewers to the eastward of St. Clement's Church, discovered an ancient stone bridge of one arch, about eleven feet in length. "It was covered," says Mr. Malcolm, in his work just quoted, "several feet in depth by rubbish and soil, and found to be of great strength in the construction. A doubt arises whether this was the 'Pons Novi Templi,' or Bridge of the New Temple, passed by the lords and others who attended Parliament at Westminster, after going out of the city to this place by water, which, wanting repair, Edward III. called upon the Knights Templars to effect, or an arch turned over a gully or ditch, when the road, now the street termed the Strand, was a continued scene of filth."

Clifton's eating-house in Butcher Row was the resort of Dr. Johnson, as we learn from the minute Boswell.

"Happening to dine," says the Laird of Auchinleck, "at 'Clifton's Eating House' in Butcher Row, I was surprised to see Johnson come in and take his seat at another table. The mode of dining, or rather being fed, at such houses in London, is well known to many to be peculiarly unsocial, as there is no ordinary or united company, but each person has his own mess, and is under no obligation to hold any intercourse with any one. A liberal and full-minded man, however, who loves to talk, will break through this churlish and unsocial restraint. Johnson and an Irish gentleman got into a dispute concerning the cause of some part of mankind being black. 'Why, sir, (said Johnson,) it has been accounted for in three ways: either by supposing that they are the posterity of Ham, who was cursed; or that God at first created two kinds of men, one black and another white; or that by the heat of the sun the skin is scorched, and so acquires a sooty hue. This matter has been much canvassed among naturalists, but has never been brought to any certain issue.' What the Irishman said, is totally obliterated from my mind; but I remember that he became very warm and intemperate in his expressions, upon which Johnson rose, and quietly walked away. When he had retired, his antagonist took his revenge, as he thought, by saying, 'He has a most ungainly figure, and an affectation of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius.'"

It was in returning from an eating-house or tavern in Butcher Row that Nathaniel Lee, commonly known as the mad poet, met his death. He was going to his lodgings in Duke Street from the "Bear and Harrow,"

when, having taken too much wine, he stumbled and was stifled in the snow. This man's madness was chiefly, if not entirely, brought on by his beastly intemperance; and he was long confined in Bedlam, where he wrote a play in twenty-five acts. He was only in his thirty-fifth year when he died in this melancholy manner, and he was buried in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Clement's.

Mr. Moser, who attentively watched the demolition of the ancient buildings at Butcher Row, gives the following account of it in his "Vestiges."—"The stack of houses which lately occupied the spot which now forms a wide opening on the west side of Temple Bar, was, with respect to the ground-plan, in the form of an obtuse angular triangle, the eastern line of which was formed by a shoemaker's, a fishmonger's, and another shop, with wide-extended fronts, and its western point blunted by the intersection of the vestry-room and alms'-houses of St. Clement's parish; both the sides also contained shops of various descriptions: the south (Strand), a number of respectable tradesmen, such as bakers, dyers, drysalters, smiths, tin-plate workers, &c.: the north, Butcher Row, was, as its name implied, really a flesh-market. It was at first wholly occupied by butchers, who had from a very early period brought their meat in carts from the country, and sold it just without the civic liberties for the supply of the western parts of the city. These *foreign* butchers, as they were termed, were considered so extremely useful in repressing the exorbitant demands of the *native* butchers, and lowering the prices of the London markets of those days, that the competition was

encouraged, and their dealings attended with such success, that I fear the desire of immoderate profit operated upon them as it has upon their descendants in the present age, and induced them to become stationary; perhaps to go hand-in-hand with the people they had formerly opposed. Be this as it may, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Butcher Row, which had, for the purpose I have specified, (the convenience of *foreign* butchers,) been in the twenty-first year of Edward I. granted to Walter le Barbut, took the form of an established market. In process of time other shops besides butchers, fishmongers, and greengrocers, were opened. Many, I presume, can remember a scalemaker's, tinman's, fine-drawer's, 'Betty's Chop House,' cheesemonger's, grocer's, &c. The houses of the whole stack were originally of wood, one story overhanging the other; and indeed the style of building, ornaments, &c., strongly indicated the date of its erection."

Through the gateway in Pickett Street are Shire Lane and New Court, the latter well known for an Independent Meeting-house, where the celebrated Daniel Burgess used to hold forth in the days of the Revolution and Restoration. Of Daniel many stories have been told, of the same texture as those which are now circulated with regard to Whitfield, Rowland Hill, and others. To him is attributed a facetious sermon upon the text taken from Job, in which he speaks of "a robe of righteousness." "If," said the preacher, "any of you would have a suit for a twelvemonth, let him repair to Monmouth Street; if for his lifetime, let him apply to the Court of Chancery; and if for all eternity, let him put on the robe of

righteousness." His chapel was burnt by the mob during the riots in Sacheverel's time. Bradbury and Winter, almost as celebrated in their day as Burgess was in his, were successors at his chapel.

Returning again to the Strand, we must retrace our steps westward, and notice the various streets leading down to the river, of which the names are Surrey Street, Arundel Street, Norfolk Street, Essex Street, Milford Lane; and Howard Street, which intersects them, running for a short distance parallel with the Thames and the Strand.

To the eastward of Somerset House, where the various streets just mentioned are situated, stood Bath's Inn, or, as it was sometimes called, Hampton Place, the town residence of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. During the time of Edward VI., when the Seymours were all-powerful in England, this palace was taken possession of by one of the family, the Lord Thomas Seymour, High Admiral, from whom it received the name of Seymour Place. This ambitious nobleman married Henry VIII.'s widow, Catherine Parr, and she dying in childbed, he made advances to the Princess Elizabeth, then in her 16th year. "The latter," says Hume, "whom even the hurry of business and the pursuits of ambition could not, in her more advanced years, disengage entirely from the tender passions, seems to have listened to the insinuations of this man, who possessed every talent proper to captivate the affections of the fair." The Princess Elizabeth had lived for some months in this house, under his protection and that of her mother-in-law, Catherine Parr, and the enemies of Lord Sey-

mour accused him of a design upon the hand of the Princess long before his own wife's death. It appears, indeed, from Burleigh's "State Papers," that the handsome and intriguing nobleman was fond of romping with this young girl in his wife's absence, and that Elizabeth was far from displeased at his attentions. He used to go to her bedroom before she was up, and when she heard him coming, "she ran out of her bed to her maidens, and then went behind the curtains of her bed." At Hanworth also he romped with her in the garden, and cut her gown in a hundred pieces. It was also noticed of Elizabeth, that she always blushed modestly whenever the Lord Thomas was spoken of. But Elizabeth's consent to their marriage was not sufficient; for Henry VIII. had excluded his daughters from the succession, if they married without the consent of his executors. This Lord Seymour could not hope to obtain, and his ambition leading him to more violent measures, he finally perished on the scaffold, as is well known to all the readers of English history. His death seems to have been as unquiet as his life, for "he dyed," to use the words of Bishop Latimer, "very daungerouslye, yrksomelye, and horriblye."

After his death, the house became the property of the Howards, Earls of Arundel, and took the name of Arundel Palace. In this house, it appears from the parish register of Chelsea, extracted by Mr. Lyson, in his "Environs of London," died, on the 25th of February, 1603, the Countess of Nottingham, who was buried at Chelsea three days afterwards. Her death brings to recollection another romantic story of Queen Elizabeth,

for this was the lady who withheld from the Queen the ring she had given to her unhappy favourite, Essex. The following is the story as related by Dr. Bird, and inserted in the "Memoirs of the Peers of England during the reign of James I." The Countess was related by marriage to the Howard family, which accounts for her dying in their palace:—

"The following curious story," says the compiler, "was frequently told by Lady Elizabeth Spelman, great grand-daughter of Sir Robert Cary, brother of Lady Nottingham, and afterwards Earl of Monmouth, whose curious memoirs of himself were published a few years ago by Lord Corke:—'When Catherine, Countess of Nottingham, was dying (as she did according to his lordship's own account, about a fortnight before Queen Elizabeth), she sent to her Majesty to desire that she might see her, in order to reveal something to her Majesty, without the discovery of which, she could not die in peace. Upon the queen's coming, Lady Nottingham told her, that, while the Earl of Essex lay under sentence of death, he was desirous of asking her Majesty's mercy, in the manner prescribed by herself, during the height of his favour; the queen having given him a ring, which being sent to her as a token of his distress, might entitle him to her protection. But the Earl, jealous of those about him, and not caring to trust any of them with it, as he was looking out of his window one morning, saw a boy, with whose appearance he was pleased; and engaging him by money and promises, directed him to carry the ring, which he took from his finger and threw down, to Lady Scroope, a sister of the Countess of Not-

tingham, and a friend of his lordship, who attended upon the queen, and to beg of her that she would present it to her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, carried it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, the admiral, an enemy of Lord Essex, in order to take his advice. The admiral forbid her to carry it, or return any answer to the message; but insisted upon her keeping the ring. The Countess of Nottingham having made this discovery, begged the queen's forgiveness; but her Majesty answered, '*God may forgive you, but I never can!*' and left the room with great emotion. Her mind was so struck with the story, that she never went into bed, nor took any sustenance from that instant, for Camden is of opinion, that her chief reason for suffering the Earl to be executed, was his supposed obstinacy in not applying to her for mercy.'"

In this house lodged the Duke de Sully, then Marquis of Rosny, when he was sent over ambassador from Henry IV. to James I. The polite Sully, who was somewhat neglected by the master of the ceremonies on his first arrival, was too well bred to complain, and with a philosophy which did him credit, appeared determined to make the best of everything. He describes the house in his "Memoirs," as one of the finest and most commodious of any in London, from the great number of apartments on the same floor; but the prints of it represent it as a rather mean and low building, commanding, however, a very fine view of the river and Westminster. "To any one," says Dr. Hughson, in a note to Moser's account of Butcher's Row, "who remembers the structure of these old houses, it will appear difficult to con-

ceive how the ambassador and representative of Henry IV. could, in those days of state and splendour, be, even for a short period, accommodated in this place. Its interior (for I witnessed its demolition,) consisted of small, incommodious rooms, four, nay six or eight upon a floor; a well-staircase running up the middle in the rudest style, lighted by a skylight which only diffused a darkness visible over the upper stories, while the lower were, as Dr. Johnson says, totally abumbrated. The ceilings were low, traversed by large unwrought beams in different directions, and *lighted*, if that phrase could with propriety be applied, by small casement-windows; yet here we find that Gallic complaisance induced the Marquis to reside without murmuring." There seems to be some mistake here, for the princely Lord Seymour of Sudeley, when his brother the Duke was building so fine a house next door to him, would never have been content with an edifice such as this description would lead us to believe it was; neither would James I., whose desire it was to treat Sully with the greatest respect and consideration, have lodged him in a mean building. The fact is, that this description applies to a house in Butcher Row, occupied by Count Beaumont, the French ambassador, where Sully slept for one night only, and not to Arundel Palace, which stood on the opposite side of the way, further down towards the river, and was demolished long before the time either of Dr. Hughson or Mr. Moser. It was not in a house with such low miserable rooms that a few years after Sully's time the magnificent Thomas Howard, earl of Arundel, would have resided, or where he would have placed his fine collection of mar-

bles, some of which are still to be seen at Oxford, and bear his name. Clarendon, who was no friend of the Earl, thus describes the house and its owner:—

"The Earl," says he, "seemed to live, as it were, in another nation, his house being a place to which all people resorted, who resorted to no other place; strangers, or such as affected to look like strangers, and dressed themselves accordingly. He was willing to be thought a scholar, and to understand the most mysterious parts of antiquity, because he made a wonderful and costly purchase of excellent statues whilst in Italy and in Rome, (some whereof he could never obtain permission to remove out of Rome, though he had paid for them,) and had a rare collection of medals. As to all parts of learning, he was almost illiterate, and thought no other part of history so considerable as what related to his own family, in which, no doubt, there had been some very memorable persons. It cannot be denied that he had in his own person, in his aspect, and countenance, the appearance of a great man, which he preserved in his gait and motion. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time, such as men had only beheld in pictures of the most considerable men: all which drew the eyes of most, and the reverence of many, towards him, as the image and representative of the ancient nobility, and native gravity of the nobles, when they had been most venerable; but this was only his outside, his nature and true humour being much disposed to levity and delights, which indeed were very despicable and childish."

Arundel House, after the great fire of 1666, became,

as we have already mentioned, the temporary lodging of the Royal Society, whither they were invited by the then owner, the Duke of Norfolk, into whose possession it had come by succession. It was inhabited by that family, and called Norfolk House, till near the close of the seventeenth century, when it was pulled down, and the site laid out into Norfolk, Howard, Surrey, and Arundel Streets. It was originally intended to build a more magnificent house for the Duke of Norfolk upon the spot, or, at least, upon the part of the property adjoining the river; but, although an Act of Parliament for the purpose was applied for, and obtained, the design was abandoned.

In the Strand, between Arundel and Norfolk Streets, in the year 1698, lived Sir Thomas Lyttleton, speaker of the House of Commons. Next door to him, lived the father of Bishop Burnet. "This house," says Dr. Hughson, writing in 1810, "continued in the Burnet family till within memory, being possessed by a bookseller of the same name,—a collateral descendant from the bishop."

At the south-west corner of Norfolk Street, the celebrated Quaker Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, had lodgings; and in the same street, Dr. Brocklesby, the physician, the friend of Burke and Dr. Johnson, resided for more than thirty years. In Norfolk Street, also, lived Mountford, the player; and in Howard Street, the once popular and engaging Mrs. Bracegirdle. The street opposite her house was the scene of a melancholy event, of which her beauty, acting upon another's madness, was the principal cause. Mrs. Bracegirdle was one of the most fascinating women of her age, and half the fashion-

able young men of that day were, or pretended to be, in love with her. Congreve says, it was a kind of fashion among them to avow a tenderness for her. Rowe, in an "Imitation of Horace," book 2, ode 4, addressed to the Earl of Scarsdale, alludes to the passion for her, which that nobleman took no pains to conceal, and in a tone of banter advises him to marry her, (although he had a wife living,) and set the town at defiance.

Among others who were smitten with her charms was a half-cracked fellow, of the name of Hill, a captain in the army, a man about town, a drunkard, and companion of bullies and profligates. One of her favourite parts was Statira, in which she always gained much applause; and her lover, Alexander, was performed by her friend and neighbour Mountford, who was generally as much applauded in his part, as she was in hers. In Alexander, as performed by Mountford, were to be seen, says Cibber, "the great, the tender, the penitent, the despairing, the transported, and the amiable, in the highest perfection; and if anything could excuse that desperate extravagance of love, that almost frantic passion, it was the Statira of Mrs. Bracegirdle." This Captain Hill, whom Leigh Hunt calls "a dark-souled fellow in the pit," imagined that this fictitious love was real; and having made proposals to the lady, which she had rejected on account of his bad character, he nourished the fiercest jealousy against Mountford, whom he supposed to be his rival, and swore, with many bitter oaths, that he would be revenged upon him. One night, when this play had been performed, the mimic passion of the pair so penetrated his

soul that he could not rest, and he resolved to carry off the lady.

The infamous duellist, Lord Mohun, of whom we have already spoken, in our account of Gerrard Street, Soho, to whom he communicated his design, agreed to assist him in it. Upon the night appointed, they dined together; and, having changed clothes, went to Drury Lane Theatre at six o'clock, where the desperate lover expected to feast his eyes upon the beauty of Mrs. Bracegirdle. It appears, however, that she was not to perform that night; so, taking a coach, they drove to her lodgings, in Howard Street. Here they found that she had gone out to supper, to the house of a Mr. Page, in Princes Street, Drury Lane. Thither, accordingly, they drove, without loss of time, and waited patiently till she came out. She appeared, at last, at the street door, with her mother and brother, Mr. Page lighting them out. Hill immediately seized her, and endeavoured, with the aid of some ruffians whom he had hired for the purpose, to place her in the coach, where Lord Mohun sat, with a loaded pistol in each hand. Old Mrs. Bracegirdle screamed, and threw her arms around her daughter's waist; her brother and Mr. Page rushed to the rescue; and a crowd assembling, Hill was forced to let go his hold, and decamp as fast as he was able. Mrs. Bracegirdle and her friends then proceeded to her lodgings in Howard Street, Captain Hill and Lord Mohun following shortly afterwards on foot; they knocked at the door with the intention, it is said, of begging pardon of Mrs. Bracegirdle for the outrage upon her; but the people inside refused to open it; upon which, Hill and Mohun,

half mad with drink, sent to a neighbouring tavern for a bottle of wine, which they drank in the street, and then began to perambulate before the door, with drawn swords in their hands. Mrs. Brown, the landlady of the house, being greatly alarmed, sent out to know what they meant by such conduct, when they said, they were waiting for Mountford, the actor, and whenever they met with him they would have revenge. Messengers were immediately despatched to Mountford's house close by; and he not being at home, his wife in great alarm sent to all his usual places of resort, warning him of the danger; but, unfortunately for him, he was not to be found. The watch were also sent for, and questioned Hill and Lord Mohun, and begged them to depart peaceably. The watch, it is to be supposed, were discreet men, and did not like to get into a fight with two such desperate looking bullies, so they spoke them fair, and learned from Lord Mohun, who was very civil, that "he was a peer of the realm; that he had been drinking a bottle of wine; but that he was ready to put up his sword, if they particularly desired it." The watch, with proper respect to this "peer of the realm," asked if his friend would not put up his sword also; but Mohun replied, that his friend could not do so, as he had lost the scabbard of it. The watchmen, still prudent and cautious with such dangerous customers,—peers both of them, for all they knew,—went to the tavern where the wine had been procured, to make further inquiries about them, leaving the bullies to themselves. In the meantime, the unhappy Mountford, suspecting no evil, passed down the street, on his way home; and Mrs. Brown, the landlady, who had

been anxiously waiting all the while at her window, rushed out to warn him of his danger. Not understanding her, he continued his course down the street, and coming up with the bullies, the following conversation took place, according to the testimony of a female servant who lived next door, and who heard the whole proceedings.

Lord Mohun spoke first, and embracing Mr. Mountford, said, "Mr. Mountford, your humble servant: I am glad to see you."

"Who is this?—Lord Mohun?" said Mountford.

"Yes it is," said his lordship.

"What brings your lordship here at this time of night?"

Lord Mohun answered the query by another, and said, "I suppose you were sent for, Mr. Mountford?"

"No indeed," replied he, "I came by chance."

"Have you not heard of the business of Mrs. Bracegirdle?"

"Pray, my lord," said Hill, breaking silence for the first time, "hold your tongue. This is not a convenient time to discuss this business."

The servant, who repeated this conversation at the trial, added to this, that Hill seemed desirous to go away, and pulled Lord Mohun as if he were anxious to proceed no further; but that Mountford, taking no notice of Hill, continued his conversation with Lord Mohun, and said he was sorry to see him assisting Captain Hill in such an evil action as that, and desiring him to forbear.

Hill immediately struck him a box on the ear, and, upon Mountford demanding, with an oath, what that was

for, attacked him sword in hand. Mountford drew in self-defence, but was run through the body before he had time to strike a blow. He died of his wound the next day, declaring, with his last breath, that Lord Mohun offered him no violence, but that Hill struck him with his left hand, and then stabbed him before he had time to draw his sword. Hill fled from justice, but Lord Mohun was taken into custody, and tried for the murder. He was acquitted, however, for want of evidence. It is not known what became of Hill, but the end of the bloodthirsty duellist Mohun is notorious.

Congreve, who was a frequent guest at Mrs. Bracegirdle's, was her neighbour also, and lived for many years in Surrey Street. He first of all lived in Howard Street, but he quitted that house for a better one in Surrey Street, when he first became acquainted with the Duchess of Marlborough. Voltaire, on his arrival in England, anxious to see Congreve, whose works he very much admired, paid him a visit. Let Voltaire himself relate the circumstance. "At our interview," says he, "Congreve spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him, and hinted to me in our first conversation that I should visit him upon no other footing than upon that of a gentleman, who led a life of plainness and simplicity. I answered, *that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman* I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity." Congreve died at this house on the 28th of January, 1728-9, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

In relation to a house in Norfolk Street, the following

paragraph appears in No. 411 of the "Postman" for January 13, 1698:—"On Monday night the Czar of Muscovy arrived from Holland, and went directly to the house prepared for him in Norfolk Street, near the water-side." He was visited here on the following day by King William, and afterwards by the principal nobility, and indeed by such a host of persons that he was quite incommoded. The following appeared in No. 424 of the "Postman:"—"The Czar of Muscovy being too much crowded with visits in town, has taken that which was Admiral Benbow's house at Deptford, that he may live more retiredly." The house here alluded to was Saye's Place, where the Victualling Office now stands, and belonged to the celebrated John Evelyn. An account of the Czar's doings here is to be found in "The Thames and its Tributaries."

Eastward, nearer to Temple Bar, is Essex Street, which derives its name from the unhappy Earl, the last favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Formerly a portion of the Temple, called the Outer Temple, extended over this ground, which, in the reign of Edward II., became the property of Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, and Lord Treasurer of England. Here he built a town residence for the bishops of that see. In the sanguinary troubles that signalized this reign, the Bishop of Exeter was firm to the King's cause against the Barons. The city of London embraced the contrary side, and the Bishop having been appointed *custos* of the city, demanded the keys from the Lord Mayor, Hammond Chickwell, that he might prevent the entrance of any troops which the Barons might send to aid the Revo-

lution. The populace, hearing of the circumstance, arose, and, fearful that the Lord Mayor would obey the mandate, proceeded in a body to his residence, where they seized his person, and took away the keys. They then went to the Bishop's newly-erected house in the Strand, which they sacked and destroyed. The Bishop, on the first alarm, mounted his horse and endeavoured to escape. He got safely through Temple Bar, but was pursued by the mob, and overtaken at the northern entrance to St. Paul's, in which he was desirous of finding sanctuary. He was pulled off his horse, and dragged through the mire of the street to Cheapside, where, after a mock trial in the open air, that lasted but a few minutes, he was declared an enemy to the people and the country, and sentenced to be beheaded. The sentence was carried into effect immediately; one of the mob undertook the office of executioner, and the head of the luckless prelate was smitten from his body at one blow, and paraded round the city on the point of a spear. His brother, and one of his domestics, who had been seized by the mob before they sacked the house in the Strand, shared a similar fate; and their bleeding and naked bodies were ignominiously thrown, without burial, into a heap of rubbish on the banks of the Thames.

Exeter Place, as it was called, was shortly afterwards rebuilt, and continued to be the town residence of the bishops of that see until the reign of Henry VIII. But this was a house of troubles; and, with the exception of the bishops, after Walter Stapleton, almost every one of its owners died a violent death. Lord Paget, its pos-

sessor in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and from whom it took the name of Paget House, had a narrow escape of losing his life by the hands of the executioner. This nobleman, who, as Sir William Paget, had filled various public offices in the reign of Henry, and fought at Boulogne, with great credit, under the command of the poetic Earl of Surrey, was destined to higher honours in the reign of his successor. He (being still a commoner) negociated a peace between France and England, and was sent ambassador to the court of Charles V. After his return, he was rewarded for his services with the Garter, made Comptroller of the Royal Household, Chancellor of the Duchy of Cornwall; and was raised to the peerage by the title of Lord Paget of Beaudesert. The Protector Somerset, who was the great source of his honours, fell, and Lord Paget fell with him. He was accused of having conspired with the Duke to invite several noblemen to Paget House, with the design of having them assassinated; and upon this charge he was committed to the Tower. He was kept for many months a prisoner; and although his innocence was made apparent by the trial of Somerset, he was formally degraded from the order of the Garter, upon pretence that he was not a gentleman by blood, and then set at liberty. Queen Mary, however—for he was a good Catholic and had shown his zeal—restored him to all his honours, employed him as an ambassador, and bestowed upon him the office of Lord Privy Seal.

The next occupier of this house was Thomas Howard, fourth duke of Norfolk, son of of the chivalrous, ill-fated, and poetic Earl of Surrey, executed by Henry VIII.,

and destined to a life almost as romantic, and quite as ill-fated, as that of his father. From him this building, which is described at this time as being very magnificent, took the name of Norfolk House. His ambition, and its sad result, are well known. For a design to espouse Mary, Queen of Scots, he was tried for high treason by the advisers of Elizabeth. The charges against him were, "that he had entered into a treasonable conspiracy for deposing the Queen, taking away her life, and invading her kingdom, by raising war and bringing in a foreign power; that though he knew for certain that Mary, late Queen of Scots, had usurped the crown, the title, and the arms of England, he had treated about a marriage with her, without acquainting the Queen, and had lent her a sum of money, contrary to what he had promised under his hand; that though he was sure that the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and others, had raised a rebellion against the Queen, and were driven into Scotland, yet he had supplied them with money; that he had, by his letters, craved aid from the Pope, the King of Spain, and the Duke of Alva, to set the Queen of Scots at liberty, and to restore the popish religion in England." Upon these charges he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, beheaded, and quartered. When in the Tower, a few days prior to his execution, he wrote several affecting letters to his son Philip, bidding him worship God, and beware of ambition, and if he valued happiness, to avoid Courts altogether, "except," said the dying father, "it be to do your prince a service, and that, as near as you can, in the meanest degree, for this place hath no certainty; either a man, by following thereof,

hath too much worldly pomp, which in the end throws him down headlong, or else he liveth there unsatisfied, either that he cannot attain to himself that he would, or else that he cannot do for his friends as his heart desireth." The unhappy young man did not inherit his father's honours: he preserved his title of Earl of Arundel, which he had borne by courtesy during his father's lifetime, and was, like him, committed to the Tower upon various charges which were never proved, where he died, after a dreary imprisonment of ten years.

Norfolk House then became the residence of Dudley, earl of Leicester, the princely owner of Kenilworth, at that time basking in the sunshine of royal favour, and once more changed its name. By him it was bequeathed by will to his son-in-law, the unhappy Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, the last favourite of Elizabeth. It was now called Essex House, and became more celebrated than ever it was before. While still in the occupation of the Earl of Leicester, we should not forget to mention that the author of "The Fairy Queen" was a frequent visitor there, and that his visits did not altogether cease when the house came into new hands, for both these noblemen were warm friends of genius; and Essex himself was a poet of no mean order, or, rather, he might have been, if the cares of state and the turmoil of ambition had left him leisure for the cultivation of the muse. Spenser dedicated his pretty poem of "Virgil's Gnat" to the Earl of Leicester; and in his "Prothalamion, or spousal verse" on the marriages of the Ladies Elizabeth and Catherine Somerset," he recalls to the mind of Essex the benefits which he, the poet, had received from his

predecessor, and hints that he is still in a state when such benefits would be useful to him. The hint was not lost upon Essex. "Near to the Temple," said the poet—

"Stands a stately place,
Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell.
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case:
But, ah! here fits not well
Olde woes, but ioyes, to tell
Against the bridale daye, which is not long:
Sweet Themmes! runne softly till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory, and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of honor, flower of chevalrie!
That fillest England with thy triumph's fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victorie.

And endless happiness of thine own name,
That promiseth the same,
That through thy prowess and victorious arms
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms;
And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, filled with thy wide alarms;
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song."

It was in this house that the high-spirited, hot-blooded, and ambitious Earl, shut himself up, after he had received the box on the ear from Queen Elizabeth. That hasty blow and its results led to his ruin. He might have curbed his pride a little when he reflected that it was but a woman's hand that inflicted it; and if,

instead of resenting it as he did, he had affected to consider it as a proof that he was not altogether indifferent to her, his fate would not have been so tragical in its conclusion as it was. In fact, it showed Elizabeth's tender regard for the man; and, great as her anger might have been against any other lord of her council, against Burleigh, Egerton, or Sir Walter Raleigh, or any other whom she respected, but did not love, she would never have forgotten herself, or lost sight of the dignity of the Queen in the petulance of the woman. But Essex did not feel that tenderness for her which she felt for him; and clapping his hand to his sword, he swore that he would not bear such usage, were it from Henry VIII. himself. He then hastily retired from Court to Essex House, where he shut himself up for some days, refusing to see any but his most intimate friends. Sir Thomas Egerton, the Chancellor, wrote to him to make proper submission; but Essex stouly refused. "If the vilest of all indignities is done me," he wrote to the Chancellor in reply, "does religion enforce me to sue for pardon? Doth God require it? Is it not impiety to do it? Why? cannot princes err? Cannot subjects receive wrong? Is an earthly power infinite? Pardon me, my lord, I can never subscribe to these principles. Let Solomon's fool laugh when he is stricken; let those that mean to make their price of princes show no sense of princes' injuries. As for me, I have received wrong—I feel it. My cause is good—I know it. And whatsoever happens, all the powers on earth can never exert more strength and constancy in oppressing, than I can show in suffering, everything that can or shall be imposed upon me." When this letter

containing many as noble passages as the foregoing, was shown to Elizabeth, she had good sense enough to perceive the fine manly feeling that pervaded it, and perhaps loved Essex all the more for his independence and scorn of flattery. He was soon drawn from his retirement in the Strand, reinstated in all his former favour, and sent as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His discontent and impatience while in Ireland are well known. He neither liked the service on which he was employed, nor the absence from Court which it occasioned. He was afraid that his enemies at home were endeavouring to supplant him, and in all his letters to Elizabeth at this time he expressed a dissatisfaction, which to her seemed anything but loyal. When prose would not do to convince the understanding of the sovereign, he tried verse, to work upon the sensibility of the woman, and he concluded one letter, in which he had called Ireland "the cursedest of all islands," by the following rhymes, which must have given his royal mistress but a poor opinion of his discretion. After wishing that he could live like a hermit for the remainder of his days, he says,—

"From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure.
Then wake again, and yield God every praise,
Content with hips and hawes, and bramble-berry;
In contemplation parting out his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry.
Who when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.
"Your Majesty's exiled servant,
"ROBERT ESSEX."

His sudden return from his government was a grievous error on his part. It is always dangerous to play the

lover with an old woman; and so Essex found it to his cost. On his arrival in London he, without stopping at his own house, hastened to the palace before any one knew of his return, and, besmeared with dirt and sweat from hard riding, forced his way into Her Majesty's bed-chamber. The Queen had just arisen, and was sitting with her hair about her face. Essex fell on his knees, kissed her hand, and was so well received, that he flattered himself he had made a master-stroke of policy. He was dismissed for that morning, and went to his own house with a light heart. On his return to the palace in the afternoon, he found things had altered, and he was ordered into the custody of the Lord Keeper, and prevented from returning to his countess, although she was in daily expectation of her accouchement. He remained for upwards of six months in custody in the Lord Keeper's house, during which period he fell dangerously ill; so dangerously, that the Queen was alarmed, and sent no less than eight physicians to him, and also a message that she would visit him herself if it were consistent with her honour. Upon his recovery he was allowed to retire to his own house; Elizabeth declaring, in the presence of those who she knew would repeat the matter to Essex, "that all she did or designed to do against him was for his reformation, and not his ruin." Sir Richard Berkeley was installed in his house by the Queen as his nominal gaoler; and Essex, showing great humiliation and contrition, was ultimately relieved of this indignity, and left with no other restraint than that he should not appear at Court or approach Her Majesty's person.

Essex sent her a letter of thanks. "This further degree of goodness," saith he, "doth sound in my ears as if your Majesty spake these words, 'Die not, Essex, for though I punish thine offence, and humble thee for thy good, yet will I one day be served again by thee.' My prostrate soul makes this answer, 'I hope for that blessed day.' And, in expectation of it, all my afflictions of body and mind are humbly, patiently, and cheerfully borne by me." "The Countess of Essex," says Hume, "daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, possessed, as well as her husband, a refined taste in literature; and the chief consolation which Essex enjoyed during this period of anxiety and expectation, consisted in her company, and in reading with her those instructive and entertaining authors, which, even during the time of his greatest prosperity, he had never entirely neglected."

Essex remained but for a short time at his house in the Strand, thinking it better for his health and peace of mind to retire into the country with his countess. Before his departure he charged Lord Henry Howard to inform the Queen, "that he kissed her hands and the rod she had used in correcting him; but could never regain his usual cheerfulness till he was vouchsafed an admission to that presence which had always influenced his happiness, and in which he was sufficiently blessed as long as he moved within its sphere. He had now resolved to make amends for his error, and to say, with Nebuchadnezzar, 'Let my dwelling be with the beasts of the field, to eat grass as an ox, and to be wet with the dew of heaven,' till it shall please her to restore my understanding to me." The Queen, when this was reported to her,

replied, "That she heartily wished his actions might accord with his expressions. But," she added, "all is not gold that glitters; and if the furnace of affliction produce such effects, I shall hereafter have the better opinion of my chymistry."

But the patience of Essex could not endure for ever. He had too many enemies at Court, who were continually exasperating the Queen against him, and when he applied for the renewal of a patent office which he held, it was not only denied, but an insulting expression was added, "that an ungovernable beast should be stinted in his provender, that he might be the better managed." Essex at last threw off all restraint; and, trusting to his popularity among the people of London, which had been for some time daily increasing, returned to Essex House, ready for the most desperate enterprises. He gave sumptuous entertainments daily to men of all parties, but courted chiefly the Catholics and the Puritans, until he discovered which of the two would be most flattered by his adhesion, and most likely to do him service in return. He finally attached himself to the Puritans, then a daily increasing sect. "He engaged," says Hume, "the most celebrated preachers to resort to Essex House. He had daily prayers and sermons in his family, and invited all the zealots in London to attend these pious exercises; for such was the disposition now beginning to prevail among the English, that instead of feasting and public festivals—the methods anciently practised to gain the populace—nothing so effectually ingratiated an ambitious leader with the public as these fanatical entertainments." In these designs he was aided, if he were

not instigated, by Meyrick, his steward, and Cuffe, his secretary, by whose manœuvres with the people and persuasion with Essex, the popularity and discontent of the Earl increased daily. A man so pettish and yet so open-hearted as Essex, was not the fittest to succeed in treason. His mind was upon his tongue, and he spoke it freely on all occasions. Every word was reported to Elizabeth, who had her spies in his household; but that which gave her more offence than all was, that he should have said that "her mind was as crooked as her body." This was a double insult, and its very truth in one sense but rendered it the more intolerable to the beauty of nearly three score and ten. He also made overtures to the King of Scots, which, however, Elizabeth did not know at the time, or in all probability his career would have been much sooner brought to a termination. Finally, in 1601, eaten up with ambition, smarting under the sense of wrong, that usually exasperates a discarded favourite, and impelled onwards by designing men, he formed his grand project for an overthrow of the Government. A council of malcontents in the Earl's confidence was formed, who met frequently at Drury House, on the other side of the Strand, in order that, should intelligence of their meeting get abroad, the suspicion should not be directed against Essex. The principal persons engaged besides Essex were, the Earl of Southampton, (Shakspeare's friend,) Sir Ferdinand Gorges, Sir Christopher Blount, Sir John Davies, John Littleton, and Sir John Davers, the latter being at that time owner of Drury House. The project at last determined upon by Essex, in conjunction with these associates, was to seize upon the

palace, and force the Queen to dismiss all her advisers. It was resolved that Sir Christopher Blount should attack the palace-gates with a body of picked men; that Sir John Davies should occupy the hall with another detachment; that Sir John Davers should obtain possession of the guard and presence-chamber; and that Essex himself, with the main body of his adherents, should rush in upon the Queen's apartments; which done, he would entreat her upon his bended knees, and with every manifestation of respect and loyalty, to remove his enemies from Court, call another parliament, and by common consent settle a new plan of government.

The Queen, who had some suspicion of their plans, despatched Sir Robert Saville to discover whether there were any unusual concourse of people daily at Essex House; and he obtained admittance upon the pretence of a friendly visit. In consequence of his report to the Queen, whatever it was, Essex received a summons to appear before the Privy Council. He excused himself on the plea of indisposition, and immediately assembled all his principal adherents to deliberate on what was now to be done. This was on the 7th of February; and as affairs had now come to a crisis, it was determined to risk all, or perish in the attempt. The idea of seizing the palace was abandoned as impracticable, and Elizabeth, as if she had been fully informed of all their designs, had doubled all her guards. It was therefore resolved, as the only alternative, to arouse the people, Essex fondly imagining that his voice, if he called upon them, would bring them in their thousands and tens of thousands to support his cause. On the following day,

the Earls of Southampton and Rutland, the Lords Sandys and Mounteagle, with about three hundred gentlemen of inferior degree, assembled at Essex House. One of them, Sir Ferdinand Gorges, proving false to his accomplices, took care to inform Elizabeth of their proceedings by intelligence secretly conveyed to Sir Walter Raleigh. While they deliberated, measures were taken to apprize the Lord Mayor of the attempt about to be made upon the city, and the Lord Keeper Egerton, together with the Earl of Worcester, Sir William Knollys, and Lord Chief Justice Popham, with a retinue, were despatched to Essex House to learn the cause of their assembling. They were admitted to the house one by one through a wicket, but their attendants were excluded. "After some altercation," says Hume, "in which they charged Essex's retainers upon their allegiance to lay down their arms, and were menaced in their turn by the angry multitude who surrounded them, the Earl, who found that matters were past recal, resolved to leave them prisoners in his house, and to proceed to the execution of his former project." He accordingly communicated this design to his friends, and it being approved by them, the Lord Keeper, and the Chief Justice, and the rest who accompanied them, were shut up in a room, while Essex and his friends, to the number of about two hundred, armed only with their walking-swords, sallied forth to arouse the people. Temple Bar was opened for him, and he was joined in his progress by the Earl of Bedford and Lord Cromwell, and some others. The citizens gathered around in great numbers, more from surprise and curiosity than for any other motive, as Essex soon dis-

covered to his sorrow. In vain he exhorted them to take up arms. The crowd, which at first was only curious, grew every moment hostile, until Essex, hearing that he had been publicly proclaimed a traitor at Westminster, determined to retreat and seek for safety in his own house. He turned back for that purpose, but found that the streets had been barricadoed against him by the citizens, and a strong company under the command Sir John Levison. He attempted, however, to force his way; and in the skirmish which ensued, Tracy, a young man to whom he bore great friendship, was killed. The Earl then struck suddenly down into one of the narrow passages leading from Fleet Street to the river, at the bottom of which he and several of his company procured boats, and rowed themselves to Essex House, the garden of which abutted upon the Thames. On their arrival they found that Sir Ferdinand Gorges had set their prisoners at liberty, and had accompanied them to Court. Essex, reduced to despair, now determined to fortify his house, and hold out to the last extremity. He stood a siege of four hours, and then surrendered at discretion. The night being very dark, and the tide not serving to pass the cumbrous and dangerous bridge to the Tower, Essex and Lord Southampton were conveyed up the river in a boat to Lambeth Palace, where they passed the night. On the following morning they were conducted to the Tower, together with the Earl of Rutland, Lords Sandys, Cromwell, and Mounteagle, Sir John Davers, and Sir Henry Bromley. Others, prisoners of inferior note, were conveyed to Newgate.

Ten days afterwards, Essex and Southampton were

brought to trial, and found guilty of high treason. Southampton threw himself upon the Queen's mercy, protesting that he had never harboured a thought of evil against his prince; that all he had done was purely owing to his affection for the Earl of Essex; and that his going into the city was with no other design than to facilitate the access of Essex to the Queen, that he might make a personal complaint of the wrongs that were done him. He declared, moreover, that he had never drawn his sword on the occasion, and that he had hindered, as much as in him lay, the firing of any shot from Essex House.

Essex begged with great eloquence for the life of his friend, but declared that for himself he had no boon to ask. He protested, however, that he never had any evil intentions against the Queen; that he was a good subject, and a true friend to the kingdom. Lest even this should be construed into a prayer for mercy, he begged the Lords to understand that he said this much, not to preserve a life of which he was heartily weary, but purely for the sake of his friends, whose affection for him had led them into this peril.

The Lord High Steward passed sentence of death upon them both, and advised Essex to implore the Queen's mercy. When the sentence was given that he should be beheaded and quartered, Essex said, in a serious tone, "If Her Majesty had pleased, this body of mine might have done her better service,—however, I shall be glad if it prove serviceable to her any way."

The struggle in Elizabeth's breast on the condemnation of her favourite is well known. During the six days

that he lived after his condemnation "she felt," to use the language of Hume, "a perpetual combat between resentment and inclination, pride and compassion, the care of her own safety, and concern for her favourite; and her situation during this interval was perhaps more an object of pity, than that to which Essex himself was reduced." If the Earl would have asked for pardon, her proud heart would have been but too happy to have granted it; but he would not sue for it; and Elizabeth, with deep anguish—all the deeper and more poignant, because she was compelled to conceal it—signed the warrant for his execution, and he died.

The affecting story of the ring withheld from the Queen, by the Countess of Nottingham, we have already related. Essex was only in his thirty-fourth year when he thus perished. He was the most popular nobleman of his day, and died universally regretted. Warton says of him, so popular was he during his bright, brief, troubled career, that he scarcely ever quitted England, or even the Metropolis, on the most frivolous enterprise, without a pastoral or other song in his praise, which was sold and sung in the streets.

The Earl of Southampton was retained a close prisoner in the Tower until the accession of James I., when he was liberated. Sir Gilly Meyrick, the steward, and Henry Cuffe, the secretary of the Earl of Essex, were hanged and quartered at Tyburn, and Sir Charles Davers and Sir Christopher Blount were beheaded on Tower Hill. Of the other conspirators, some were pardoned, and some were sentenced to fine and imprisonment, but none suffered capitally except those above mentioned.

In Essex House was born that other Earl of Essex, as celebrated in the annals of England as his father. He had less romance in his composition than his luckless sire, and his life was all the happier for it. He was quite a child when his father died, and Lady Walsingham, his grandmother, took charge of his education. He had just entered his fourteenth year when he was betrothed to the Lady Frances Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, who was a year younger. The Earl travelled on the Continent for four years, and was married at Essex House shortly after his return. The lady, however, had formed another connexion during his absence, and refused to share his bed, and ultimately separated herself from him, to throw herself into the arms of the handsome Carr, Viscount Rochester, and afterwards Earl of Somerset. Their infamous career, and their participation in the wicked murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, are well known. Essex was too happy to be rid of such a woman, and a divorce took place upon a pretext and after a trial which are a disgrace to the age and to the court and character of James I. The future career of Essex, as general of the Parliamentary army during the civil war, is too familiar to all readers of English history to need repetition. His death, during the time that Charles I. remained a prisoner with the Scottish army at Newcastle, was, says Hume, "a public misfortune. Fully sensible of the excesses to which affairs had been carried, and of the worse consequences which were still to be apprehended, he had resolved to conciliate a peace, and to remedy, as far as possible, all those ills to which, from mistaken, rather than any bad intentions, he

had himself contributed. The Presbyterian, or the moderate party among the Commons, found themselves considerably weakened by his death, and the small remains of authority which still adhered to the House of Peers were, in a manner, wholly extinguished."

The following extracts from the MS. journal of the House of Commons, of the 17th of October, 1646, are interesting, and preserve a record of proceedings which took place at Essex House after the death of the Earl, of which we have no other account.

"The House being informed y^t: y^e Marquis of Hertford his lady, or some others, by their or any of their appointment, had this last night about 12 of the clock, seized on all the ready moneys, goods, and divers writings and papers in Essex House, belonging to the late Earl of Essex deceased,

"RESOLVED,

"That the whole examination of the matter of fact of this information be referred to y^e Comm^ee., which Committ^ee. are likewise to examine whether the articles for the rendition of Oxford, or the priviledges of this House, be hereby broken.

"The House being informed y^t Mr. Devereux and some others at the door could acquaint the House more particularly with this business,

"It is resolved, &c.,

"That Mr. Devereux, Mr. Isham, and such other wittnesses as are at the door, and can prove the preceding information, shall be now called in.

"Mr. Devereux was called in, and acquainted the House that he went to Essex House this morning, and desired Mr. Isham to deliver unto hi[illegible] an indenture or conveyance concerning some lands entailed on [illegible]im, and Mr. Isham told him it was not now in his power to do [illegible]t, for the Lady Marchioness of Hertford sent for him up into her [illegible]amber about 12 of the clock at night, and that not only the wri[illegible]ngs, but likewise all y^e money, to y^e value of £3,700, and goods th[illegible]e were seized on, and taken out of his possession.

"Another witness did likewise inform the said particulars.

"Mr. Prideaux.	Mr. Holles.
Sir John Danvers.	Mr. Purefoy.
Sir Arthur Hazlerigg.	Sir W^m^. Lewis.
Mr. Maynard.	Mr. Morley.
Sir Hen. Vane.	Mr. Miles Corbett.
Mr. Gerrard.	Mr. Edwards.
Mr. White.	Mr. Reynolds.
Mr. Robinson.	Sir Phil. Stapleton.
Mr. Lisle.	Mr. Knightley.
Sir Tho^s^. Pelham.	Sir W^m^. Armyn.
Mr. Recorder	L^t^. Gen^ll^. Cromwell.
Mr. Selden	Mr. Dennis Bond.
Sir Hen^y^. Mildmay.	Mr. Harley.
Mr. Scawen	Mr. Bainton.
Sir. Nath. Fiennes.	Mr. Tho^s^. Cheeke.
Mr. Crew.	

"This Comm^ee^., or any five of them, are to examine the whole matter of fact of y^e^ information given to the House concerning the seizing of the Earl of Essex's writings, money, and goods at Essex House, and whether y^e^ articles for the rendition of Oxford, and the priviledges of this House, be not thereby broken; and are to meet upon it this afternoon, at 2 of the clock, in the Exchequer Chamber, and have power to send for partys, papers, witnesses, and records, &c.

"Resolved, &c.,

"That the moneys, goods, and writings taken out of the possession and custody of Mr. Isham, or others, at Essex House, by the Marq^s^. of Hertford, or by his lady, or by any other person or persons by his, their, or either of their appointments, shall be delivered and restored to the possession, hands, and custody of the Earl of Northumberland, E. of Warwick, and Mr. Solic^r^.-Gen^ll^., or such as they shall appoint to receive the same, untill the House shall take further order.

"The quēn being propounded, that this House doth declare y^t^ neither y^e^ Marq^s^ of Hertford, or any other pson y^t^ hath been in arms ag^st^ the Parliam^t^ shall attend the funerall of y^e^ Earl of Essex as a mourner, and that the execut^rs^ be desired to take care herein, and, the question being put, whether this question shall be now put.

"The House was divided.

"The Noes went forth.

Tell^{rs}.	Sir Phil. Stapleton. Mr. Whitlock.	Noes . .	30
	Sir W^{m}. Armyn. Mr. Bond.	Yeas . .	48

"So that the question passed with the affirmative.

"RESOLVED, &c.,

"That this House doth declare that neither y^{e} Marq^{s}. of Hertford, or any other pson, that hath been in arms agst the Parliament, shall attend the funerall of the Earl of Essex as a mourner, and that the exec^{rs} be desired to take care herein.

"October 20th.

"That all the members of the House do attend the funerall of the Earl of Essex at Essex House, on Thursday next, at ten of y^{e} clock."

Essex House was occupied by men of rank till after the Restoration, when it fell to neglect and ruin, and was appropriated to various uses. The greater part of it was pulled down towards the close of the seventeenth century, and the present Essex Street, Devereux Court, and other neighbouring thoroughfares, laid out upon its site. The Unitarian chapel in Essex Street was formerly called Essex House, and is a part of the original building.

In Essex Street, Dr. Johnson, as the curious may see in Boswell, formed a club, the year before he died. It was held at a tavern or public-house called the "Essex Head," kept by a man who had been a servant of Mr. Thrale. "The terms," said Johnson, writing to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and inviting him to become a member, "are lax, and the expenses light. We meet thrice a week, and he who misses forfeits two-pence." Sir Joshua declined to become a member of an association so plebeian as to fine

a man two-pence*; but the club prospered, nevertheless, and survived its founder.

In Devereux Court is the "Grecian Coffee-house," standing upon the site of a tavern of the same name, of which Sir Richard Steele makes mention in the "Tatler."

We now return again to the Strand, and are in sight of Temple Bar; but before proceeding in our next walk, we must take notice of some other matters of interest connected with this street, which we have omitted in our progress. In the Strand lived Dodsley, Tonson, and Miller, the celebrated booksellers, whose names are so intimately connected with the literature of England. In connexion with the name of Tonson, we must not omit to mention the well-known Kit-Cat Club. This club derived its name from Christopher Cat, who kept the "Fountain Tavern" in the Strand, and who was celebrated for the excellence of his mutton-pies, and in whose house the club first met. The forty-two pictures presented by the members of this club to Tonson, the bookseller, were removed by him, in the beginning of the last century, to Barnes Elms, and placed near his house in a handsome room, lately standing on the grounds of Henry Hoare, Esq. It was lined with red cloth, and measured 40 feet in length, 20 in width, and 18 in height. At the death of Mr. Tonson, in 1736, they became the property of his great nephew, who died in 1767; they were then removed to Water Oakley, near Windsor, and afterwards to Mr. Baker's, at Hertingfordbury.

Relative to the withdrawal or expulsion of Jacob

* The true reason was, that Barry, whom he hated, and perhaps envied, was one of the members.

Tonson from the Kit Cat Club, there is a curious hand-bill of the day, preserved in the collection of the King's Pamphlets, vol. xix., in the British Museum, a collection, by the way, which is little known, and seldom called for, but which contains matters that will repay the student of history who will take the trouble to examine them:—

"ADVERTISEMENT.

"Whereas some persons have maliciously reported, that the famous bookseller was on Thursday, the 4th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1704, infamously expelled a certain society call'd the K—t C—t Club: and that the said bookseller, for his ill-timed freedom with some of the principal members, at the reading of a late satyr upon his parts and person, was beaten to an ungentleman-like degree; and is since clapt up in a mad-house. This is to certify, that the said bookseller did of his own free motion valiantly withdraw himself from the said society, in scorn of being their jest any longer; and that he was not beaten (whatever he had reason to fear) in his intellects, but at this very day walks the publick streets without a keeper, and to satisfy any gentleman's curiosity is still ready to talk as sensibly as ever.

"Subscribed

"Jurat. coiam me "JACOB.

"Nosno T. loca J.

"There is now in the press, and will speedily be published, a POEM, call'd

"Jacob's Revenge;

"Being a comical account of the grounds and reasons of the bookseller's quitting the K—t C—t Club, to be sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster."

In the "New View of London," published in 1708, it is mentioned as a remarkable circumstance attaching to the history of Prescott Street, near the Strand, that instead of signs the houses were distinguished by numbers, as the stair-cases in the Inns of Court, and Chancery. The following advertisement, taken from news-

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papers a century and a half old, are interesting at this distance of time, as they show the shifts to which advertisers were reduced, to point out their houses to their customers, in the absence of numbers:—

"Doctor James Tilborgh, a German doctor, states that he liveth at present over against the New Exchange in Bedford St., at the sign of the 'Peacock,' where you shall see at night two candles burning within one of the chambers before the balcony; and a lanthorn with a candle in it upon the balcony: where he may be spoke withal alone, from 8 in the morning till 10 at night."

The following is of the year 1699:—

"Dr. Anderson's pills, sold by J. Inglis, now living at the 'Golden Unicorn,' over against the May-pole in the Strand."

The next is from the "Spectator" of the 29th of April, 1718, when numbers were becoming more common:—

"In George Street, in York Buildings in the Strand, the third house on the *right hand*, number 3 being over the door, may be had money lent, upon plate and jewels at reasonable rates.

"Attendance from 8 o'clock in the morning till 2 in the afternoon."

END OF VOL. I.

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